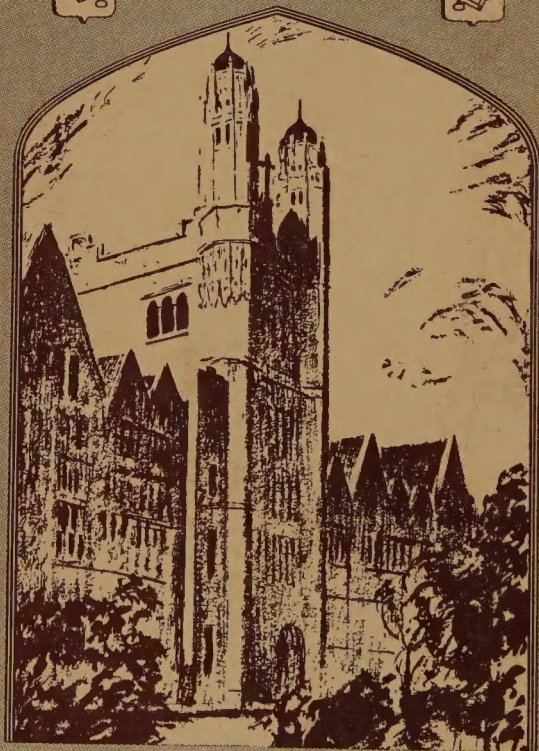
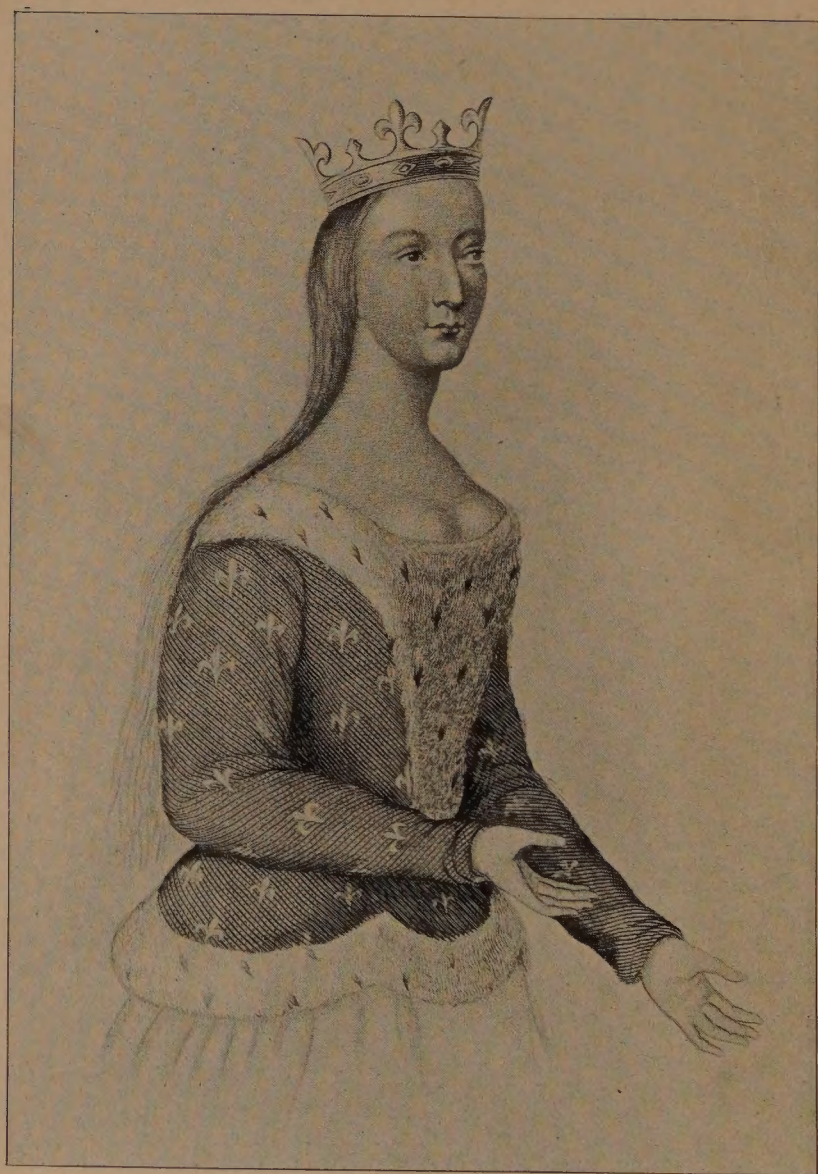


Waryngrove



EX LIBRIS





ISABELLA OF VALOIS.

S+8
vol. 2

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

COMPILED FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC
DOCUMENTS, PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

BY
AGNES STRICKLAND.

"The treasures of antiquity, laid up
In old historic rolls, I opened."
BRAUMONT.

ILLUSTRATED.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
1899.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

1100

8 vols

#6631

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	PAGE
ISABELLA OF VALOIS, Second Queen of Richard II.	1
JOANNA OF NAVARRE, Queen of Henry IV.	43
KATHERINE OF VALOIS, Queen of Henry V.	109
MARGARET OF ANJOU, Queen of Henry VI.	167
ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, Queen of Edward IV.	322
ANNE OF WARWICK, Queen of Richard III.	381
ELIZABETH OF YORK, Queen of Henry VII.	402
KATHARINE OF ARRAGON, Queen of Henry VIII.	469
ANNE BOLEYN, Second Queen of Henry VIII.	575

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS TO VOL. II.

	PAGE
ISABELLA OF VALOIS, Second Queen-Consort of Richard II., from an Illuminated MS. in the Harleian Collection.	
<i>Frontispiece.</i>	
JOANNA OF NAVARRE, Queen-Consort of Henry IV., from her Monument in Canterbury Cathedral	43
AUTOGRAPH OF JOANNA OF NAVARRE	108
KATHERINE OF VALOIS, Queen-Consort of Henry V., from the Beauchamp MS., Harleian Collection.	109
MARGARET OF ANJOU, Queen-Consort of Henry VI., from the Cathedral of Angiers	167
NANCY	180
AUTOGRAPH OF MARGARET OF ANJOU	319
ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, Queen-Consort of Edward IV., from Queen's College, Cambridge	322
QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE	343
AUTOGRAPH OF ELIZABETH WOODVILLE	344
ANNE OF WARWICK, Queen-Consort of Richard III., from the Beauchamp Pedigree, British Museum	381
ELIZABETH OF YORK, Queen-Consort of Henry VII., from ■ Painting by Holbein	402
AUTOGRAPH OF ELIZABETH OF YORK	403
KATHARINE OF ARRAGON, Queen-Consort of Henry VIII., from an Original in the possession of the Rev. C. E. Wylde, of Lambeth	469

	PAGE
GRANADA	471
AUTOGRAPH OF KATHARINE OF ARRAGON	552
ANNE BOLEYN, Second Queen-Consort of Henry VIII., from an Original formerly in the possession of the late General Thornton	575
AUTOGRAPH OF ANNE BOLEYN	616
AUTOGRAPH OF HENRY VIII.	617

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

ISABELLA OF VALOIS,

SURNAMED THE LITTLE QUEEN,

SECOND QUEEN-CONSORT OF RICHARD II.

Isabella of Valois an infant queen-consort—Betrothed to Richard the Second—Married at Calais—Embarks—Enters London—Called ‘the little queen’—Educated at Windsor—King’s visits—Her childish love for him—Conspiracy to imprison the king and queen—Her tournament—Richard’s farewell visit—The young queen’s growth and beauty—Her parting with Richard—Queen’s passionate grief—Invasion—Queen sent to Wallingford—King’s return—His poetical address to the queen—Richard in the Tower—Dejection—Deposed—Queen joins the revolt against Henry IV.—Richard’s murder—Widowhood of Isabella—She refuses the prince of Wales—Returns to France—Tender farewell to the English—Restoration to her family—Renewed offers from the prince of Wales—Her aversion—Betrothed to the heir of Orleans—Birth of Isabella’s infant—Her death—Burial at Blois—Grief of her husband—Elegies written by him—Discovery of Isabella’s corpse—Reinterment—Portrait.

THE union of Isabella of Valois with Richard II. presented an anomaly to the people of England unprecedented in their annals. They saw with astonishment an infant, not nine summers old, sharing the throne as the chosen queen-consort of a monarch who had reached his thirtieth year. Richard, whose principal error was attention to his own private feelings in preference to the public good, considered that by the time this little princess grew up the lapse of years would have mellowed his grief for the loved and lost Anne of Bohemia: he could not divorce his heart from the memory of his late queen sufficiently to give her a successor nearer his own age.

Isabella of Valois was the daughter of Charles VI. of France and Isabeau of Bavaria,—that queen of France afterwards so notorious for her wickedness; but at the time of the marriage of Richard II. with her little daughter, queen Isabeau was only distinguished for great beauty and luxurious taste in dress and festivals. Charles VI. had already experienced two or three agonizing attacks of inflammation on the brain, which had yielded, however, to medical skill, and he was at this time a magnificent, prosperous, and popular sovereign. Isabella, the eldest child of this royal pair, first saw the light in the Louvre palace, at Paris, November 9, 1387. She was the fairest of a numerous and lovely family, the females of which were remarkable for the beauty lavished on them by the hand of nature. The queen of France was the daughter of a German prince and an Italian princess; she was renowned for the splendor of her large dark eyes, and the clearness and brightness of her complexion,—charms which were transmitted to her daughters in no common degree. Isabella had three brothers (who were successively dauphins) and four sisters,—Joanna, duchess of Bretagne; Marie, a nun; Michelle, the first duchess of Philip the Good of Burgundy; and Katherine the Fair, the queen of Henry V. of England. These royal ladies inherited their father's goodness without his malady, and their mother's beauty without her vices. The princess Isabella was precocious in intellect and stature, and was every way worthy of fulfilling a queenly destiny. Unlike her sisters, Michelle and Katherine, who were cruelly neglected in their infant years, she was the darling of her parents and of the court of France. Isabella is no mute on the biographical page: the words she uttered have been chronicled, and though so young, both as the wife and widow of an English king, research will show that her actions were of some historical importance. The life of Richard's last consort is a curious portion of the biography of our queens of England, as an instance of a girl of tender age placed in unusual circumstances.

"The king," says sir John de Grailly (a courtly informant of Froissart), "is advised to marry again, and has had

researches made everywhere, but in vain, for a suitable lady. He has been told that the king of Navarre has sisters and daughters, but he will not hear of them. The duke of Gloucester has, likewise, a grown-up girl, who is marriageable, and well pleased would he be if his royal nephew would choose her; but the king says 'she is too nearly related, being his cousin-german.' King Richard's thoughts are so bent on the eldest daughter of the king of France, he will not hear of any other: it causes great wonder in this country that he should be so eager to marry the daughter of his adversary, and he is not the better beloved for it. King Richard has been told 'that the lady was by far too young, and that even in five or six years she would not be the proper age for a wife.' He replied pleasantly, 'that every day would remedy the deficiency of age, and her youth was one of his reasons for preferring her, because he should educate her and bring her up to his own mind, and to the manners and customs of the English; and that, as for himself, he was young enough to wait for her.' "

Froissart was staying at Eltham palace when the parliament met to debate the marriage in the beautiful gothic hall.¹ While they were walking on the terrace, sir Richard Sturry, one of the king's household, gave him this information:—"The king made the archbishop of Canterbury speak of the business of his marriage. In the debate it was agreed that the archbishop of Dublin, the earl of Rutland, and the earl-marshal, with twenty knights and forty squires of honor, should wait on the king of France,² and propose a

¹ The refined taste of the late princess Sophia Matilda led to the recent restoration of this noble relic.

² The Sunday after the departure of the embassy, Richard II. was at leisure to receive the presentation-copy of the poesies prepared for him by sir John Froissart. "I presented it to him in his chamber, for I had it with me, and laid it on his bed." From this passage it would appear that the king received him before he had risen. "He took it, and looked into it with much pleasure. He ought to have been pleased, for it was handsomely written and illuminated, and bound in crimson velvet, with ten silver gilt studs, and roses of the same in the middle, with two large clasps of silver gilt, richly worked with roses in the centre. The king asked me, 'Of what the book treated?' I replied, 'Of love.' He was pleased with the answer, and dipped into several places, reading parts aloud remarkably well, for he read and spoke French in perfection. He

treaty of marriage between him and the princess Isabella. When the English embassy arrived at Paris, they were lodged near the Croix du Tiroir, and their attendants and horses, to the number of five hundred, in the adjoining streets. The king of France resided at the Louvre, and the queen and her children at the hôtel de St. Pol, on the banks of the Seine; and to please the English lords, their request was granted to visit the queen and her family, and especially the little princess, whom they were soliciting to be bestowed as the wife of their king, as they were impatient to behold her. This had been at first refused, for the French council excused themselves by observing, 'That she was as yet but eight years; how could any one know how a young child would conduct herself at such an interview?' " She had, however, been carefully educated, as she proved when the English nobles waited upon her; for "when the earl-marshal dropped upon his knee, saying, 'Madame, if it please God, you shall be our lady and queen;' she replied instantly, and without any one prompting her, 'Sir, if it please God, and my lord and father, that I be queen of England, I shall be well pleased thereat, for I have been told I shall then be a great lady.' She made the earl-marshal rise, and, taking him by the hand, led him to queen Isabeau her mother, who was much pleased at her answer, as were all who heard it. The appearance and manners of this young princess were very agreeable to the English ambassadors, and they thought among themselves she would be a lady of high honor and worth." ¹

Just before the young Isabella arrived in England, the duke of Lancaster thought fit to give his princely hand to Katherine Rouet, who had been governess to his daughters,

then gave it to one of his knights, sir Richard Credon, to carry it to his oratory, and made me many acknowledgments for it." This knight was probably the author of Creton's Metrical Chronicle. The king did not confine his gratitude to empty thanks, for we find he afterwards presented the minstrel-historian with a fine chased silver goblet, containing one hundred nobles, a benefaction which, as Froissart adds, was of infinite use to him. The whole of this scene is a precious relic of the domestic history of English royalty, and carries the reader back four centuries as if it were but yesterday.

¹ Froissart.

and was already mother to those sons of the duke so celebrated in English history as the Beauforts. Serious were the feuds this misalliance raised in the royal family. "When the marriage of the duke of Lancaster was announced to the ladies of royal descent in England, such as the duchess of Gloucester and the countess of Arundel (who was a Mortimer of the line of Clarence), they were greatly shocked, and said, 'The duke had disgraced himself by marrying a woman of light character, since she would take rank as second lady in the kingdom, and the young queen would be dishonorably accompanied by her; but, for their parts, they would leave her to do the honors of the court alone, for they would never enter any place where she was. They themselves would be disgraced if they permitted such a base-born duchess, who had been mistress to the duke, both before and after his marriage with the princess Constance, to take precedence of them, and their hearts would burst with grief were it to happen.' Those persons of the royal family who were the most outrageous on the subject were the duke and duchess of Gloucester."¹ Thus was the court of king Richard in a state of ferment with the discontents of the princesses of the house of Plantagenet, just at the time when he required them to assemble for the purpose of receiving his infant bride. While these ladies were settling their points of precedence, the princess Isabella was espoused in Paris by the earl-marshal, as proxy for his royal master. "She was from that time," says Froissart, "styled the queen of England. And I was at the time told it was pretty to see her, young as she was, practising how to act the queen."

About this time the king of France sent to England the count St. Pol, who had married Richard's half-sister, Maud Holland, surnamed 'the Fair.' King Richard promised his brother-in-law that he would come to Calais and have an interview with the king of France, when his bride was to be delivered to him; and if a peace could not be agreed upon, a truce for thirty or forty years was to be established. The duke and duchess of Gloucester, with their children,

¹ Froissart.

were asked by the king to be of the party, as were the dukes and duchesses of York and Lancaster. The duchess of Lancaster, despite of all the displeasure of the ladies of the blood-royal against her, was staying with the king and her lord at Eltham, and had already been invited to the king's marriage. With this royal company king Richard crossed the sea to Calais, while the king of France, his queen, and the young princess advanced as far as St. Omer, where they remained till the treaty of peace assumed some hopeful form. It was, however, in vain that the French strove to soften the opposition of the duke of Gloucester by flattering attentions and the handsome presents they offered him. He accepted the presents, "but the same rancor remained in his breast, and in spite of everything, when the peace was mentioned, his answers were as crabbed and severe as ever. It was observed that he pointed out the rich plate of gold and silver to his friends, observing 'that France was still a very rich country, and that peace ought not to be made,'"—a remark more worthy of a bandit than a royal guest. The king of England at last contrived to discover the means of allaying this bellicose disposition in his uncle: the bribe was enormous, considering the duke's constant exhortations in regard to *reformation* and economy in the government. The king was forced to promise his patriotic uncle fifty thousand nobles on his return home, and to create his only son, Humphrey, earl of Rochester, with a pension of two thousand nobles per annum. After the application of such unconscionable bribes, no impediments remained to the peace and marriage, which were concluded without the restoration of Calais being insisted on by France.

"On the vigil of the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, which fell on a Friday, the 27th of October, 1396, the two kings left their lodgings on the point of ten o'clock, and, accompanied by a grand attendance, went to the tents that had been prepared for them.¹ Thence they proceeded on foot to a certain space which had been fixed on for their meeting, and which was surrounded by four hundred

¹ Froissart.

French and as many English knights, brilliantly armed, who stood with drawn swords. These knights were so marshalled that the two kings passed between their ranks, conducted in the following order: the dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester supported the king of France, while the dukes of Berri and Burgundy, uncles of the French king, conducted king Richard, and thus they advanced slowly through the ranks of the knights; and when the two kings were on the point of meeting, the eight hundred knights fell on their knees and wept for joy,"—a unanimity of feeling very remarkable in eight hundred knights.

"King Richard and king Charles met bare-headed, and, having saluted, took each other by the hand, when the king of France led the king of England to his tent, which was handsome and richly adorned; the four dukes took each other by the hand, and followed them. The English and French knights remained in their ranks, looking at each other with good humor, and never stirred till the whole ceremony was over. When the two kings entered the tent, holding each other by the hand, the dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, who had been left in the tent to welcome the monarchs, cast themselves on their knees before them: the kings stopped and bade them rise. The six dukes then assembled in front of the tent and conversed together; meantime, the kings went into the tent and conferred *solus*, while the wine and spices were preparing. The duke of Berri served the king of France with the comfit-box, and the duke of Burgundy with the cup of wine. In like manner was the king of England served by the dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester. After the kings had been served, the knights of France and England took the wine and comfits, and served the prelates, dukes, princes, and counts; and after them, the squires and other officers of the household did the same to all within the tents, until every one had partaken of the wine and spices; during which time the two monarchs conversed freely.

"At eleven o'clock of the Saturday morning, the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, the king of England, attended by his uncles and nobles, waited on the king of France in his

tent. Dinner-tables were laid out; that for the kings was very handsome, and the sideboard was covered with magnificent plate. The two kings were seated by themselves, the king of France at the top of the table, and the king of England below him, at a good distance from each other. They were served by the dukes of Berri, Burgundy, and Bourbon: the last entertained the two monarchs with many gay remarks, to make them laugh, and those about the royal table, for he had much drollery; and, addressing the king of England, said:—‘My lord king of England, you ought to make good cheer, for you have had all your wishes gratified. You have a wife, or shall have one, for she will be speedily delivered to you.’—‘Bourbonnois,’ replied the king of France, ‘we wish our daughter were as old as our cousin of St. Pol,¹ though we were to double her dower, for then she would love our son of England much more.’ The king of England, who understood French well, noticed these words, and, immediately bowing to the king of France, replied:—‘Good father-in-law, the age of our wife pleases us right well. We pay not great attention respecting age, as we value your love; for we shall now be so strongly united that no king in Christendom can in any way hurt us.’”

When dinner was over, which lasted not long, the cloth was removed, the tables carried away, and wine and spices brought. After this the young bride entered the tent, attended by a great number of ladies and damsels. King Charles led her by the hand, and gave her to the king of England, who immediately rose and took his leave. The little queen was placed in a very rich litter, which had been prepared for her; but of all the French ladies who were there, only the lady de Coucy went with her, for there were many of the principal ladies of England in presence, such as the duchesses of Lancaster, of York, of Gloucester, of Ireland,² the lady of Namur, the lady Poynings, and

¹ This young lady was niece to king Richard, the daughter of Maud Holland, surnamed the Fair. She was probably the beauty of that festival.

² The widow of Robert de Vere, mentioned in a former memoir of queen Anne. The lady de Coucy who accompanied the little queen to England was the sister of this lady.

many others, who all received queen Isabella with great joy. When the ladies were ready, the king of England and his lords departed with the young princess; and, riding at a good pace, arrived at Calais.

On the Tuesday, which was All-Saints'-day, the king of England was married by the archbishop of Canterbury in the church of St. Nicholas, of Calais, to the lady Isabella of France. Great was the feasting on the occasion; "and the heralds and minstrels were so liberally paid that they were satisfied." Richard renounced at this marriage (to the indignation of the duke of Gloucester) all claims to the crown of France in right of Isabella or her descendants.¹ The dukes of Orleans and Bourbon came to Calais to visit the king and queen of England two days after the marriage; and on the morrow they went back to St. Omer, where the king and queen of France waited for them. That same Friday morning king Richard and queen Isabella, having heard an early mass and drunk some wine, embarked on board the vessels that had been prepared for them. With a favorable wind, in less than three hours they arrived at Dover. The queen dined at the castle, and slept the next night at Rochester. Passing through Dartford, she arrived at the palace at Eltham, where the nobles and their ladies took leave of the king and queen, and went to their homes.

The young queen's entry into London is thus noted by our chroniclers:—"The young queen Isabella, commonly called 'the Little' (for she was not eight years old), was conveyed from Kennington, near to Lambeth palace, through Southwark, to the Tower of London, November 13th, when such a multitude of persons went out to see her, that on London bridge nine persons were crushed to death, of whom the prior of Tiptree was one, and a matron of Cornhill another."² The queen slept one night at the Tower, and the next day was conducted in high pomp to Westminster, where king Richard was waiting in his palace to receive her. This day the Londoners made very rich presents to the queen, which were most graciously accepted.

The portion of Isabella was considerable, consisting of

¹ Froissart.

² Stowe.

800,000 francs in gold, to be paid in yearly instalments. She brought with her a wardrobe of great richness. Among her garments was a robe and mantle, unequalled in England, made of red velvet embossed with birds of goldsmiths' work, perched upon branches of pearls and emeralds. The robe was trimmed down the sides with miniver, and had a cape and hood of the same fur: the mantle was lined with ermine. Another robe was of murrey-mezereon velvet, embroidered with pearl roses. She had coronets, rings, necklaces, and clasps, amounting to 500,000 crowns. Her chamber-hangings were red and white satin, embroidered with figures of vintages and shepherdesses. These jewels were afterwards a matter of political controversy between England and France.

Several authors declare that young Isabella was crowned at Westminster with great magnificence, and there actually exists, in the *Fœdera*, a summons for her coronation on Epiphany-Sunday, 1397.¹ Windsor was the chief residence of the royal child, who was called queen-consort of England. Here her education proceeded, under the superintendence of the second daughter of Engelraud de Coucy; and here the king, whose feminine beauty of features and complexion somewhat qualified the disparity of years between a man of thirty and a girl of ten, behaved to his young wife with such winning attention that she retained a tender remembrance of him long after he was hurried to prison and the grave. The visits of Richard caused some cessation from the routine of education; while his gay temper, his musical accomplishments, his splendor of dress, and softness of manners to females made him exceedingly beloved by the young heart of Isabella.

The king had expended prodigious sums on the royal progress to France, and on the marriage and pompous entry of the little queen. These debts had now to be liquidated; and a struggle soon commenced between the king and the popular party concerning the supplies, which ended in the destruction of the duke of Gloucester and his more honest

¹ The London Chronicle, p. 80, expressly says the young queen was crowned January 8th. No particulars are cited of this coronation by any author.

colleague, the earl of Arundel. A short but fierce despotism was established by Richard, which ultimately led to his deposition. From the earliest period of her sojourn in England, there was more probability that Isabella would share a prison than a throne. Froissart thus details one of the duke of Gloucester's plots, the object of which was the life-long incarceration of the harmless little queen:—"He invited the earl of March¹ to come and visit him at Pleshy. There he unbosomed to him all the secrets of his heart, telling him that certain influential persons had elected him as king of England, resolving that king Richard and his queen were to be deposed and forthwith confined in prison, where they were to be maintained with ample provision during their lives; and he besought his nephew 'to give due consideration to this project, which was supported by the earl of Arundel, the earl of Warwick, and many of the prelates and barons of England.' The earl of March was thunderstruck at hearing this proposal from his uncle; but, young as he was, he concealed his emotion." The duke of Gloucester, observing the manner of his nephew, entreated that he would keep his discourse very secret. This Mortimer promised to do, and faithfully kept his word; but honorably resolving to flee from such strong temptation to his integrity and loyalty, he craved leave of king Richard to visit his Irish domains.²

"The count de St. Pol had been sent into England by the king of France, in order to see his daughter, and learn how she was going on. The king consulted him, and his uncles Lancaster and York, on the danger that threatened him and his young consort. 'My good uncles,' said he, 'for the love of God, advise me how to act. I am daily informed that your brother, the duke of Gloucester, is determined to seize and confine me for life in one of my castles, and that the Londoners mean to join him in this iniquity. Their plan is, withal, to separate my queen from me, who is but

¹ It will be remembered this prince was the heir-presumptive to the throne, the grandson of Lionel of Clarence. A deep obscurity rests on the characters and conduct of the princes of the blood of the line of Mortimer in general history.

² He was made lord deputy (viceroy) of Ireland.

a child, and shut her up in some other place of confinement. Now, my dear uncles, such cruel acts as these must be prevented.' The dukes of Lancaster and York saw that their nephew was in great anguish of heart, and they knew that what he said was strictly true, but they replied to this effect:—'Have a little patience, my lord king. We know well that our brother Gloucester has the most passionate and wrong-headed temper of any man in England. He talks frequently of things he cannot execute, and neither he nor his abettors can break the peace which has been signed, nor succeed in imprisoning you in any castle. Depend on it, we will never suffer it, nor that you should be separated from the queen.'

"By these words the two dukes calmed king Richard's mind; but to avoid being called on by either party, they left the king's household with their families, and retired to their own castles, the duke of Lancaster taking with him his duchess, who had for some time been the companion of the young queen of England. This desertion was followed by sir Thomas Percy's retirement from court, and surrender of his office of steward of the king's household, avowedly out of apprehension lest he should incur the fate of sir Simon Burley. The king's remaining servants very frequently represented to him the danger of remaining in their offices, in words such as these:—'Be assured, dear sir, that as long as the duke of Gloucester lives, there will never be any quiet for your court, nor for England. Besides, he publicly threatens to confine you and your queen. As for the queen, she need not care: she is young, and the beloved child of the king of France; the duke of Gloucester dare not hurt her, but many evils will he bring on you and on England.' These representations sank deeply in the mind of king Richard, and soon after led to his uncle's violent death."

Whatever were the ill intentions of the duke of Gloucester against the king and his unoffending little queen, the treacherous manner in which king Richard lured his uncle to destruction must revolt all minds, for every tie of hospitality and social intercourse was violated by him. This, his first step in guilt, was followed by the illegal execution of the

earl of Arundel. Richard's conscience was not accustomed to cruelty; and after the death of Arundel his sleep was broken, and his peace was gone. He used to awake in horror, exclaiming "that his bed was covered with the blood of the earl."

The young queen assisted publicly at the celebration of St. George's day, 1398. She had, in this scene, to play a conspicuous part, and seems to have acquitted herself to the satisfaction of the beholders. The hollow peace of the court was soon broken by the quarrel between Henry of Bolingbroke, heir to John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, and the earl-marshal, who had been created duke of Norfolk. They mutually accused each other of treasonable conversation against the king. In the true spirit of the age, they appealed to wager of battle, and actually presented themselves in the lists at Coventry, when the king parted them by throwing down his warder, and finished the scene by sentencing Mowbray duke of Norfolk to banishment for life, and Henry to exile for seven years.

While Richard's affairs remained in this feverish and unsettled state, the English court was thrown into consternation by the death of the heir-presumptive of the kingdom, Roger Mortimer, who was at that time lord deputy of Ireland. There was a strong attachment between Richard and his chivalric heir: the king passionately bewailed him, and resolved to make an expedition to Ireland, to quell the rebellion that ensued on the death of his viceroy. Just before the departure of king Richard for his Irish campaign, he proclaimed throughout his realm that a grand tournament would be held at Windsor by forty knights and forty squires, all clad in green, bearing the young queen's device of a white falcon. They maintained the beauty of the virgin queen of England against all comers. Isabella herself, attended by the noblest ladies and damsels of the land, was present, and dispensed the prizes.

King Richard commenced his march to Ireland, May, 1399; he tarried some hours at Windsor castle, on his road to the western coast, in order to bid his young queen farewell before he departed for Ireland. Although only eleven

years of age, Isabella had grown tall and very lovely; she was rapidly assuming a womanly appearance. The king seemed greatly struck with the improvement in her person, and the progress she had made in her education. He treated her with the utmost deference; and, if the chronicles¹ of her country are to be believed, he entirely won her young heart at this interview. Yet he had sent to dwell with her witnesses, whose deep grief and mournful habiliments for the loss of a husband and father could have told their young queen, even if their lips dared not speak, that the king had stained his hands with kindred blood. According to Froissart, Richard II. had sent the widowed duchess of Gloucester and her daughters to reside with Isabella at Windsor,—apparently under some species of restraint.

Before king Richard left Windsor castle, he discovered that considerable reforms were required in his consort's establishment. The lady de Coucy, his cousin-german, was the queen's governess and principal lady of honor; but, on his arrival at Windsor, it was represented to him that this lady took as much state upon her as if she had been in the situation of her mother, the princess-royal of England, or even the queen herself. In fact, the extravagance of the lady de Coucy knew no bounds; "for," said the king's informer, "she has eighteen horses at her command. But this does not suffice; she has a large train belonging to her husband, and in his livery, whenever she comes and goes. She keeps two or three goldsmiths, two or three cutlers, and two or three furriers constantly employed, as much as you and your queen. She is also building a chapel that will cost 1400 nobles." Exasperated at this extravagance, the king dismissed the lady de Coucy from her office in the queen's establishment: he paid all the debts she had incurred, and commanded her to leave the country forthwith,—an order she certainly disobeyed, as will afterwards be seen. In the place of this lady, Richard appointed the widowed lady Mortimer,² who was his own niece Eleanor;

¹ Monstrelet and the MS. of the Ambassades.

² The whole of this passage is drawn from the MS. of the Ambassades. Lady Mortimer was Eleanor Holland.

to her he gave the precious charge of his fair young consort.

The scene of Richard's parting from Isabella was Windsor church. He had previously assisted at a solemn mass, and indulged his musical tastes by chanting a collect; he likewise made a rich offering. On leaving the church, he partook of wine and comfits at the door with his little consort; then lifting her up in his arms, he kissed her repeatedly, saying, "Adieu, madame! adieu, till we meet again." The king immediately resumed his march to Bristol, and embarked on his ill-timed expedition to Ireland.

Henry of Bolingbroke landed with hostile intentions at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, July 4th, the same summer during Richard's absence. His invasion had an immediate effect on the destination of the little queen Isabella; the regent York hurried her from the castle of Windsor to the still stronger fortress of Wallingford, where she remained while England was lost by her royal lord, and won by his rival Henry of Bolingbroke.

After landing at Milford-Haven on his return from Ireland, king Richard took shelter among the Welsh castles still loyal to him. Here he might have found refuge till a reaction in his favor in England gave hopes of better times; but the king's luxurious habits made the rough living at these castles intolerable to him. Indeed, as the chronicler De Marque declares, "they were totally unfurnished, and that Richard had to sleep on straw during his sojourn in Wales. He endured this inconvenience for five or six nights; but, in truth, a farthing's worth of victuals was not to be found at any of them. Certes, I cannot tell the misery of the king's train, even at Caernarvon. He then returned to Conway, where he thus bewailed his absence from his wife, of whom he was very fond." The following seems a little poem, that the king composed in his tribulation:—"My mistress and my consort, accursed be the man who thus separateth us! I am dying of grief because of it. My fair sister, my lady, and my sole desire! since I am robbed of the pleasure of beholding thee, such pain and affliction oppresseth my whole heart, that I am oftentimes near despair.

Alas, Isabel! rightful daughter of France! you were wont to be my joy, my hope, my consolation. And now I plainly see, that through the violence of fortune, which hath slain many a man, I must be deprived of you; whereat I often endure so sincere a pang, that day and night I am in danger of bitter death. And it is no marvel, when I from such a height hath fallen so low, and lose my joy, my solace, and my consort."¹

Henry of Bolingbroke, it is said, gained possession, by a *coup-de-main*, of 700,000*l.*, the treasury of the unfortunate Richard. With amazing celerity Henry traversed England, attended by sixty thousand Londoners and other malcontents, who had been disgusted with Richard's despotic government. With this disorderly militia Henry presented himself before the gates of Flint castle, where Richard and a few faithful knights remained on the defensive. Here he boldly demanded an audience with the king, who agreed to admit him, and eleven others, to pass the wicket of the castle.² Henry spoke aloud, without paying any honor or reverence to the king, asking, "Have you broken your fast?" The king answered, "No; it is yet early morn. Why do you ask?"—"It is time you should breakfast," replied Henry, "for you have a great way to ride."—"What road?" asked the king. "You must wend to London," said Henry; "and I advise that you eat and drink heartily, that you may perform the journey more gayly."—"Well," said the king, "if that is the case, let the tables be covered."

When this was done, the king washed his hands, seated himself at table, and was served. During the time the king was eating, which was not long, for his heart was much oppressed, the whole country, seen from the windows of the castle, was covered with men-at-arms and archers. The king, on rising from the table, perceived them, and asked his cousin who they were. "For most part Londoners," was the answer. "And what do they want?" inquired the king. "They want to take *you*," replied Henry, "and carry you prisoner to the Tower; and there is no pacifying them,

¹ Archæologia, from the MS. of a French gentleman, an attendant on Richard, translated by the Rev. Mr. Webbe.

² Froissart.

unless you yield yourself my prisoner." The king was alarmed at this intimation, for he knew the Londoners hated him, and would kill him if he were ever in their power; he therefore yielded himself prisoner to his cousin, promising to do whatever he should advise. His knights and officers surrendered likewise to Henry, who, in the presence of the eleven that accompanied him, received the king and his attendants as prisoners. He then ordered the horses to be saddled instantly and brought into the court, and the gates of the castle to be flung open; whereupon many archers and men-at-arms crowded into the court-yard.

"I heard," says Froissart, "of a singular circumstance that happened just then, which I must mention. King Richard had a greyhound, named Math, beautiful beyond description, who would not notice or follow any one but the king. Whenever Richard rode abroad, the greyhound was loosed by the person who had the care of him: and that instant he ran to caress his royal master, by placing his two forefeet on his shoulders. It fell out that as the king and his cousin Henry of Bolingbroke were conversing in the court-yard of Flint castle, their horses being preparing for them to mount, the greyhound Math was untied, when, instead of running as usual to king Richard, he passed him and leaped to Henry's shoulders, paying him every court, the same as he used to his own master. Henry, not acquainted with this greyhound, asked the king the meaning of his fondness. 'Cousin,' replied Richard, 'it means a great deal for you, and very little for me.'—'How?' said Henry; 'pray explain it.'—'I understand by it,' said the unfortunate king, 'that this my favorite greyhound Math fondles and pays his court to you this day as king of England, which you will be, and I shall be deposed, for that the natural instinct of the creature perceives. Keep him, therefore, by your side; for lo! he leaveth me, and will ever follow you.' Henry treasured up what king Richard had said, and paid attention to the greyhound Math, who would no more follow Richard of Bourdeaux, but kept by the side of Henry, as was witnessed by thirty thousand men."¹

¹ Froissart.

The attendants of king Richard have chronicled the humiliations and sufferings of their royal master, on this pilgrimage of sorrow and degradation, with a more indignant pen than that of Froissart, declaring that, to grieve and break the spirit of the royal captive, his fine-spirited horses were taken from him, and he was compelled to perform every stage on sorry, miserable jades, not worth ten shillings. This was a deep mortification, since among the king's luxuries he had indulged an expensive taste for noble and costly steeds. The king attempted to escape at Lichfield, where he dropped from a window of the tower in which he slept; but was perceived, and brought by force into Lichfield castle again. As far as Coventry, parties of the king's faithful Welshmen pursued Henry of Bolingbroke's army, and harassed its rear. They were instigated and led by Richard's beloved squire and minstrel, Owen Glendower, who, from the hour when his royal patron became the prisoner of "aspiring Bolingbroke," vowed and maintained a life-long enmity against the supplanter of his king.¹

The young queen found herself in the power of the usurper almost simultaneously with her unfortunate husband. Directly the news arrived that Richard had surrendered himself, the garrisons of the royal castles of Windsor and Wallingford yielded to Henry of Bolingbroke. Tradition declares that the young Isabella met her luckless husband on the road during his sad pilgrimage towards the metropolis as a captive to Henry, and that their meeting and parting were tender and heart-breaking; but the whole of Richard's progress has been minutely described by eye-witnesses, who, it may be thought, would not have been silent on a circumstance so picturesque and touching. This interview must, therefore, be considered as a mere romance of history, interwoven into English historical ballads: Shakspeare has made use of it with beautiful effect.

¹ Among the most beautiful of the Welsh melodies still exists the well-known air, "Sweet Richard." Tradition declares this melody was composed by Glendower about this time, as a tribute of regret to his unfortunate prince; it was afterwards sung and played in the many risings in favor of Richard, with the same powerful effect that the celebrated Jacobite airs had on the partisans of the house of Stuart.

In the midst of these changes, the young queen was hurried from place to place with little rest. From Wallingford she was carried by the popular party to Leeds castle, in Kent, where she was placed under the care of the widowed duchess of Ireland; who, having been wronged by king Richard and his late queen, was not supposed to be extremely favorable to the cause of the imprisoned monarch. As lady de Coucy was sister to the duchess, she certainly obtained access to the queen again, notwithstanding her dismissal by king Richard; for she was at Leeds castle when the insurgent Londoners took umbrage at her vicinity to the queen of Richard, and one of their leaders thus addressed her:—"Lady, make instant preparations of departure, for we will not suffer you to remain longer here. Take care, on saying farewell to queen Isabel, that you show not any tokens of anger at our dismissing you; but tell her that your husband and daughter in France have sent to entreat your return. This we advise you to do, if you regard your life. You must ask no questions and make no remarks to the queen on anything that is going on. You will be escorted to Dover, and embarked in the passage-boat for Boulogne." The lady de Coucy, alarmed at these menaces, and knowing those who made them to be cruel and full of hatred, replied, "That in God's name she would do as they directed."—"Palfreys and hackneys were furnished for herself and attendants, and all the French of both sexes were sent off.¹ The foreign household of the queen being thus broken up, none were left with her that were at all attached to king Richard. A new retinue was formed for her, of ladies, damsels, and varlets, who were strictly enjoined never to mention the name of king Richard to her, or to acquaint her with what was become of him."²

It is asserted by all authors of that day that the heart of the young Isabella was devoted to Richard: the chron-

¹ Either Froissart is mistaken in this assertion, or the French servants of the young queen were replaced by Henry IV., for the Minutes of Council contain a long list of French persons who returned to France with Isabella as officials of her household.

² Froissart, and MS. of the Ambassadors.

iclers of her own country especially declare, "that he had behaved so amiably to her, that she loved him entirely." While, by a cruel policy, her youthful mind was torn with the pangs of suspense and the pain of parting from her native attendants, Richard was conveyed from Shene by night and lodged secretly in the Tower, with such of his friends and ministers as were peculiarly obnoxious to the Londoners.

After enduring many mortifications at the Tower, king Richard offered to resign the crown to Henry of Bolingbroke, who immediately replied, "It is necessary that the three estates of the realm should hear this proposition; and in three days the parliaments will be collected, and can debate on the subject." So far his rejoinder was made with moderation and propriety, but he added:—"The people want to crown me; for the common report in the country is, that I have a better right to the crown than you. This was told our grandfather, king Edward, of happy memory, when he educated you and had you acknowledged heir to the crown; but his love was so strong for his son, the prince of Wales, nothing could make him alter his purpose. If you had followed the example of the prince, you might still have been king; but you have always acted so contrary as to occasion the rumor to be generally believed throughout England that you were not the son of the prince of Wales, but of a priest or canon. I have heard several knights who were of the household of my uncle, the prince of Wales, declare that he was jealous of the conduct of the princess. She was cousin-german to king Edward, who began to dislike her for not having children by his son, for he knew that she had sons by her former marriage with sir Thomas Holland, since he had himself stood godfather to two. The princess of Wales knew well how to keep my uncle in her chains, having through subtlety enticed him to marry her; but fearful of being divorced by the king his father, for want of heirs, and that the prince would marry again, it is said she had you, and another son who died in his infancy, by some other person. And from your modes of thinking and acting being so different to the gallantry and prowess

of the prince, it is thought you were the son of a priest or canon; for, at the time of your birth, there were many young and handsome ones in the household of my uncle at Bourdeaux. Such is the report of this country, which your conduct has confirmed; for you have ever shown a great affection to the French, and a desire to live at peace with them, to the loss of the honor of England. Because my uncle of Gloucester and the good earl of Arundel gave you good advice, and wished you to follow in the footsteps of your ancestors, you have treacherously put them to death. As for me, I will give you my protection, and will guard and preserve your life through compassion, as long as I shall be able.”¹ For two hours did Henry thus converse, continuing to reproach the king with all the wrong he had ever been guilty of in the whole course of his life. He then took leave, re-entered his barge, and returned to his house; and on the morrow renewed his orders for the assembling of parliament.

As an interlude to the narrative of Froissart, which details the deep dejection of Richard, the accounts given by his faithful attendant, and the manuscript of the Ambassades, show Richard, at intervals, with the lion-like desperation of the Plantagenets awakened in his breast. Sometimes the thoughts of his young wife, a prisoner like himself, and perhaps in equal danger, gave rise to tempests of rage, before whose sway the insolence of the usurper seems to have quailed, when in his presence. The time of the interview here described must have been one day of the three which intervened between the conference concerning the abdication just detailed and the meeting of parliament. The dukes of York and Aumerle, and Henry, now called duke of Lancaster, went to the Tower, and sent the young earl of Arundel² to bid the king come to them out of his privy chamber. When this message was delivered to Richard, he replied, “Tell Henry of Lancaster from me, I shall do no such thing; if he wants to see me, let him come to me.”

On entering the king's apartment, none showed any

¹ Froissart.

² Whose father Richard had put to death.

respect to him but Henry, who took off his cap, and, saluting him respectfully, said, "Here is our cousin the duke of Aumerle, and our uncle the duke of York, who wish to speak to you." Richard answered, "Cousin, they are not fit to speak to me."—"But have the goodness to hear them," said Henry. Upon which Richard uttered an oath, and exclaimed, turning to York,¹ "Thou villain! what wouldst thou say to me? And thou, traitor of Rutland! thou art neither good nor worthy to speak to me, nor to bear the name of duke, earl, or knight. Thou, and the villain thy father, foully have ye betrayed me;² in a cursed hour were ye born; by your false counsel was my uncle Gloucester put to death!" Aumerle replied to the king, "That he lied," and threw down his bonnet at his feet: upon which the king said, "I am king and thy lord; and will continue king, and be greater lord than I ever was, in spite of all my enemies!" Upon this, Henry imposed silence on Aumerle.

Richard then, turning with a fierce countenance to Henry of Lancaster, asked "Why he was in confinement? and why under a guard of armed men? Am I your servant, or am I your king? What do you mean to do with me?" Henry replied, "You are my king and my lord; but the council of the realm have determined that you are to be kept in confinement till the decision of parliament." The king then swore a deep oath, and said, "Let me have my wife."—"Excuse me," replied Henry; "it is forbidden by the council that you should see queen Isabel." Then the king in wrath walked about the room, breaking into passionate exclamations and appeals to Heaven, called them "false traitors," offered to fight "any four of them," threw down his bonnet as a gage, spoke "of his father's and his grandfather's fame, and his reign of twenty-one years." Henry of Lancaster then fell on his knees, and besought him "to be quiet till the meeting of parliament."

¹ Richard had left him regent of England, which he surrendered to Henry without a struggle.

² Aumerle had just surrendered the loyal city of Bristol, the last hope of the unfortunate king.

Before the meeting of parliament this burst of spirit had subsided in deep despondency. Stowe declares that Richard's abdication took place in Westminster hall; and that, by a singular coincidence, this ceremony was the first solemnized in that building since its new erection by Richard. The parliament waited, sitting in Westminster hall, the termination of the following scene, which took place at Richard's prison in the Tower. Henry rode to the tower with a selected number of prelates, dukes, earls, and knights, and dismounted in the court-yard; while king Richard, royally dressed, with the sceptre in his hand and the crown on his head, entered the hall in the Tower, but without supporters on either side, which was his usual state. He then addressed the company as follows:—"I have reigned king of England, duke of Aquitaine, and lord of Ireland, about twenty-two years; which royalty, lordship, sceptre, and crown I now freely and willingly resign to my cousin, Henry of Lancaster, and entreat of him, in the presence of you all, to accept of this sceptre." He then tendered the sceptre to Henry of Lancaster, who took it and gave it to the archbishop of Canterbury. King Richard next raised up his crown with both his hands from his head, and placing it before him, said:—"Henry, fair cousin, I present and give to you this crown, with which I was crowned king of England, and with it all the rights dependent on it." Henry of Lancaster received the royal diadem, and delivered it over to the archbishop.

Thus was the resignation accepted,—Henry of Lancaster calling in a public notary, that an authentic act might be drawn up of this proceeding, which was witnessed by all present. Soon after, the king was led back to the apartments in the Tower from whence he had been conducted. The two jewels (the crown and sceptre) were safely packed up and given to proper guards, who placed them in the treasury of Westminster abbey until they should be needed.¹

The news of the restraint in which the young queen of

¹ Froissart. This narrative is in perfect unison with the ancient laws and customs of England, which ordained that St. Edward's crown and regalia should be in the keeping of the abbot of Westminster.

England was held had been carried by some merchants of Bruges to the coast of France, together with the account of the deposition of her husband. But when the lady de Coucy arrived, who had been attached to the household of Isabella, the whole truth was known. Directly she alighted at the hotel of her lord at Paris, the king of France sent there to hear news of his daughter: he was so much shocked at the ill tidings she told of Isabella and her husband, that though his health had been good for some time, his agitation, on hearing of his daughter's reverse of fortune, brought back his fits of frenzy. The duke of Burgundy said, "The marriage of king Richard with Isabella was unadvised, and so I declared when it was proposed. Since the English have imprisoned king Richard, they will assuredly put him to death; for they always hated him, because he preferred peace to war. They will as certainly crown Henry of Lancaster." This prediction of the queen's uncle proved true. During the last days of September, Henry of Lancaster was recognized by the majority of the assembled parliament as king; and was magnificently crowned in October, without the slightest recognition of the prior claims of the orphan heirs of the earl of March.

While this revolution was effected, the young queen was removed to Sunning Hill; there she was kept a state-prisoner, and sedulously misinformed regarding the events that had befallen her husband. The last hopes of king Richard had ended in despair when his cousin Aumerle had yielded the loyal city of Bristol, and his brother-in-law Huntingdon gave up Calais, and swore fealty to Henry IV. This fealty, however, only lasted six weeks. A plot was set on foot, headed by Aumerle, Huntingdon, and Salisbury, for killing Henry IV. at a tournament they were about to give at Windsor. Henry, whose health soon broke under the anxieties which beset the crown of thorns he had assumed, was sick at Windsor castle. There was a spiked instrument concealed in his bed, for the purpose of destroying him when he lay down to rest; its introduction, says the monk of Evesham, "was attributed to one of the young queen's servants."

Richard's doom was now sealed. He was hurried from the Tower to Pontefract castle; meantime, the confederate lords flew to arms, and, dressing up king Richard's chaplain, Maudelain,¹ in royal robes, proclaimed that the deposed king had escaped from his jailers. The young queen Isabella took an extraordinary part in this movement for the restoration of her husband.² When the earls of Kent and Salisbury came with their forces to Sunning Hill, where she was abiding, they told her, "They had driven the usurper Bolingbroke from Windsor to the stronghold of the Tower, and that her husband had escaped, and was then in full march to meet her at the head of a hundred thousand men." Overjoyed at this news, the young queen put herself at their disposal. She likewise took great pleasure in ordering the badges of Henry IV. to be torn from her household, and replaced by those of her royal husband; in which "harmless spite," says Hayward, "the queen Isabel took the utmost satisfaction." A proclamation was likewise issued in her name, declaring "that she did not recognize Henry of Lancaster as king." The queen then set out with her brother-in-law, the earl of Kent, and his allies, on their march to Wallingford and Abingdon. Full of joyful hope, Isabel expected every hour to meet her king triumphant at the head of a loyal army. She was with the barons when they entered the fatal town of Cirencester; but amid the mysterious darkness which shrouds the termination of this insurrection, we lose sight of the actual manner in which the young queen was recaptured by Henry IV. Let fortune have declared for whatever party it might, disappointment alone was in store for the heart of Isabella, since the Richard, whom she hoped to meet, was but a counterfeit in royal robes to deceive the common people. The chiefs of the insurrection were betrayed by the mayor of Cirences-

¹ He was exceedingly like Richard, and supposed to be an illegitimate son of one of the royal family; he was implicated in the illegal execution of the duke of Gloucester. He had adhered to Richard with the utmost fidelity, from his landing in Wales till his capture at Flint.

² Guthrie and Froissart. Sir John Hayward, p. 127, edition 1599. He says, "the insurgent lords came to the queen from Colnebrook to Sunning, a place near Reading."

ter, and their summary execution followed in a few hours. Isabella was too young to be punished for her share in this rebellion, excepting by close restraint. She was sent, after quiet was restored, strictly guarded, to the palace of Havering-atte-Bower; and this appears to have been her place of residence during the tragical events that succeeded the insurrection, in which she took a part so decided, considering her tender age.

These transactions took place at the end of January and the beginning of February, 1400, when the insurrection was subdued; it became a favorite topic of conversation between the knights and lords of Henry's bedchamber, who always concluded by observing on the impossibility that Henry IV. should reign peaceably while Richard II. was suffered to exist. The wily king gave no intimation that he heard these colloquies. After an abortive invasion by the count de St. Pol, Richard's brother-in-law, the king's flatterers and tempters beset him more than ever. "Yet," says Froissart, emphatically, "the king of England made no reply; but, leaving them in conversation, went to his falconers, and placing a falcon on his wrist, forgot all in feeding him." Froissart is far too courtly to acknowledge that so accomplished a knight as Henry of Lancaster ordered so foul a murder; but other historians do not allow that Henry forgot all while feeding his falcon.

There are so many circumstantial details in the narrative of old Fabyan concerning the death of Richard II., that there is little doubt of its being the true history of the murder of the unhappy king. Froissart has given the opening or prologue of the tragedy; but the following relation, gathered from Fabyan and others, tells the manner in which it was played out:—King Henry, sitting one day at table, in a sighing manner said, "Have I no faithful friend who will deliver me of one whose life will be my death, and whose death my life?" This speech was much noted of the hearers, especially by one sir Piers¹ of Exton. This knight left the court, and, with eight persons more, went suddenly to Pontefract castle; whither being come,

¹ There was a lord mayor, one of Richard's opposers, called sir Thomas Exton.

he called before him the squire who was accustomed to wait on Richard at table, giving him a charge "that the king should eat as much as he would,¹ for that now he should not long eat." King Richard being set at dinner was served negligently, and without the usual ceremony of tasting the dishes before he commenced his meal. Marveling at this sudden change, he asked the reason, and was told that new orders had been given by king Henry to that effect. "The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee together!"² exclaimed the king in a passion, striking the man with a carving-knife. "On that word, in rushed sir Piers Exton with eight tall men, every man having a weapon in his hand. Richard, perceiving them, put the table back from him, and stepping up to the man next him, wrung the weapon out of his hand (a brown-bill), and therewith right valiantly defended himself; so that, in conclusion, four of them he slew outright. Sir Piers, amazed thereat, leaped upon the chair where king Richard usually sat (some authorities say it was a curiously carved stone chair); while the king was fiercely striving for conquest with the four surviving ruffians, and chasing them round the chamber, he passed near to the chair whereon sir Piers had gotten, who with a pole-axe smote him on the back of the head, and, withal, ridded him of his life in an instant."

Thus, battling like a champion of proof, in the full exercise of mighty energies awakened by despair, fell the son of the Black Prince, at the early age of thirty-two: he died instantly, in the triumphant flush of victory against fearful odds. The gallantry of his death seems, in the minds of his combative nobles, to have absterged the stain

¹ This observation shows that his food had been circumscribed.

² The very words of Shakspeare, who has merely cast Fabyan's narrative into dialogue. Walsingham only mentions that Richard starved himself, and died on Valentine's-day, 1400. This author is a thorough Lancastrian partisan, while alderman Fabyan just wrote at that distance from the event in question when the truth has not passed from the memory of man, and yet can be spoken fearlessly. Fabyan lived in the reign of Henry IV.'s grandson. As for gaining an actual exposure of a royal murder from an *immediate* contemporary, it is not to be expected. Let the reader notice the ominous silence of Froissart on this subject. His words point at murder strongly, but they speak it not.

of illegitimacy, with which his rival had foully taunted him. We hear no more, in chronicle, of his being the son of a priest. "Richard of Bourdeaux, when dead, was placed on a litter covered with black cloth, and a canopy of the same. Four black horses were harnessed to it, and four varlets in mourning conducted the litter, followed by four knights, dressed also in mourning," sir Piers being doubtless one of the knights, and the varlets the worthy survivors of Richard's eight assailants. "They thus paraded the streets, at a foot's pace, till they came to the Chepe, which is the greatest thoroughfare in the city, and there they halted for upwards of two hours. More than twenty thousand persons came to see king Richard, who lay in the litter, his head on a black cushion,¹ and his face uncovered."²

Thus was queen Isabella left a widow in her thirteenth year. The death of her royal lord was concealed from her a considerable time; but she learned the murderous manner of it soon enough to reject, with horror, all offers of union with the heir of Lancaster. Young as she was, Isabella gave proofs of a resolute and decisive character: traits of firm and faithful affection were shown by this youthful

¹ Froissart. The black cushion is mentioned by another witness; it was probably to conceal any accidental effusion of blood.

² Sir John Hayward adds the remarkable circumstance (p. 135), "that Richard's body was not only embalmed and cased, but soldered entirely in lead, all but the face." Thus, although the body was exposed to the view of the populace in all the towns through which it passed, as well as in the metropolis, no one could possibly ascertain what wounds were on the head. These precautions plainly point out the peculiar manner of Richard's death. Traditional evidence may be gathered from the tour of three Norwich gentlemen, in 1643, before the royal castle of Pontefract was dilapidated by Cromwell. "We scaled that high, stately, and impregnable castle builded by the Norman on a rock, which for strength, situation, and largeness may compare with any in the kingdom. In the circuit of this castle are seven famous towers; the highest of them is called 'the round tower,' in which that unfortunate prince, Richard II., fled round a post till his barbarous butchers deprived him of life. *Upon that post the cruel hackings and fierce blows do still remain.* We viewed the spacious hall which the giants kept, the large fair kitchen with many wide chimneys in it; we went up and saw the chamber of presence, the king's and queen's chambers, the chapel, and many other rooms, all fit and suitable for princes."—Brayley's *Graphic Illustrator*, page 94. The 'round tower' is by Weever (*Funeral Monuments*) called 'the *bloody tower*,' he says by tradition of the country people in its vicinity, in memory of the murder of Richard II.

queen, which captivated the minds of the English, and caused her to be made the heroine of many an historical ballad,—a species of literature that the people of the land much delighted in at that time. The young widow remained in a state of captivity at Havering-Bower, while her royal father in France was laboring under a long and dolorous fit of insanity, brought on by anxiety for his daughter's fate. The French council of regency demanded the immediate restoration of the young queen; but Henry IV. would not hear of it, answering, "That she should reside in England like other queen-dowagers, in great honor, on her dower; and that if she had unluckily lost a husband, she should be provided with another forthwith, who would be young, handsome, and every way deserving of her love. Richard of Bourdeaux was too old for her, but the person now offered was suitable in every respect; being no other than the prince of Wales."¹

It seems strange that Isabella, who had expressed such infant pride in being queen of England, should give up voluntarily all prospect of enjoying that station with a youthful hero whose age was so suitable to her own; yet so it was. That she was inflexible in her rejection of Henry prince of Wales, and mourned her murdered husband in a manner exceedingly touching, all who approached her, French or English, bore witness.² Her refusal would have been of little avail, if her family and country had not seen the matter in the same light. In reply to Henry IV.'s proposition, the French regency declared "that during the grievous illness of their lord king Charles, they could not give away his eldest daughter without his consent." Therefore months passed away, and the maiden queen-dowager still continued a mourning widow in the bowers of Havering. It is recorded that king Henry and his princely heir did, in that interval, all in their power to win her constant heart from the memory of Richard; but in vain. She was just of the age to captivate the fancy of an ardent young prince like Henry of Monmouth; nor can there exist a doubt, by the extreme pertinacity with which he wooed the

¹ Froissart.² Monstrelet.

widow of his cousin, that she was beloved by him. However this may be, the modern paradox of Richard the Second's escape from the bloody towers of Pontefract¹ is utterly annihilated by the continual efforts of Henry IV. to gain the hand of Isabella for his son. "Would Henry," asks an historical antiquary, in the *Archæologia*, "have been so desirous for the marriage of his heir with the widow of Richard, had he not been certain, beyond all doubt, that her husband was dead?" He would not surely have promoted a marriage which would have illegitimated the heirs of Lancaster. This is one of the historical proofs of a disputed point which appeals directly to common sense.

When Charles VI. recovered his senses, he sent the count d'Albret to inquire into the situation of Isabella. King Henry and his council were at Eltham, where the French ambassador was splendidly entertained by him. He told Henry he had been sent by the king and queen of France to see the young queen their daughter. Henry IV. replied, "We no way wish to prevent you from seeing her; but you must promise, on oath, that neither yourself, nor any of your company, speak to her anything concerning Richard of Bourdeaux. Should you do otherwise, you will greatly offend us and the whole country, and remain in peril of your lives while here." Not long after this, the earl of Northumberland carried count d'Albret to Havering-atte-Bower, where Isabella then resided. She was attended by the duchess of Ireland, the duchess of Gloucester, her two daughters, and other ladies and damsels as companions. The earl introduced the French embassy to the young queen, who conversed some time with them, asking eagerly many questions, after her royal parents. They kept the promise they had made, by never mentioning king Richard, and returned to London after a short interview. At Eltham, on

¹ Too much stress has been laid (by those who have worked hard to prove a paradox) on the fact that Richard's skull was found entire when his tomb was examined in Westminster abbey. Let the antiquaries, however, consult medical authorities, and they will find that instant death may ensue from a concussion on the brain, without the bone of the head being broken: and how easy it was, if the king had, indeed, been only stunned, for his assassins to compress his mouth and nostrils, so that the return of respiration was prevented.

their way home, they dined with king Henry, who presented them with some rich jewels. When they took leave, he said, amicably, "Tell those who sent you that the queen shall never suffer the smallest harm, or any disturbance, but shall keep up a state and dignity becoming her birth and rank, and enjoy all her rights; for, young as she is, she ought not to be made acquainted with *all* the changes that happen in this world."¹

The council of Henry IV., meantime, anxiously deliberated on the destination of the young queen.² It came at last to the decision that Isabella, being of tender age, had no right to claim revenue as queen-dowager of England; but that, as no accommodation could be effected by the marriage with the prince of Wales, she ought to be restored to her friends directly, with all the jewels and paraphernalia that she brought with her.³ But on this point a grand difficulty arose, for Henry IV. had seized the little queen's jewels, and divided them among his six children, the prince of Wales having the greatest share. The king wrote to his council, declaring "that he had commanded his son and other children to give up the jewels of their dear cousin queen Isabella, and that they were to be sent to London." But intention and performance are very different matters, for that "the dear cousin's jewels" were never returned we have the evidence of the queen's uncle, Orleans, and the French treaties between Henry V. and Charles VI.⁴ Nor are they named with her property specified in her journey to Leulinghen; yet in the schedule her silver drinking-cup, a few silver saucers and dishes, with a little old tapestry, are pompously enumerated. It is worthy of remark, to show the extreme parsimony of Henry, that an item demanding new clothes for the young queen and her maids of honor, with cloth for their charrettes, or chariots, is sharply

¹ Froissart.

² For this information, and the rest of the facts following, we are indebted to sir Harris Nicolas's invaluable edition of the Minutes of the Privy Council, vol. i. pp. 118-134, 145.

³ See the commencement of this biography, where a description is given of her robes, and an estimate of the value of her jewels.

⁴ Rapin, vol. i., reign of Henry V.

met by the answer, "that the king's wardrobe had given out all that he intended."

Queen Isabella set out for London, May 27th, accompanied by two ladies of the royal family, who had both received great injuries from Richard II.¹ The duchess of Ireland was one, and the countess of Hereford² (mother to the duchess of Gloucester, the widow of the slaughtered Thomas of Woodstock) the other. To these ladies was consigned the care, or rather the custody, of Isabella's person. The sweetness of this angelic girl's disposition had certainly converted these natural enemies into loving friends, as will presently be shown. Next in rank to these great ladies in the train of Isabella was Eleanor Holland, the young widow of Roger earl of March, slain in Ireland, whose son was heir of England *de jure*; she had been appointed governess to the queen by Richard II., and still adhered to her, though merely classed now among her ladies of honor. The other ladies were lady Poynings, lady Mowbray, and Madame de Vache. Isabella had likewise seven maids of honor, and two French chambermaids, Simonette and Marianne: the French chamberlain was Monsieur de Vache. She had a confessor and a secretary. She was escorted by the bishops of Durham and Hereford, and by the earl of Somerset, Henry IV.'s half-brother, with four knights-banneret and six chevaliers.

With this train and escort the young queen set out from Havering.³ At Tottenham cross, she was met by the late lord chamberlain, the earl of Worcester, with a gallant

¹ See the biography of Anne of Bohemia.

² This lady, called countess of Hereford, was the mother of the co-heiresses of Hereford, the duchess of Gloucester and Mary, the deceased wife of the usurper Henry IV. The duchess of Gloucester, who had been in the family of Isabella, had lately lost her promising son by the plague, and had died of grief. Her mother, this countess of Hereford, was the grandmother, by the maternal side, of Henry V.

³ Froissart mentions this dower-palace of the English queens as her latest residence. It is possible that some political reason might have made Isabella's *cortège* travel through Waltham forest, and lodge at Waltham hunting palace; then she might cross the Lea to gain the north road instead of the east road, for her course was plainly by Tottenham hill, and her entrance into London by Hackney.—See Minutes of Privy Council, vol. i. p. 145.

company, who joined her train. The lord mayor and his viscounts (as the aldermen were then called), with other good people of the city, met her at "Sanford hill," and, falling in with her procession, guarded her to London. At Hackney, prince Thomas, second son to Henry IV., met the young queen, and honorably accompanied her to London, assisted by the constable of England, the marshal, and other great officers. It is supposed Isabella tarried at the Tower from the day of her London entry, for she did not sail for France till July 1st following, when three ballingers and two armed barges were appointed to receive her and her suite at Dover.

July was far advanced before the maiden widow of Richard II. was restored to her parents; during which time Henry IV. and his son tried every means in their power to shake her childish constancy to the memory of Richard; but her "steady aversion," as Monstrelet calls her refusal, remained the same. The situation of this child was extraordinary, and her virtuous firmness more probable in a royal heroine of twenty-eight than in one who had seen little more than half as many summers. At last, the usurper resolved to restore the young widow to France, but refused to return her dowry, saying, that as a great favor he would agree to deduct its amount from the sum total that France still owed England for the ransom of king John. The jewels of the young queen he likewise retained, although it was expressly stipulated by the will of king Richard that, in case of his death, the rich jewels his little wife had brought from France should be restored to her. Henry could not plead ignorance of his cousin's testament, since the poor king's will, while he was yet alive, had been broken open to furnish articles of accusation against him.¹

The royal virgin was approaching her fifteenth year when thus plundered; and, wearing the deep weeds of widowhood, she embarked at Dover for Calais, escorted by the same sir Thomas Percy² who had attended her as chamber-

¹ See these articles in Rapiu, who makes no comment on this monstrous proceeding, which is really without precedent for absurdity.

² Afterwards the earl of Worcester, so famous in the Percy rebellion.

lain during her espousals. Notwithstanding the fact that his family had been "the ladder wherewithal the mounting Bolingbroke ascended the throne of Richard," there is little doubt that sir Thomas Percy's heart ever beat loyally towards his rightful master, for he was bathed in tears during the time he thus conducted the young widow of Richard to her native shores.

"My queen to France, from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or shortest day."—*Shakspeare.*

Leulinghen, a town between Boulogne and Calais, a sort of frontier ground of the English territory, was the spot appointed for the restoration of Isabella to her uncle of Burgundy. "It was on the 26th of July, 1402, when sir Thomas Percy, with streaming tears, took the young queen by the arm, and delivered her with good grace into the hands of Waleran count St. Pol, surnamed 'the Righteous,'¹ and received certain letters of quittance for her from the French. In these the English commissioners declared that the young queen was just as she had been received, and Percy offered to fight, *à outrance*, any one who should assert the contrary." To do the French justice, they could not have welcomed back their young princess-royal with more enthusiasm and loyalty if she had been dowered with all the wealth of England, instead of returning destitute, and plundered of all but her beauty and honor.

The virtues and sweet temper of the youthful queen had won the affections of her English ladies, for our manuscript pursues:—² "Know, before the parties separated, they all wept most piteously, and when they came to quit the chapel of Our Lady at Leulinghen, queen Isabel, whose young heart is full of tenderness and kindness, brought all her English ladies, who were making sore lamentations, unto the French tents, where she made them dine with her. And after dinner, queen Isabel took all the jewels she had re-

¹ He was brother-in-law to king Richard.

² This is from the MS. of the Ambassades. Hall's Chronicle says, Percy took a regular receipt for the queen that she had been safely delivered, worded somewhat like ■ receipt for a bale of merchandise.

maining, and divided them among the lords and ladies of England who had accompanied her, who all, nevertheless, wept mightily with sorrow at parting with their young queen. Yet still she sweetly bade them 'be of good cheer,' though weeping herself; nevertheless, at the moment of parting, all renewed their lamentations. The damsel of Montpensier, sister to the count de la Marche, the damsel of Luxembourg, sister to the count de St. Pol, and many other noble ladies, were sent by the queen of France to wait upon her daughter. Then the count St. Pol led her to the dukes of Burgundy and Bourbon, who with a large company of armed men were waiting, intending, if any demur had taken place regarding the restoration of their niece, to have charged the English party over hill and over valley, and taken her back by force to her 'fair sire' the king of France."¹

She was received by her countrymen with every honor, and thence escorted to Boulogne and to Abbeville, where the duke of Burgundy, to celebrate her return, made a grand banquet. She then proceeded through France to Paris, "where her coming caused many a tear and many a smile."² Most kindly was she received by the king and queen of France; but though it was pretended by king Henry that she was restored with every honor, yet there was not any revenue or dower assigned her from England as queen-dowager." Her uncle, the duke of Orleans, surpassed all her friends in his attention to her and the paternal affection he manifested for her. His presents, the year of her return, on New-year's day were very costly; among them was a gold image of St. Katherine, garnished with three sapphires and thirty-seven pearls.³ The duke likewise, being anxious to obtain the maiden queen as a bride for his promising heir, resolved to championize her wrongs. He sent a challenge, soon after her arrival in France, to Henry IV., defying him as the plunderer of the young queen and the murderer of her husband, and offering to fight him in the lists on this quarrel. Henry

¹ Monstrelet, and MS. of the Ambassades.

² Monstrelet.

³ MS. at the Bibliothèque Royale, Paris.

coldly replied, "He knew of no precedent which offered the example of a crowned king entering the lists to fight a duel with a subject, however high the rank of that subject might be. And as for the murder of his dear lord and cousin king Richard (whom God absolve!), God knows how and by whom that death was done;¹ but if you mean to say his death was caused by our order or consent, we answer that you lie, and will lie foully oft as you say so." Monstrelet gives either a continuation of this correspondence, or varied and fuller copies of the letters.

LOUIS, DUKE OF ORLEANS, TO HENRY.²

"How could you suffer my much redoubted lady, the queen of England, to return so desolate to this country, after the death of her lord, despoiled by your rigor and cruelty of her dower, which you detain from her, and likewise of the portion which she carried hence on the day of her marriage? The man who seeks to gain honor is always the defender of the rights of widows and damsels of virtuous life such as my niece was known to lead; and as I am so nearly related to her, that, acquitting myself towards God and towards her as a relation, I reply that I am ready to meet you in single combat, or with any greater number you may please; and that, through the aid of God, the blessed Virgin, and my lord St. Michael, you will find me doing my duty in such wise as the case may require. . . .

"I return you thanks, in the name of my party, for the greater care you take of their healths than you have done of that of your sovereign liege lord (Richard II.).

"That you may be assured this letter has been written by me, I have put to it the seal of my arms, and signed it with my own hand, on the morrow of the feast of Our Lady, March 26th."

This letter stung Henry IV. to the bitterest retorts. His answer is, however, a series of falsehoods, as his own privy-council journals can prove:—

"In regard to your charge against us for our rigor to your niece, and for having cruelly suffered her to depart from this country in despair for the loss of her lord (Richard II.), in despair for the loss of her dower, which you say we detain after despoiling her of the money she brought hither, God knows, from whom nothing can be concealed, that so far from acting towards her harshly, we have ever shown her kindness and friendship. We wish to God that you

¹ Here is an evident admission that Richard died by violence,—but Henry asserts without his orders; thus corroborating the account of the murder as connected with sir Piers Exton. Had Richard been starved, Henry would have declared his blood was not shed.

² Abstract from the letter.—Monstrelet, illuminated ed., vol. i. p. 20.

may never have acted with greater rigor, unkindness, or cruelty to any lady or damsel than we have done to her, and we believe it would be well for you.

"As to the despair you say she is in for the loss of our very dear lord and cousin (Richard II.), we must answer as we have before done. And in regard to her dower, of the seizure of which you complain, we are satisfied that if you had well examined the articles of her marriage, you could not have made this charge against us. In regard to her money, it is notorious that on her leaving this kingdom we had made her such restitution of jewels and money, much more than she brought hither, that we hold ourselves acquitted; and we have, besides, an acquittance under the seal of her father, our lord and brother, drawn up in his council and in your presence, proving we never despoiled her.

"With regard to your companions, we have no fault to find with them, for we are not acquainted with them; but as to yourself, we do not repute very highly of you. But when you return thanks to those of your family for having felt more pity than we have done for our king and sovereign liege lord (Richard II.), we reply that, by the honor of God, of Our Lady, and of my lord St. George, when you say so you lie, falsely and wickedly, for we hold his blood to be dearer to us than the blood of those of your side; and if you say his blood was *not dear to us in his lifetime*, we tell you that you lie, and do so every time you assert it.

"I wish to God that you had never done, or procured to be done, *anything more against the person of your lord and brother than we have done against our late lord* (Richard II.); and in that case we believe you would find your conscience more clear."¹

The pertinacity of Henry IV. to gain the "sweet young queen" as a bride for his gallant son was not overcome even by this furious correspondence with her uncle. In the year 1406, according to Monstrelet, he made a most extraordinary proposal, declaring that if the hand of Isabella (now in her eighteenth year) were bestowed on the prince of Wales, he would abdicate the English crown in favor of the young prince.² The royal council of France sat in debate on this offer for a long time; but the king's brother, Louis duke of Orleans, contended that he had the promise of the hand of Isabella for his son Charles of Angoulême. He represented the frauds of the king of England, and called to their memory the "steady aversion" of his niece to ally herself with the assassin of the husband she still loved. An unfavorable answer was therefore given to the English ambassadors, who departed malcontent. The betrothment

¹ Monstrelet, vol. i. p. 22.

² No English historian can believe this assertion, yet Giffard, in his *History of France*, does not dispute it.

of Isabella to her youthful cousin took place at Compiègne, where her mother, queen Isabeau, met the duke of Orleans and his son. Magnificent fêtes took place at the ceremony, consisting of "banquets, dancings, jousts, and other jollities." But the bride wept bitterly while her hand was pledged to a bridegroom so much younger than herself; the court charitably declared that her tears flowed on account of her losing the title of queen of England, but the heart of the fair young widow had been too severely schooled in adversity to mourn over a mere empty name.¹ Her thoughts were on king Richard.

The husband of Isabella became duke of Orleans in 1407, when his father was atrociously murdered in the Rue Bar-bette by his kinsman the duke of Burgundy. Isabella took a decided part in demanding justice to be executed on the powerful assassin of her uncle and father-in-law.² "The young queen-dowager of England came with her mother-in-law, Violante of Milan, duchess of Orleans, both dressed in the deepest weeds of black. They arrived without the walls of Paris in a *charrette*, or wagon, covered with black cloth, drawn by six snow-white steeds, whose funeral trappings strongly contrasted with their color. Isabella and her mother-in-law sat weeping in the front of the wagon; a long file of mourning wagons, filled with the domestics of the princesses, followed. They were met at the gates by most of the princes of the blood."³ This lugubrious train passed, at a foot's pace, through the streets of that capital, stained by the slaughter of Orleans. The gloomy appearance of the procession, the downcast looks of the attendants, the flowing tears of the princesses, for a short time excited the indignation of the Parisians against the popular murderer, John of Burgundy. Isabella alighted at the gates of the hôtel de St. Pol, where, throwing herself

¹ Monstrelet, and the Chronicles of St. Denis. Monstrelet declares that Charles duke of Orleans had been the godfather of Isabella, and therefore a dispensation was required on that account, as well as because they were first-cousins; but the dates of the birth of Isabella and Orleans show that this was an impossibility. It is possible that Isabella had been godmother to Orleans. A very slight verbal error of the transcribers of Monstrelet might cause the mistake in French.

² Chronicles of St. Denis.

³ Ibid.

at the feet of her half-crazed father, she demanded, in concert with the duchess of Violante, justice on the assassin of her uncle. The unfortunate king of France was thrown into fresh agonies of delirium by the violent excitement produced by the sight of his suppliant daughter and sister-in-law.

A year afterwards the same mournful procession traversed Paris again; Isabella again joined Violante in crying for justice, not to the unconscious king who was raving in delirium, but to her brother, the dauphin Louis, whose feeble hands held the reins of empire his father had dropped. Soon after Isabella attended the death-bed of the duchess Violante, who died positively of a broken heart for the loss of Orleans. The following year Isabella was married to her cousin: the previous ceremony had been only betrothment. The elegant and precocious mind of this prince soon made the difference of the few years between his age and that of his bride forgotten. Isabella loved her husband entirely; he was the pride of his country, both in mind and person. He was that celebrated poet-duc of Orleans, whose beautiful lyrics are still reckoned among the classics of France.¹ Just as Isabella seemed to have attained the height of human felicity, adored by the most accomplished prince in Europe, beloved by his family, and with no present alloy in her cup of happiness, death claimed her as his prey in the bloom of her life. She expired at the castle of Blois, in her twenty-second year, a few hours after the birth of her infant child, September 13, 1410. Her husband's grief amounted to frenzy; but after her infant was brought to him by her attendants, he shed tears, and became calmer while caressing it.² The first verses of Orleans that attained any celebrity were poured forth by his grief for this sad bereavement; He says:—

¹ In the public library of Grenoble is a fine copy of the poems of Charles, duke of Orleans, the husband of this queen of England. It was written, from his dictation, by his secretary, Antoine l'Astisan. It has been copied for the Bibliothèque Royale. Another fine copy exists, richly illuminated, in the British Museum, supposed to have been transcribed for Henry VII.

² Isabella's infant was a little girl, who was reared, and afterwards married to the duke of Alençon.

“Alas,
 Death! who made thee so bold,
 To take from me my lovely princess?
 Who was my comfort, my life,
 My good, my pleasure, my riches!
 Alas! I am lonely, bereft of my mate.
 Adieu, my lady, my lily!
 Our loves are forever severed.”

But a more finished lyric to the memory of Isabella thus commences in French:—¹ *J'ai fait l'obsèques de Madame.*²

TRANSLATION.

“To make my lady's obsequies
 My love a minster wrought,
 And in the chantry service there
 Was sung by doleful thought.
 The tapers were of burning sighs,
 That life and odor gave,
 And grief, illumined by tears,
 Irradiated her grave;
 And round about, in quaintest guise,
 Was carved,—‘Within this tomb there lies
 The fairest thing to mortal eyes.’

“Above her lieth spread a tomb
 Of gold and sapphires blue;
 The gold doth show her blessedness,
 The sapphires mark her true,
 For blessedness and truth in her
 Were livelyly portray'd.
 When gracious God, *with both his hands*,
 Her wondrous beauty made,
 She was, to speak without disguise,
 The fairest thing to mortal eyes.

“No more, no more; my heart doth faint,
 When I the life recall
 Of her who lived so free from taint,
 So virtuous deem'd by all;

¹ We believe the translation is by the elegant pen of Mr. Carey. Whoever wishes further acquaintance with the lyrics of Charles of Orleans, will find many well worthy of attention translated by Miss L. Costello, in her truly poetical version of the Early Poets of France.

² This expression, *madame*, simply denotes the title of Isabella; she was Madame of France, both as eldest daughter to the king and wife to the second prince of France. That the title of *madame* was thus applied in the fourteenth century, see Froissart, when narrating the adventures of Isabella's mother-in-law, Violante of Milan.

Who in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck his Paradise,
And with his saints to reign;
For well she doth become the skies,
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize,
The fairest thing to mortal eyes!"

The exquisite beauty and *naïve* earnestness of the last verse will inspire all readers with respect for the genius of the second husband of our Isabella.

Isabella, thus passionately mourned in death by her husband, was happy in closing her eyes before the troublous era commenced, when sorrow and disgrace overwhelmed her family and her country. The infamy of her mother had not reached its climax during the life of Isabella. Charles of Orleans, by the peculiar malice of fortune, was doomed to a long imprisonment by the very man who had so often been refused by his wife,—a circumstance which perhaps was not altogether forgotten by Henry V. The husband of Isabella, after fighting desperately at Agincourt, was left for dead on the lost field; but, being dragged from beneath a heap of slain, was restored to unwelcome life by the care of a valiant English squire, Richard Waller. Orleans refused to eat or drink after recovering from his swoon, but was persuaded out of his resolution of starving himself to death by the philosophic and friendly remonstrances of Henry V. His wounds soon healed, and he was seen riding side by side with his conqueror and kinsman, conversing in the most friendly terms, a few days after the victory of Agincourt. But after thus reconciling his unfortunate captive to life, Henry refused all ransom for him, because he was the next heir to the throne of France after Charles the dauphin. Orleans was sent to England, and at first confined at Groombridge, in Kent, the seat of Waller; but was afterwards consigned to a severe imprisonment in the Tower of London, where he composed some of his most beautiful poems. It was well that his fine mind possessed resources in itself, for his captivity lasted twenty-three years!

Isabella was first interred at Blois, in the abbey of St.

Laumer, where her body was found entire in 1624, curiously lapped in bands of linen, plated over with quicksilver. It was soon after transferred to the church of the Celestines, in Paris, the family burying-place of the line of Orleans, now desecrated and in ruins.

No portrait exists of Isabella of Valois as the queen of Richard II. The one from which our frontispiece has been copied is from an illuminated MS. discovered by Mr. Harding, the antiquarian artist, among the Harleian collection.¹ Isabella is represented as the bride of Charles duke of Orleans. She has evidently resigned the royal mantle and sceptre of an English queen. Her coronet is the circle of fleurs-de-lis of a French princess, and she merely wears the jacket-bodice, of the fashion of her era, of blue velvet figured with fleurs-de-lis, and bordered with white miniver: the stomacher is of the same fur. Not a single jewel adorns the person of queen Isabella, save the few in her coronal-circlet; her hair is worn dishevelled, as was then the custom of maiden brides when they approached the altar.

¹ The reference given by Mr. G. P. Harding is, Harleian MS. 4379, 4380: Brit. Museum.



JOANNA OF NAVARRE.

JOANNA OF NAVARRE,

QUEEN OF HENRY IV.

CHAPTER I.

Joanna's parentage—Descent—Evil character of her father—Her early youth—Contracted to the prince of Castile—Captured by the French—Rage of her father—Her release—Her hand demanded by the duke of Bretagne—Dower—Marriage—Horrible death of her father—Her husband's jealousy—Birth and death of Joanna's daughter—Heir of Bretagne born—French ambassadors saved by Joanna—Her conjugal influence—Her son betrothed to Joanna of France—Besieged with her lord at Vannes—She mediates a peace—Her daughter contracted to the heir of Derby (Henry V.)—Espousals of two of her children—Joanna's first acquaintance with Henry (IV.)—His floral emblem Forget-me-not—Henry assisted by Joanna's husband—The duke of Bretagne—Death of the duke—His will—Joanna regent of Bretagne—Her wise government—Inauguration of her son—Sought in marriage by Henry IV.—Her subtlety outwits the pope—Married to Henry—Visit of the duke of Burgundy to Joanna—His presents—Joanna puts her sons into his hands—Deed of gift to her aunt.

JOANNA, or Jane of Navarre, the consort of Henry IV., is one of those queens of England whose records, as connected with the history of this country, are of a very obscure and mysterious character; yet the events of her life, when traced through foreign chronicles and unpublished sources of information, are replete with interest, forming an unprecedented chapter in the history of female royalty. She was the second daughter of Charles king of Navarre, by the princess Jane of France, daughter of king John, the gallant and unfortunate opponent of Edward III. The evil deeds of Joanna's father had entailed upon him the unpopular cognomen of Charles le Mauvais,—in plain English, 'Charles the Bad.' This prince, being the son of the daughter and sole offspring of Louis X. of France, from whom he inherited the little kingdom of Navarre, the ap-

panage of his great-grandmother, queen Jane, fancied that he had a superior claim to the throne of France to his cousin Philip of Valois, to whom, in consequence of the inexorable Salic law, the regal succession had reverted. It is certain that Charles of Navarre had a nearer claim to the throne of his grandfather and uncle than Edward III., who only derived his descent from Isabella of France, the sister of these princes, and, even if the Salic law had not existed, could have had no legal pretension to supersede the son of her brother's daughter. Edward was, however, a prince of consummate talent, and possessed of the means of asserting his claims by force of arms. Charles le Mauvais, having neither the resources nor the energies of the mighty Edward of England, made no open struggle, but played a treacherous game between him and Philip of Valois, in the hope of establishing himself by his crooked policy on the disputed throne of his grandfather.¹ His intrigues and crimes rendered the childhood of Joanna and her brethren a season of painful vicissitudes.

Joanna was contracted in the year 1380 to John, the heir of Castile, at the same time her eldest brother Charles was married to the sister of that prince. Political reasons induced Joanna's affianced bridegroom, on the death of the king his father, to break his engagement with her, and wed a princess of Arragon. Meantime, Charles le Mauvais, having embroiled himself with the regents of France, sent Joanna and her brothers, for greater security, to the castle of Breteuil, in Normandy. In the year 1381 they were captured and carried to Paris, where they were detained as hostages for their father's future conduct. Charles le Mauvais, finding his entreaties for their liberation fruitless, out of revenge suborned a person to poison both the regents. The emissary was detected and put to death, but Charles, the greater criminal of the two, was out of the reach of justice.² Joanna and her brothers might have been im-

¹ He is accused, by contemporary historians, of practising the dark mysteries of the occult sciences in the unhallowed privacy of his own palace; and it is certain that, as a poisoner, Charles of Navarre acquired an infamous celebrity throughout Europe.

² Mezerai. Moreri.

perilled by the lawless conduct of their father, had they not been in the hands of generous foes,—the brothers of their deceased mother; but though detained for a considerable time as state-prisoners in Paris, they were affectionately and honorably treated by the court of France. Their liberation was finally obtained through the mediation of the king of Castile, whose sister, the bride of young Charles of Navarre, with unceasing tears and supplications wrought upon him to intercede for their release. Thus did Joanna of Navarre owe her deliverance to the prince to whom she had been betrothed.

In the year 1386, a marriage was negotiated between Joanna and John de Montfort, duke of Bretagne, surnamed ‘the Valiant.’ This prince, who was in the decline of life, had already been twice married.¹ On the death of his last duchess without surviving issue, the dukes of Berri and Burgundy, fearing the duke would contract another English alliance, proposed their niece, Joanna of Navarre, to him for a wife.² The lady Jane of Navarre, Joanna’s aunt, had married, seven years previously, the viscount de Rohan, a vassal and kinsman of the duke of Bretagne, and it was through the agency of this lady that the marriage between her new sovereign and her youthful niece was brought about.³ That this political union was, notwithstanding the disparity of years and the violent temper of the duke, agreeable to the bride, there is full evidence in the grateful remembrance which Joanna retained of the good offices of her aunt on this occasion,⁴ long after the nuptial tie between her and her mature lord had been dissolved by death, and she had entered into matrimonial engagements with Henry IV. of England. The duke of Bretagne having been induced, by the representations of the lady of Rohan and the nobles attached to the cause of France, to lend a favorable ear to the overtures for this alliance, demanded Joanna’s hand of her father, and gave commission to Pierre de Lesnerac

¹ First to Mary Plantagenet, the daughter of his royal patron and protector, Edward III., with whose sons he had been educated and taught the science of war. Mary dying without children in the third year of her marriage, he espoused, secondly, Jane Holland, the half-sister of Richard II. of England.

² Dom Morice, *Chron. de Bretagne*.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Rymer’s *Fœdera*.

to man and appoint a vessel of war to convey the young princess to the shores of Bretagne. Pierre embarked on the 12th of June, 1386. There is in *Preuves Historiques* a memorial of the expenses of Pierre de Lesnerac for this voyage, specifying that he stocked the vessels with the provisions required for the royal bride and her train.

The contract of marriage between the duke of Bretagne and Joanna was signed at Pampeluna, August 25, 1386. The king of Navarre engaged to give his daughter 120,000 livres of gold of the coins of the kings of France, and 6000 livres of the rents due to him on the lands of the viscount d'Avranches.¹ The duke, on his side, assigned to the princess, for her dower, the cities of Nantes and Guerrand, the barony of Rais, of Chatellenie de Touffon, and Guerche. Joanna then departed with Pierre de Lesnerac and her escort for Bretagne, and, on the 11th of September, 1386, was married to the duke of Bretagne at Saillé, near Guerrand, in the presence of the nobles of his court.² A succession of feasts and pageants of the most splendid description were given by the duke of Bretagne at Nantes, in honor of his nuptials with his young bride.³

In the beginning of the new year, February, 1387, "in token of their mutual affection and delight in their union, the duke and duchess exchanged gifts of gold, sapphires, pearls, and other costly gems, with horses, falcons, and various sorts of wines."⁴ Joanna appears to have possessed the greatest influence over her husband's heart, and to have been treated by him with the fondest consideration on all occasions, although her father never paid the portion he had engaged to give her. The death of that prince, which took place the same year, was attended with circumstances of peculiar horror. He had long been suffering from a complication of maladies, and in the hope of recovering his paralytic limbs from their mortal chillness, he caused his whole person to be sewn up in cloths dipped in spirits of wine and sulphur. One night, after these bandages had been fixed, neither knife nor scissors being at hand, the careless at-

¹ Dom Morice, *Chron. de Bretagne*.

■ Dom Morice. *Preuves Historiques*.

³ Froissart.

⁴ Dom Morice, *Chron. de Bretagne*.

tendants applied the flame of the candle to sever the thread with which the linen had been sewn; the spirits of wine instantly ignited, and the wretched Charles was burned so dreadfully that, after lingering several days, he expired¹ January 1, 1387, leaving his throne to his gallant patriotic son, Charles the Good, and his name to the general reprobation of all French chroniclers. The Bretons, who had boded no good either to themselves or to their duke from his connection with this prince, far from sympathizing with the grief of their young duchess for the tragical death of her last surviving parent, rejoiced in the deliverance of the earth from a monster whose crimes had rendered him a disgrace to royalty.²

The last bad act of the life of Charles le Mauvais had been to insinuate to his irascible son-in-law that Oliver de Clisson entertained a criminal passion for Joanna;³ and this idea excited in his mind a thirst for vengeance, which nearly involved him, and all connected with him, in ruin. In early life, John the Valiant and Clisson had been united in the tenderest ties of friendship, and the courage and military skill of Clisson had greatly contributed to the establishment of this prince's claims to the dukedom of Bretagne. Latterly, however, Clisson had opposed the duke's political predilections in favor of England, as injurious to their own country; and he had further caused great offence to the duke by ransoming, at his own expense, John count de Penthièvres, the rival claimant of the duchy, from his long captivity in England, and marrying him to his eldest daughter and co-heiress, Margaret de Clisson, just at the time when there appeared a prospect of the duchess Joanna bringing an heir to Bretagne.⁴

Clisson was the commander of the armament preparing by France for the invasion of England, which was to sail from Treguer, in Bretagne, the king and regents of France imagining they had wholly secured the friendship of the

¹ Froissart.

² Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique. Dom Morice, Chron. de Bretagne.

³ MS. Process against the king of Navarre, quoted by Guthrie. Guthrie calls Joanna, by mistake, Mary.

⁴ Froissart.

duke by his marriage with their young kinswoman, Joanna of Navarre. Their plans were completely frustrated by the unexpected arrest of Clisson by the duke,¹ of which Froissart gives the following lively account; attributing, however, to political motives a proceeding which appears to have been dictated by furious jealousy. Dissembling the deadly malice of his intentions under the deceitful blandishments with which the fell designs of hatred are so frequently masked, he wrote the most affectionate letters to the constable, requesting his presence, as a vassal peer of Bretagne, at a parliament which he had summoned to meet at Vannes, where his duchess was then holding her court at the castle De la Motte.²

Suspecting no ill, the constable came with other nobles and knights to attend this parliament. The duke gave a grand dinner to the barons of Bretagne at his castle De la Motte, and entertained them with an appearance of the most affectionate hospitality till a late hour. The constable of France³ then invited the duke and the same company to dine with him on the following day. The duke accepted the invitation very frankly, and behaved in the most friendly manner, seating himself among the guests, with whom he ate, drank, and conversed with every appearance of goodwill. When the repast was concluded, he invited the constable Clisson, the lord de Beaumanoir, and some others, to come with him and see the improvements made by him at his fine castle of Ermine, which he had nearly rebuilt and greatly beautified on the occasion of his late marriage with the princess of Navarre. The duke's behavior had been so gracious and winning, that his invitation was frankly accepted, and the unsuspecting nobles accompanied him on horseback to the castle. When they arrived, the duke, the constable, and the lords Laval and Beaumanoir dismounted, and began to view the apartments. The duke led the constable by the hand from chamber to chamber, and even into the cellars, where wine was offered. When they reached the entrance of the keep, the duke paused, and invited Clisson, to enter and examine the construction of the build-

¹ Froissart. Chron. de Bretagne.

² Froissart.

³ Ibid.

ing, while he remained in conversation with the lord de Laval.¹ The constable entered the tower alone, and ascended the staircase. When he had passed the first floor, some armed men, who had been ambushed there, shut the door below, seized him, dragged him into an apartment, and loaded him with three pair of fetters. As they were putting them on, they said, "My lord, forgive what we are doing, for we are compelled to this by the authority of the duke of Bretagne."

When the lord de Laval, who was at the entrance of the tower, heard the door shut with violence, he was afraid of some plot against his brother-in-law, the constable; and turning to the duke, who looked as pale as death, was confirmed that something wrong was intended, and cried out:—"Ah, my lord! for God's sake, what are they doing? Do not use any violence against the constable."—"Lord de Laval," said the duke, "mount your horse, and go home while you may. I know very well what I am about."²—"My lord," said Laval, "I will never depart without my brother-in-law, the constable."

Then came the lord de Beaumanoir, whom the duke greatly hated, and asked, "Where the constable was?" The duke, drawing his dagger, advanced to him and said, "Beaumanoir, dost thou wish to be like thy master?"—"My lord," replied Beaumanoir, "I cannot believe my master to be otherwise than in good plight."—"I ask thee again, if thou wouldst wish to be like him?" reiterated the duke. "Yes, my lord," replied Beaumanoir. "Well, then, Beaumanoir," said the duke, holding the dagger towards him by the point, "since thou wouldst be like him, thou must thrust out one of thine eyes."³

This taunt on the personal defect of the constable came with a worse grace from the ungrateful duke, since Clisson had lost his eye while fighting bravely in his cause at the battle of Auray. The lord de Beaumanoir, seeing from the expression of the duke's countenance that things were taking a bad turn, cast himself on his knee, and began to expostulate with him on the treachery of his conduct

¹ Froissart.

II.—C d

■ Ibid.

5

³ Ibid.

towards the constable and himself. "Go, go!" interrupted the duke; "thou shalt have neither better nor worse than he." He then ordered Beaumanoir to be arrested,¹ dragged into another room, and loaded with fetters, his animosity against him almost equalling his hatred to Clisson.

The duke then called to him the sieur Bazvalen, in whom he had the greatest confidence, and ordered him to put the constable to death at midnight, as privately as possible. Bazvalen represented in vain the perilous consequences that would ensue; but the duke said "he had resolved upon it, and would be obeyed." During the night, however, his passion subsiding, he repented of having given such orders; and at daybreak sent for Bazvalen, and asked if his directions had been obeyed.² On being answered in the affirmative, he cried out, "How! is Clisson dead?"—"Yes, my lord; he was drowned last night, and his body is buried in the garden," said Bazvalen. "Alas!" replied the duke, "this is a most pitiful good-morrow. Begone, messire Jehan! and never let me see you more!"³ As soon as Bazvalen had retired, the duke abandoned himself to agonies of remorse; he groaned and cried aloud in his despair, till his squires, valets, and officers of the household flew to his succor, supposing he was suffering intense bodily pain, but no one dared to speak to him, and he refused to receive food. Bazvalen, being informed of his state, returned to him, and said, "My lord, as I know the cause of your misery, I believe I can provide a remedy, since there is a cure for all things."—"Not for death," replied the duke. Bazvalen then told him that, foreseeing the consequences and the remorse he would feel if the blind dictates of his passion had been obeyed, he had not executed his commands, and that the constable was still alive. "What! messire Jehan, is he not dead?" exclaimed the duke, and falling on Bazvalen's neck, embraced him in an ecstasy of joy. The lord de Laval then entering, renewed his supplications for the life of his brother-in-law Clisson, reminding the duke, in a

¹ Froissart.

² Dom Morice's History of Bretagne.

³ Ibid. A prisoner could be quietly drowned in his dungeon, by letting in the waters of the moat.

very touching manner, of the early friendship that had subsisted between them when they were educated together in the same hotel with the duke of Lancaster, and what good service Clisson had since done him at the battle of Auray; and ended with imploring the duke to name any ransom he pleased for his intended victim.¹ This was touching the right string, for the fury of the duke abated like that of "ancient Pistol" at the allusion to the crowns, and he demanded 100,000 florins, the strong town of Jugon, and several of the constable's castles, as the conditions of his release.

The lord de Laval then obtained an order from the duke for admittance to Clisson, for the gate of the keep was locked, and the keys were in the duke's chamber. Clisson, who was fettered down to the floor in momentary expectation of death, felt his spirits revive at the sight of his faithful brother-in-law; and extravagant as the terms were which the duke of Bretagne had named, he offered no objection to them, verifying the Satanic aphorism, "that everything a man hath he will give for his life." Clisson and Beaumanoir were then released from their fetters, and refreshed with wine and a plentiful repast. It should seem they had been kept on meagre fare in their dungeons in Ermine castle till the murderous ire of John the Valiant was overcome, partly by the remorseful feelings which had disturbed his mind as soon as he supposed the crime had been perpetrated, and partly by the prospect of so much unexpected plunder as the florins, the castles, and the town which had been guaranteed as the price of his relenting.

In four days' time the conditions were performed, on the part of the constable, by the lords de Laval and Beaumanoir. The duke of Bretagne was put into possession of the town of Jugon, the châteaux Broc, Joscelin, and Le Blanc, and the hundred thousand florins were paid into his exchequer:² but, like most of the gains of iniquity, these acquisitions were of little ultimate advantage to the duke. The arrest of the constable, though it only lasted for four days, had the effect of averting the threatened invasion from

¹ Froissart.

² Ibid.

the shores of England; for, as he was the commander-in-chief of the expedition, the officers of the armament, some of whom had joined it reluctantly from the first, allowed their men to disband themselves, and before their general was released from his perilous but brief captivity within the walls of Ermine, the whole force had melted away and dispersed.

Clisson carried his complaints to the court of France; and while a general feeling of indignation was excited at the baseness of the duke of Bretagne's conduct on this occasion, there were not wanting those whose invidious feelings towards the innocent duchess led them to glance at her as the prompter of the deed, by recalling to the attention of the enemies of the house of Albret how France had been once before agitated by the assassination of sir Charles d'Espaign, the then constable of France, by her father, the late king of Navarre.¹ Stern remonstrances were addressed to the duke of Bretagne, in the name of his young sovereign, by the regents of France; but so far from making the slightest reparation for the outrages of which he had been guilty, John the Valiant told the bishop of Langres, and the other envoys from the court of France, "that the only thing of which he repented was, that he had not slain the constable when he had him in his power."² This insolent reply was followed by a declaration of war from France. "He expected nothing less," says Froissart, "but his hatred against Clisson was so great that it deprived him of the use of his reason."³ In fact, the frantic lengths to which this feeling carried him can only be accounted for on the grounds of the jealousy which the incendiary insinuations of the late king of Navarre had excited in his mind. The conduct of the duchess was, however, so prudent and irreproachable, that she appears, from first to last, to have enjoyed the undivided affection and esteem of her lord. During this stormy period she resided with him at the strong castle of De la Motte; but they seldom ventured beyond the walls of Vannes for fear of ambuscades. The duke garrisoned and victualled the principal towns and castles in his dominions, and entered into a strict alliance with the young king of

¹ Froissart.

■ Ibid.

³ Ibid. Chron. de Bretagne.

Navarre, Joanna's brother, whom he promised to assist in recovering his Norman dominions, if he would unite with him and the English against the French.¹

In the midst of these troubles Joanna was delivered of her first-born child at the castle of Nantes,—a daughter, who was baptized by the bishop of Vannes, and received the name of Joanna.² The infant only survived a few months. The grief of the youthful duchess for this bereavement was at length mitigated by a prospect of her bringing an heir to her childless lord's dominions; but the anticipations of this joyful event were clouded by the gloomy aspect of the affairs of Bretagne. The council of the duke strongly urged the necessity of peace with France. Among other arguments, they represented the situation of the duchess, saying, "Your lady is now far advanced in her pregnancy, and you should pay attention that she be not alarmed; and as to her brother, he can give you but little support, for he has enough to do himself." The duke was much struck on hearing this reasoning, and remained some time leaning over a window that opened into a court. His council was standing behind him. After some musing, he turned round and said, "How can I ever love Oliver de Clisson, when the thing I most repent of in this world is, not putting him to death when I had him in my castle of Ermine?"³

The fear of agitating his young consort decided the duke at last to yield an ungracious submission to his *suzerain*. Accordingly he went to Paris, and performed his long-withheld homage to Charles VI., and the feudal service of pouring water into a golden basin, and holding the napkin for the king to wash.⁴ All this was done with evident ill-will; but the French monarch and princes overlooked the manner of the duke out of consideration for their kinswoman, the duchess Joanna, who, without taking any very decided part in politics, appears always to have used her influence for the purposes of conciliation. Few princesses could have been placed in a situation of greater difficulty than Joanna while

¹ Froissart.

² Actes de Bretagne. Dom Morice. MS. Ecclesiastical Chron. of Nantes.

³ Froissart.

⁴ Ibid. Chronicles of Bretagne.

presiding over a court so torn with contending factions as that of Bretagne, as the consort of a prince old enough to have been her grandfather, and of so violent and irascible a temper that, from the time of their marriage, he was always involving himself and his dominions in some trouble or other. Yet the combative disposition of John the Valiant need scarcely excite our wonder, when we reflect on the history of his early life, and the stormy scenes in which his infancy and childhood were passed. He might have said, with truth,—

“I was rocked in a buckler, and fed from a blade.”

More than once was he brought forth in his nurse's arms, amidst the tumult of battle, to encourage the partisans of his father's title to the dukedom of Bretagne, or placed in his cradle on the ramparts of Hennebon during the memorable defence of that place by his mother, Margaret of Flanders.

The violent temper of the duke appears to have been chiefly exercised on men, for though he had three wives, he was tenderly beloved by them all. In person this prince was a model of manly beauty. His portrait by the friar Jean Chaperon, in the Church of the Cordeliers at Rennes, painted immediately after the decisive battle of Auray, which established his long-disputed claim to the throne of Bretagne, reminds us of the head of a youthful Apollo, so graceful and exquisitely proportioned are the features. He wears the crown and ermine mantle of Bretagne, with a small ruff, supported by a collar ornamented with gems, and clasped before with a jewel forming the centre of a rose. His favorite dog (perhaps the faithless hound of oracular celebrity, which forsook the luckless Charles de Blois on the eve of the battle of Auray to fawn on him) is represented in the act of licking his shoulder.¹

In the year 1388, Joanna brought an heir to Bretagne, who was baptized Pierre, but the duke afterwards changed his name to John.² This much-desired event was soon followed by the birth of the princess Marie. The duchess, whose children were born in very quick succession, was on

¹ Froissart.

² Dom Morice, Chron. de Bretagne.

the eve of her fourth confinement, when her lord's secret treaties with his old friend and brother-in-law, Richard of England, drew from the regents of France very stern remonstrances. An embassy extraordinary, headed by no less a person than the duc de Berri, was sent by the council to complain of his intelligence with the enemies of France, and to require him to renew his oath of allegiance as a vassal peer of that realm. The duke of Bretagne, suspecting that these illustrious envoys intended to appeal to his nobles against his present line of conduct, determined, in violation of those considerations which in all ages have rendered the persons of ambassadors sacred, to arrest them all, and keep them as hostages till he had made his own terms with France.¹ Le Moine de St. Denis, a contemporary historian, declares "he heard this from the ambassadors themselves, who related to him the peril from which they escaped through the prudence of Joanna." Fortunately for all parties, it happened that her younger brother, Pierre of Navarre, was at the court of Nantes, and being apprised of the duke's design, hastened to Joanna, whom he found at her toilet, and confided to her the alarming project then in agitation. Joanna, who was then in hourly expectation of the birth of her fourth child, immediately perceived the dreadful consequences that would result from such an unheard-of outrage. She took her infants in her arms, flew to the duke's apartment, half dressed as she was, with her hair loose and dishevelled, and throwing herself at his feet, bathed in tears, conjured him, for the sake of those tender pledges of their mutual love, to abandon the rash design that passion had inspired, which, if persisted in, must involve himself and all belonging to him in utter ruin.² The duke, who had kept his design a secret from his wife, was surprised at the manner of her address. After an agitated pause, he said, "Lady, how you came by your information I know not; but rather than be the cause of such distress to you, I will revoke my order."³ Joanna

¹ Dom Morice. Mezerai.

² Le Moine de St. Denis, p. 257. Actes de Bretagne. Mezerai. Dom Morice.

³ Argentre. Chronicles of Bretagne. Mezerai.

then prevailed on him to meet the ambassadors in the cathedral the next day, and afterwards to accompany them to Tours, where the king of France gave him a gracious reception, and induced him to renew his homage by promising to unite his second daughter Joanna of France with the heir of Bretagne.

High feasts and rejoicings celebrated the reconciliation of the duke of Bretagne with the king of France, and the treaty for the marriage between their children. On this occasion the cholerick duke condescended, at the table of the king of France, to dine in company with his rival, John of Bretagne; but not even there would he meet sir Oliver Clisson, so true is it that the aggressor is more difficult to conciliate than the injured party. This vindictive spirit on the part of the duke next betrayed him into the dishonorable proceeding of extending his protection to sir Peter Craon, after a base attempt to assassinate the constable in the Place de St. Katherine. The king of France was much exasperated when he heard that Craon was sheltered by the duke of Bretagne, and wrote a peremptory demand for him to be given up to justice. The royal messengers found the duke in his castle of Ermine with his duchess, and were civilly entertained. The duke positively denied any knowledge of Craon; but the king, being persuaded to the contrary, once more prepared to invade the duchy, with the avowed intention of deposing John the Valiant, and making himself the guardian of the young heir of Bretagne, Joanna's eldest son. The duke was preserved from the ruin that threatened him, by the alarming access of frenzy with which the king was seized in the scorching plains of Mans.²

Meantime, sir Oliver Clisson raised a civil war in Bretagne, which greatly harassed the court. The duke lost all his ill-acquired gains, was forced to shut himself up in Vanes, with the duchess and their children, without venturing beyond the walls, as the warfare was of the most murderous nature, and quarter was given by neither party. Clisson had greatly the advantage in the contest, and, besides many

¹ Froissart.

² Ibid.

important successes not necessary to record here, he twice captured all the gold and silver plate belonging to the duke and duchess, and many of their jewels and other precious effects, which enabled him to carry on the war against them; and though the duke was the sovereign of the country, there was not a Breton knight or squire who would bear arms against Clisson. Matters would have gone much worse with the ducal party if Joanna, who was, in her quiet way, a much sounder politician than her lord, had not contrived to establish a sort of amicable understanding with some of the Breton nobles in the interest of Clisson. The viscount Rohan, her agent in this negotiation, was at the same time the son of her aunt, Jane of Navarre,¹ and Clisson's son-in-law.

The duke of Bretagne was at last convinced of the difficulties that surrounded him. He felt that he was growing old, and that his children were very young, and, excepting the duke and duchess of Burgundy, there was not a friend in the world who would take care of his wife and her infants. As to the branch of Navarre from which the duchess sprang, the wicked acts of her father had made that family remarkably unpopular in France; and if the hatred of sir Oliver de Clisson and the count of Penthievres continued to be united against his house, his children and their mother would, in case of his decease, be left with many enemies.² Having pondered these things in his mind, the duke, without asking advice from his council, called a secretary, to whom, on entering his chamber, he gave a large sheet of paper, and said, "Write down what I shall dictate." The secretary having made himself ready, the duke repeated every word that he was to write, and indited a letter in the most friendly terms to Clisson, desiring him to devise some means for them to meet, when everything should be settled most amicably. The letter was folded up in the presence alone of the duke and his secretary, and the duke having sealed it with his own signet, called his most trusty valet into the apartment, saying, "Hasten to castle Joscelin, and say boldly that I have sent thee to speak to my cousin sir

¹ Froissart.

² Ibid.

Oliver, the lord of Clisson. Thou wilt be introduced to him. Salute him from me. If he return the salute, give him this letter, and bring me back his answer, but on thy life tell no man." On the arrival of the valet at castle Joscelin, the lord de Clisson examined the private signet of the duke, which he knew well, opened the letter, and read it two or three times over, and was much astonished at the friendly and affectionate terms in which it was compounded. After musing some time, he told the valet he would consider his answer, and ordered him to be conducted to an apartment by himself. The attendants of the lord of Clisson were amazed at what they saw and heard, for never before had any one come from the duke of Bretagne without being immured in the deepest dungeon.¹

Clisson wrote, in return, that if the duke wished to see him, he must send his son as a pledge, who would be taken the greatest care of till his return. This letter was sealed and given to the valet, who hastened back to the duke at Vannes. On receiving the letter from the lord of Clisson, he paused after reading it, then exclaimed:—"I will do it; for since I mean to treat amicably with him, every cause of distrust must be removed." He then said to the viscount Rohan, "Viscount, you and the lord de Monboucher shall carry my little son to the château Joscelin, and bring back with you the lord de Clisson, for I am determined to make up our quarrel." Some days, however, elapsed before the duchess could resolve to part with her boy. At length her earnest desire of composing the strife overcame her maternal fears, and she permitted her kinsman, Rohan, to conduct the princely child to castle Joscelin. When Clisson saw the boy, and perceived the confidence the duke had placed in him, he was much affected. The result was that he and the duke's envoy set out together from castle Joscelin, carrying the boy with them, for sir Oliver said, "He would give him back to his parents, as henceforth he should never distrust the duke, after the trial he had made of him." Such generosity was shown on both sides, that it was no wonder a firm peace was the consequence. Sir Oliver dismounted at

¹ Froissart.

the convent of Dominicans, the place where the interview was appointed to take place. When the duke of Bretagne found that sir Oliver had brought back his son, he was highly delighted with his generosity and courtesy, and hastening to the convent, shut himself up in a chamber with sir Oliver. Here they conversed some time; then they went privately down the garden, and entered a small boat that conveyed them to an empty ship anchored in the river, and, when at a distance from their people, they conferred for a long time. Their friends thought all the time they were conversing in the convent chamber. When they had arranged all matters thus secretly, they called their boatman, who rowed them to the church of the Dominicans, which they entered by a private door through the garden and cloisters, the duke holding sir Oliver by the hand all the time. All who saw them thus were well pleased; indeed, the whole of Bretagne was made very happy when this peace was made public; but, owing to the extreme precautions of the duke, no one knew what passed during the conference on the river.

Such is the very interesting account given by Froissart of the reconciliation of these two deadly enemies. The Breton chroniclers attribute the pacification wholly to the influence of Joanna, an application having been made to her by viscount Rohan, the husband of her aunt, praying her good offices in mediating a peace between her lord and the rebel peers of Bretagne. In compliance with this request, she prevailed on the duke to raise the siege of Joscelyn, and to make those concessions to Clisson which produced the happy result of putting an end to the civil war.¹ Clisson agreed to pay ten thousand francs of gold to the duke, and, with the rest of the Breton barons, associated the duchess of Bretagne in the solemn oaths of homage, which they renewed to their sovereign on the 28th of December, 1393, at Nantes.² In the same year proposals of marriage were made by Joanna's future husband, Henry of Lancaster, earl of Derby, to her niece, the young princess of Navarre, but the negotiation came to nothing.³

¹ Le Baud, Chron. de Briocense.

² Dom Morice.

³ Rymer's *Fœdera*.

The following year, Marie of Bretagne, Joanna's eldest daughter, was contracted to the eldest son of this prince, afterwards Henry V. The duke of Bretagne engaged to give Marie one hundred and fifty thousand francs in gold for her portion. "The castle of Brest, though at that time in the possession of the English, was, at the especial desire of the duchess Joanna, appointed for the solemnization of the nuptials, and the residence of the youthful pair; but after the cession of this important town had been guaranteed by Richard II., the king of France contrived to break the marriage, by inducing the heir of Alençon to offer to marry the princess with a smaller dower than the heir of Lancaster was to have received with her."¹ Marie was espoused to John of Alençon June 26, 1396, and a peculiar animosity always subsisted between her husband and the defrauded Henry of Monmouth. The heir of Bretagne was married to Joanna of France the same year. The espousals were solemnized at the hôtel de St. Pol by the archbishop of Rouen, in the presence of the king and queen of France, the queen of Sicily, the duke and duchess of Bretagne, and the dukes of Berri and Burgundy.

The duke of Bretagne undertook a voyage to England, in 1398, to induce king Richard to restore to him the earldom of Richmond, which had been granted by Richard I. to his first queen, Anne of Bohemia, and after her death to Jane of Bretagne, the sister of the duke, who was married to Raoul Basset, an English knight. Richard restored the earldom to the duke, and gave him an acquittance of all his debts to him; and the duke did the same by him at Windsor, 23d of April, 1398. "It was time," says Dom Morice, with some *naïveté*, "that these princes should settle their accounts together, for the one was on the point of deposition, the other of death." It was in the following year that Joanna first became acquainted with her second husband, Henry of Bolingbroke, during the period of his banishment from his native land. Henry was not only one of the most accomplished warriors and statesmen of the age in which he lived, but remarkable for his fine person and graceful manners.

¹ Actes de Bretagne.

He was a widower¹ at that time, and the vindictive jealousy of his cousin, Richard II. of England, had exerted itself successfully to break the matrimonial engagements into which he was about to enter with the lady Marie of Berri, the daughter of Charles VI.'s uncle. This princess was cousin-german to Joanna, and in all probability beloved by Henry, if we may form conclusions from the peculiar bitterness with which he ever recurred to Richard's arbitrary interference for the prevention of this marriage.

Charles VI. of France, though he entertained a personal friendship for Henry, whom he regarded as an ill-treated man, had requested him to withdraw from his court, as his residence there was displeasing to king Richard. The duke of Burgundy, willing to please Richard, would not allow Henry to pass through his dominions, and attempted to have him arrested on his road to Boulogne.² Henry took refuge in the territories of Bretagne, but, aware of the close family connection of the duke with Richard II., he rested at Blois, and sent one of his knights to Vannes to ascertain whether John the Valiant was disposed to receive him at his court. John was piqued at the mistrust implied by Henry's caution; for, says Froissart, "he was much attached to him, having always loved the duke of Lancaster, his father, better than the other sons of Edward III. 'Why,'

¹ His deceased wife was Mary de Bohun, daughter and co-heiress of the earl of Hereford, hereditary constable of England. She was great-grand-daughter to Edward I. and Eleanor of Castile, and the richest heiress in England, excepting her sister, who was married to Henry's uncle, Gloucester. She had possessions to the amount of forty thousand nobles per annum, arising from several earldoms and baronies. She was devoted to a conventual life by her interested brother-in-law, who had her in wardship, but evaded that destiny by marrying Henry of Lancaster, who, by the contrivance of her aunt, carried her off from Pleshy, and married her, 1384. She died in the bloom of life in 1394, leaving six infants,—namely, the renowned Henry V., Thomas duke of Clarence, John duke of Bedford, regent of France, Humphrey duke of Gloucester, protector of England, Blanche, married to the count Palatine, and Philippa, to Eric king of Denmark, the unworthy heir of Margaret Waldemar. It was from Mary Bohun that Henry derived his title of duke of Hereford. Though her decease happened so many years before his elevation to the royal dignity, he caused masses to be said for the repose of her soul, under the title of queen Mary, by the monks of Sion abbey, which, he founded after he came to the throne of England.

² Michelet's History of France, vol. iv. p. 20.

said he to the knight, 'has our nephew stopped on the road? It is foolish; for there is no knight whom I would so gladly see in Bretagne as my fair nephew the earl of Derby. Let him come and find a hearty welcome.'"¹ When the earl of Derby received this message, he immediately set forward for the dominions of the duke of Bretagne. The duke² met the earl at Nantes, and received him and his company with great joy. It was on this occasion that Henry first saw, and, if the chroniclers of Bretagne may be relied on, conceived that esteem for the duchess Joanna which afterwards induced him to become a suitor for her hand. We find he was accustomed to call the duke of Bretagne "his good uncle;" in memory of his first marriage with Mary of England;³ and it is very probable that, in accordance with the manners of those times, he addressed the duchess Joanna, per courtesy, by the title of aunt. The archbishop of Canterbury accompanied Henry to the court of Bretagne *incognito*, having just arrived from England with an invitation to him from the Londoners and some of the nobles attached to his party, urging him to invade England, for the ostensible purpose of claiming his inheritance, the duchy of Lancaster. Henry asked the duke of Bretagne's advice. "Fair nephew," replied the duke, "the straightest road is the surest and best: I would have you trust the Londoners. They are powerful, and will compel king Richard, who, I understand, has treated you unjustly, to do as they please. I will assist you with vessels, men-at-arms, and cross-bows. You shall be conveyed to the shores of England in my ships, and my people shall defend you from any perils you may encounter on the voyage."⁴

Whether Henry of Lancaster was indebted to the good offices of the duchess Joanna for this favorable reply from the duke, history has not recorded. But as John the Valiant had hitherto been the fast friend and, as far as his disaffected nobles would permit, the faithful ally of his royal brother-in-law, Richard II., and now that his *suzerain*, Charles VI. of France, was united in the closest bonds of amity with that prince, and the young heir of Bretagne was

¹ Froissart.² Ibid.³ Ibid.⁴ Ibid.

espoused to the sister of his queen, it must have been some very powerful influence, scarcely less indeed than the eloquence of a bosom counsellor, that could have induced him to furnish Richard's mortal foe with the means of invading England. The purveyances of "aspiring Lancaster" were, however, prepared at Vannes, and the duke of Bretagne came thither with his guest when all things were ready for his departure.¹ Henry was conveyed by three of the duke's vessels of war, freighted with men-at-arms and cross-bows. This royal adventurer, the banished Lancaster, was the first person who gave to the *Myosotis arvensis*, or 'forget-me-not,' its emblematic and poetic meaning, by uniting it, at the period of his exile, on his collar of SS, with the initial letter of his *mot*, or watchword, *Souveigne-vous de moy*;"² thus rendering it the symbol of remembrance, and, like the subsequent fatal roses of York, Lancaster, and Stuart, the lily of Bourbon, and the violet of Napoleon, an historical flower. Poets and lovers have adopted the sentiment which makes the blue myosotis plead the cause of the absent by the eloquence of its popular name, 'forget-me-not;' but few indeed of those who, at parting, exchange this simple touching appeal to memory are aware of the fact that it was first used as such by a royal Plantagenet prince, who was, perhaps, indebted to the agency of this mystic blossom for the crown of England.³ We know not if Henry of Lancaster presented a myosotis to the duchess of Bretagne at his departure from the court of Vannes, but he afforded a convincing proof that his fair hostess was not forgotten by him, when a proper season arrived for claiming her remembrance.

The assistance rendered by the duke of Bretagne to the future husband of his consort was not the last important

¹ Froissart.

² Willement's Regal Heraldry, p. 42. Anstis's Order of the Garter, vol. ii. p. 117.

³ There is the following entry in the wardrobe Computus of Henry earl of Derby:—"Propondere unius collarii facti cum esset SS de *floribus de Soviegnievous de moy*, pendere et amoill," weighing eight ounces. Computus Gardrobi Hen. de Lancaster, Com. Derby, de a^o 20, Ric. II.—Retrospective Review, p. 507.

action of his life. He was at that time in declining health, and had once more involved himself in disputes with Clisson and his party. Clisson's daughter Margaret, countess de Penthievres, being a woman of an ambitious and daring spirit, was perpetually urging her husband and father to set up the rival title of the house of Blois to the duchy of Bretagne, and is accused by Alain Bouchard, and other of the Breton chroniclers, of having hastened the death of John the Valiant by poison or sorcery. The duke was carefully attended by Joanna in his dying illness. By a codicil to his last will and testament, which he had made during his late visit to England, he confirms "her dower and all his former gifts to his beloved companion, the duchess Joanna,"¹ whom, with his eldest son, John count de Montfort, the bishop of Nantes, and his cousin the lord Montaüban, he nominates his executors. The document concludes with these words:—

"In the absence of others, and in the presence of our said companion the duchess, this codicil is signed 26th day of October, 1399. Dictated by our said lord the duke from his sick-bed, and given under his seal in the castle tower, near Nantes, about the hour of vespers, in the presence of the duchess, Giles, a knight, master Robert Brocherol, and Joanna Chesnel, wife of Guidones de Rupeforte. Written by J. de Ripa, notary, at the castle of Nantes."²

On the 1st of November, 1399, the duke breathed his last; and Joanna, having been appointed by him as regent for their eldest son, the young duke, with the entire care of his person, assumed the reins of government in his name.³ Her first public act, after the funeral of her deceased lord had been solemnized in the cathedral church of Nantes, was a public reconciliation with sir Oliver Clisson, with his son-in-law, count de Penthievres, and the rest of the disaffected nobles who had been at open variance with her deceased lord.⁴ She employed the prelates, and some of the most prudent of the nobles of Bretagne, to mediate this pacification; and after many journeys and much negotiation, concessions were made on both sides, and Clisson, with the rest of the malcontents, swore to obey the widowed duchess

¹ In the year 1395 a very rich addition to the dower of Joanna was assigned by the duke, her husband.—Chron. de Bretagne, Dom Morice.

² Preuves Historiques.

³ Actes de Bretagne.

⁴ Chron. de Bretagne. Preuves Hist.

during the minority of their young duke, her son. This treaty was signed and sealed at the castle of Blein, January 1, 1400.¹ Clisson's power in the duchy was so great, owing to his vast possessions there, his great popularity, and his influence as constable of France, that he might have been a most formidable enemy to the young duke, if the duchess-regent had not succeeded in conciliating him.²

When Joanna had exercised the sovereign authority as regent for her son a year and a half, the young duke, accompanied by her, made his solemn entrance into Rennes, March 22, 1401, and took the oaths in the presence of his prelates and nobles, having entered his twelfth year. He then proceeded to the cathedral, and, according to the custom of the dukes his predecessors, passed the night in prayer before the great altar of St. Peter. On the morrow, having heard mass, he was knighted by Clisson, and then conferred knighthood on his younger brothers, Arthur and Jules; after which he was invested with the ducal habit, circlet, and sword by his prelates and nobles, and carried in procession through the city. After his inauguration, the young duke mounted his horse, and, attended by his nobles, returned to the castle of Rennes, where a royal banquet had been prepared under the auspices of the duchess-regent.³

¹ Actes de Bretagne.

² Alain Bouchard gives a very interesting account of Clisson's conduct, when tempted by his daughter Marguerite, the wife of the rival claimant of the duchy, to destroy the infant family of the late duke, when the death of that prince had left their destinies in a great measure in his hands. Marguerite, having heard that the duke of Burgundy, the uncle of the duchess Joanna and of the king of France, was likely to have the guardianship of the duchy and of the persons of the princely minors, flew to the apartment of her father, exclaiming in great agitation:—"My lord, my father! it now depends on you if ever my husband recovers his inheritance! We have such beautiful children, I beseech you to assist us for their sakes."—"What is it you would have me do?" said Clisson. "Can you not slay the children of the false duke, before the duke of Burgundy can come to Bretagne?" replied she. "Ah, cruel and perverse woman!" exclaimed her father, with a burst of virtuous indignation; "if thou livest longer, thou wilt be the cause of involving thy children in infamy and ruin." And drawing his sword, in the first transports of his wrath he would have slain her on the spot if she had not fled precipitately from his presence. "She did not wholly escape punishment," adds the chronicler, "for in her fright she fell, and broke her thigh-bone, of which she was lame for the rest of her life."

³ Alain Bouchard. Dom Morice.

Joanna put her son in possession of the duchy at so tender an age as a preliminary to her union with the new king of England, Henry of Lancaster. The visit of that prince to the court of Vannes, in the year 1399, had made an indelible impression on the heart of Joanna, and on the death of her husband, John the Valiant, she determined to become his wife. Although the learned historian of France, M. Michelet, affirms that very soon after the death of the duke of Bretagne, the fair widow declared she would marry Henry, it is certain that she not only acted with punctilious respect to the memory of her defunct lord, by allowing the discreet period of upwards of two years to elapse before she took any steps for exchanging her widow's veil for the queenly diadem of England, but she kept her intentions in favor of Henry a profound secret till she could cajole the pope of Avignon, to whose communion she belonged, into giving her, a general dispensation to marry any one she pleased within the fourth degree of consanguinity, without naming the person;¹ for besides the great political obstacles which opposed themselves to her union with Henry, they were members of rival churches,—Henry, who had been educated in Wickliffite principles, having now attached himself to the party of Boniface, the pope of Rome, who was called the anti-pope by those who denied his authority. Joanna's agents negotiated this difficult arrangement so adroitly, that the bull was executed according to her desire, March 20, 1402, without the slightest suspicion being entertained by the orthodox court of Avignon that the schismatic king of England was the mysterious person within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity, whom Benedict had so obligingly granted the duchess-dowager of Bretagne liberty to espouse.²

When Joanna had thus outwitted her pope, she despatched a trusty squire of her household, named Antoine Riczi, to conclude her treaty of marriage with king Henry. After the articles of this matrimonial alliance were signed, Joanna and her royal bridegroom were espoused, by procuration, at the palace of Eltham, on the third day of April,

¹ Lobineau. *Preuves Hist. de Bretagne.*

² Dom Morice.

1402, Antoine Riczi acting as the proxy of the bride.¹ What motive could have induced the lovely widow of John the Valiant of Bretagne to choose a male representative on this interesting occasion it is difficult to surmise; but it is certain that Henry plighted his nuptial troth² to the said Antoine Riczi, and placed the bridal ring on his finger as the representative of his absent bride.³ This act was performed with great solemnity in the presence of the archbishop of Canterbury, the king's half-brothers the Beaufort princes, the earl of Worcester, lord chamberlain of England, and other officers of state.⁴ Riczi had previously produced a letter from the duchess Joanna, empowering him to contract matrimony with the king of England in her name, on which the trusty squire, having received king Henry's plight, pronounced that of Joanna in these words:—"I, Antoine Riczi, in the name of my worshipful lady, dame Joanna, the daughter of Charles lately king of Navarre, duchess of Bretagne, and countess of Richmond, take you, Henry of Lancaster, king of England and lord of Ireland, to my husband, and thereto I, Antoine, in the spirit of my said lady, plight you my troth."⁵ No sooner was this ceremony concluded, than the rigid canonists represented to Joanna that she would commit a deadly sin by completing her marriage with a prince attached to the communion of pope Boniface. The case, however, not being without precedent, the court of Avignon quieted the conscience of the duchess, under the idea that great advantages might be derived from her forming an alliance with the king of England, whose religious principles had hitherto been anything but stable.⁶ She obtained permission, therefore, to live with the schismatic Catholics, and even outwardly to conform to them by receiving the sacraments from their hands, provided that she remained firmly attached to the party of Benedict XIII.⁷

The prospect of a marriage between Joanna and the new

¹ Dom Morice, *Chron. de Bretagne*.

■ Lobineau.

³ Acts of the Privy Council, by sir Harris Nicolas.

⁴ Lobineau, *Hist. de Bretagne*.

⁵ MS. *Chron. of Nantes*.

⁶ Dom Morice.

⁷ MS. *Chron. of Nantes*.

king of England, Henry of Lancaster, was contemplated with great uneasiness by the court of France. Henry was the brother of the queens of Castile and Portugal, and in addition to these powerful family connections, he would become no less closely allied with the sovereigns of Navarre and Bretagne, and thus enjoy every facility of invading France, if he felt disposed to renew the pretensions of his renowned grandsire, Edward III., to the sovereignty of that realm. The royal dukes, Joanna's uncles, endeavored, by every means in their power, to dissuade her from a marriage so full of peril to France, but in vain. At length, her intention of taking the young duke, her son, and the rest of her children with her to England, and placing them under the tutelage of her second husband transpiring, the duke of Burgundy considered it necessary to undertake a journey to her court, to try the effect of his personal eloquence in turning her from this rash design. He arrived at Nantes on the 1st of October, and sent to announce his advent to the duchess Joanna, who welcomed him in proper form, invited him to dinner, and regaled him sumptuously. The duke of Burgundy, who perfectly understood the character of his niece, had prepared a treat of a more important kind for her, and at the conclusion of the banquet presented her with a rich crown and a sceptre of crystal, and another of gold, ornamented with pearls and precious stones. He gave the young duke, her son, a buckle of gold adorned with rubies and pearls, a beautiful diamond, and a number of silver vessels. To his little brothers, Arthur earl of Richmond and count Jules of Bretagne, he presented each a collar of gold enriched with rubies and pearls. He gave the countess of Rohan, Joanna's aunt, a splendid diamond, and a buckle to each of her ladies and damsels who were present. The lords in waiting and officers of the duchess's household were not forgotten in this magnificent distribution of largesses, in which the duke expended an immense sum. These discreet gifts entirely gained the heart of the duchess, of the princes her children, her lords and officers, but, above all, of that most influential coterie, the ladies of her court and bedchamber. They were sure the duke of

Burgundy would be the best person in the world to defend the rights and protect the person of their young duke, and to diffuse happiness and prosperity among his subjects, and they besought him to undertake the guardianship of the royal minors and their patrimony.

To turn Joanna from her intended marriage with the king of England the duke of Burgundy found to be a thing impossible; but he succeeded in convincing her how much better it would be for the interests of her sons to leave them under his guardianship, and the protection of their natural sovereign the king of France, than to risk alienating the affections of the Bretons by taking them to England. He reminded her that he was her uncle, and one of the nearest relations her children had, and also that he was the friend and kinsman of their father, the late duke; finally, he swore on the holy Evangelists to maintain their cause, and to preserve the laws, liberties, and privileges of the Bretons inviolate. The duchess was then persuaded to sign a deed, investing him with this important charge. When Joanna had resigned the guardianship of her children to the duke of Burgundy, he departed from Nantes for Paris on the 3d of November, 1402, after a stay of two months, taking with him the young duke and his two brothers, Arthur and Jules. The duke was only in his thirteenth year, and the younger princes so small that they could scarcely guide the horse on which they were mounted, one behind the other. They were conducted by the duke of Burgundy to Paris, where the young duke of Bretagne performed his homage to Charles VI. of France. Joanna had another son named Richard, an infant, who is not mentioned in the Breton chronicles as forming one of this party.¹

One of Joanna's last actions as duchess of Bretagne was to secure to her aunt, Jane of Navarre, the wife of the viscount Rohan, a pension of 1000*l.* per year, out of the rents of her dower-city and county of Nantes. This deed, which is printed in the *Fœdera*, affords an interesting testimony of Joanna's affection for her deceased lord, as it

¹ Actes de Bretagne. Chron. Briocense. Dom Morice.

states that the annuity is granted, not only in consideration of the nearness of kindred and friendship that is between her and her aunt, "but also," continues the august donor, "in remuneration of the good pains and diligence she used to procure our marriage with our very dear and beloved lord (whom God assoile!). Of which marriage it has pleased our Lord and Saviour that we should continue a noble line, to the great profit of the country of Bretagne, in our very dear and beloved son the duke of Bretagne, and our other children, sons and daughters. And for this it was the will and pleasure of our said very dear and beloved lord, if he had had a longer life, to have bestowed many gifts and benefits on our said aunt, to aid her in her sustenance and provision."¹

¹ Joanna's grant was confirmed by her betrothed husband, Henry IV. of England, to her aunt, under his great seal at Westminster, March 1, 1402.—*Rymer's Fœdera*.

JOANNA OF NAVARRE,

QUEEN OF HENRY IV.

CHAPTER II.

Joanna assumes the title of queen—Writes to Henry IV.—Embarks for England—Her infants—Perils at sea—Lands at Falmouth—Married at Winchester—Nuptial feast—Honors paid to her by the Londoners—Historical picture of her coronation—Tournament—King Henry's grants to Joanna—Arrival of her son Arthur—Joanna's foreign household—Her Breton servants dismissed—Marriage of her two daughters—Peril from pirates—Unpopularity of Joanna—She mediates peace with Bretagne—Additions to her dower—Her monument to her first husband—Queen's lead-mines—Sickness and death of king Henry—His will—Widowhood of Joanna—Her political influence—Capture of her son Arthur at Agincourt—She returns public thanks for the victory—Joanna ■ lady of the Garter—Her merchant—Her presents to her son's wife—Joanna is arrested at Havering-Bower—Accused of sorcery—Goods and dower confiscated—Imprisoned at Leeds castle—Removed to Pevensey—Remonstrance of her son—Her doleful captivity—Henry V.'s death-bed remorse—Restoration to her rank and possessions—Her death—Her children—Obsequies—Her tomb—Mysterious reports—Exhumation of the bodies of Henry IV. and Joanna.

JOANNA assumed the title of queen of England some months before her departure from Bretagne,¹ and she is mentioned as such in all contemporary documents. She appears to have exerted a sort of matrimonial influence with her royal bridegroom soon after the ceremonial of their espousals had been performed by proxy; for we find that she wrote to Henry in behalf of one of her countrymen, the master of a Navarrese wine-ship, who had been plundered of his cargo, in the reign of Richard II., by William Prince, a captain in the earl of Arundel's fleet. Her intercession proved effectual; for king Henry, as he expressly states, "at the request of his dearest consort, enjoins his admiral, Thomas Rampstone, to see that proper satisfaction

¹ Dom Morice. Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. viii.

be made to the master of the wine-ship by the said William Prince.”¹ Previous to her departure from Bretagne, Joanna sold the government of her castle of Nantes to Clisson for twelve thousand crowns; and having only tarried to complete this arrangement, she, on the 20th of December, 1402, proceeded to Camaret with her two infant daughters, Blanche and Marguerite, their nurses, and a numerous train of Breton and Navarrese attendants.²

The English fleet, with the two half-brothers of her affianced bridegroom (the earl of Somerset and Henry Beaufort, bishop of Lincoln), and Thomas Percy, earl of Worcester, the lord chamberlain of England,³ had been waiting at that port a considerable time. Joanna, with her daughters and her retinue, embarked at Camaret, January 13th, in a vessel of war commanded by the young earl of Arundel.⁴ The expedition sailed the same day with a favorable wind, but encountered a dreadful tempest at sea, by which the vessels were much damaged. After tossing five days and five nights on the wintry waves, Joanna and her children were driven on the coast of Cornwall; and instead of landing at Southampton, their original destination, they disembarked at Falmouth. From thence the illustrious travellers proceeded to Winchester, where king Henry was in waiting with his lords to receive his long-expected bride. The nuptials between Joanna and Henry were publicly solemnized, February 7, 1403, in that ancient royal city, in the church of St. Swithin, with great pomp.⁵ The bridal feast was very costly, having two courses of fish; and at the end of the second, panthers crowned were introduced for what was, in the quaint language of the times, called a *sottiltie*, or banquet-ornament of confectionery. Eagles crowned formed the *sottiltie* at the end of the third course.⁶

¹ Rymer's *Fœdera*.

² Dom Morice.

■ Rymer's *Fœdera*.

⁴ He was the son of the brave Richard Fitzalan, lord admiral of England, who was beheaded by Richard II. There is, in the eighth volume of Rymer, a lively supplication from this nobleman to the king, “setting forth that he had provided, by the royal command, a ship well appointed with victuals, arms, and thirty-six mariners, for the service of bringing our lady the queen from Bretagne, and praying to be reimbursed from the exchequer for these expenses.”

⁵ Acts of Privy Council, by sir H. Nicolas, vol. i. p. 189. Breton Chronicles.

■ Willement's *Regal Heraldry*, p. 31.

Great preparations were made by the citizens of London to meet and welcome the newly-married consort of the sovereign of their choice on her approach to the metropolis. Among other expenses for the civic procession ordained in her honor, the grocers' company allowed Robert Stiens, their beadle, 6s. 8d. for riding into Suffolk to hire minstrels; he engaged six,—namely, a *panel mynstrale et ses rampagnons*, probably meaning companions. The Suffolk musical band was paid four pounds for riding to Blackheath to meet the queen. The mayor, the aldermen, and sheriffs went out in procession on this occasion, with the crafts in brown and blue, and every man a red hood on his head. Queen Joanna rested the first day at the Tower. That she went to Westminster in grand procession on the following is ascertained by the entry for paying the said Suffolk minstrels 13s. 4d. on the morrow, when the queen passed through Cheapside to Westminster.¹

There is an exquisite drawing in a contemporary MS.² illustrative of Joanna's coronation, which took place February 26, 1403, not quite three weeks after her bridal. She is there represented as a very majestic and graceful woman, in the meridian glory of her days, with a form of the most symmetrical proportions, and a countenance of equal beauty. Her attitude is that of easy dignity. She is depicted in her coronation robes, which are of a peculiarly elegant form. Her dalmatica differs little in fashion from that worn by our sovereign lady queen Victoria at her inauguration. It partially displays her throat and bust, and is closed at the breast with a rich cordon and tassels. The mantle has apertures, through which her arms are seen; they are bare, and very finely moulded. She is enthroned, not by the side of her royal husband, but, with the same ceremonial honors that are paid to a queen-regnant, in a chair of state placed singly under a rich canopy, emblazoned, and elevated on a very high platform of an hexagonal shape, approached on every side by six steps. Two archbishops have just crowned her, and are still supporting the royal diadem on her head.

¹ Herbert's History of the Livery Companies.

² Cottonian MS. Julius E 4, fol. 202. Stowe's Annals.

Her hair falls in rich curls on her bosom. In her right hand she holds a sceptre, and in her left an orb surmounted by a cross,—a very unusual attribute for a queen-consort, as it is a symbol of sovereignty, and could only have been allowed to queen Joanna as a very especial mark of her royal bridegroom's favor.

In this picture, a peeress in her coronet and robes of state, probably occupying the office of mistress of the robes, stands next the person of the queen, on her right hand, and just behind her are seen a group of noble maidens wearing wreaths of roses, like the train-bearers of her majesty queen Victoria; affording a curious but probably forgotten historical testimony, that such was the costume prescribed anciently by the sumptuary regulations for the courtly demoiselles who were appointed to the honor of bearing the train of a queen of England at her coronation. John lord de Latimer received forty marks for release of the almoner's dish placed before queen Joanna at her coronation-banquet, he having the hereditary right of almoner on such occasions.¹ Among other courtly pageants after this ceremonial, a tournament was held, in which Beauchamp earl of Warwick, surnamed 'the Courteous,' maintained the lists in honor of the royal bride. "He kept joust on the queen's part against all other comers, and so notably and knightly behaved himself, as redounded to his noble fame and perpetual worship."² This quaint sentence is in explanation of another historical drawing, in which "queen Jane," as she is there styled, is represented sitting with the king in state at an open gallery, attended by her ladies, beholding with evident satisfaction the prowess of her champion. Instead of her royal robes, the queen is here represented in a gown fitting close to her shape, and has exchanged her crown for one of the lofty Syrian caps then the prevailing head-dress for ladies of rank in England, with its large, stiff, transparent veil, supported on a framework at least two feet in height. The queen's ladies in

¹ Issue Rolls, 297.

² Cottonian MS. Julius E 4, folio 202. This is usually called 'the Beauchamp MS.,' and is one of the most precious relics in the British Museum.

waiting wear hoods and veils very gracefully draped, and by no means emulating the towering head-gear of their royal mistress. King Henry is by queen Joanna's side, wearing a furred gown and velvet cap of maintenance, looped up with a fleur-de-lis. His appearance is that of a gallant gentleman in middle life. The balcony in which the royal bride and bridegroom are seated is not unlike the royal stand at Ascot, only more exposed to public view; and the king and queen are both accommodated with the luxury of large square cushions for their elbows, with tassels at the corners. King Henry sits quite at ease, resting his arms on his cushion; but the queen leans forward, and extends her hands with a gesture of great animation, as she looks down on the contest. Warwick has just struck his opponent. His family badge, the bear and ragged staff, decorates his helmet. This historical sketch, besides its great beauty, is very valuable for its delineation of costume.

Joanna of Navarre was the first widow since the Norman conquest who wore the crown-matrimonial of England. She was, as we have seen, the mother of a large family. Her age, at the period of her second nuptials, must have been about three-and-thirty; and if past the morning freshness of her charms, her personal attractions were still very considerable. Her monumental effigy represents her as an elegantly-formed woman. Her exemplary conduct as the wife of the most irascible prince in Christendom, and the excellence of her government as regent for her eldest son, had afforded unquestionable evidence of the prudence and wisdom of this princess, and she was in possession of a very fine dower; yet the marriage was never popular in England. It has been asserted, by many historians, that Henry IV. married the duchess-dowager of Bretagne chiefly with the view of directing the councils of the young duke her son. If such were his motives, they were completely frustrated by the maternal feelings of Joanna, who, consulting the welfare of her son and the wishes of his subjects rather than the interests of her second husband, placed her children, as we have seen, under the protection of the duke of Burgundy previously to her departure from Bretagne; and

even after her coronation as queen of England, we find, by her letters dated Westminster, March 9, 1403, that she confirms her last act as duchess-regent of Bretagne by solemnly appointing "her well-beloved uncle, the duke of Burgundy, the guardian of her sons,—the duke of Bretagne, Arthur, and Jules; and enjoins the young princes to be obedient to him, and to attend diligently to his advice."¹

The bridal festivities of Henry IV. and his new queen were soon interrupted by the news of a descent of the French on the Isle of Wight; but the inhabitants compelled the invaders to retire to their ships with dishonor. Next, the Breton fleet, being wholly under the direction of the court of France, put to sea, and committed great depredations on the coast of Cornwall and the merchant shipping, causing much uneasiness to the king, and rendering the new queen distasteful to the nation. The memorable Percy rebellion occurred in the same year: it has been said that it was fomented by the earl of Worcester, in consequence of a disagreement between him and queen Joanna during her voyage from Bretagne. This might possibly have originated in some dispute with Joanna's natural brother, Charles of Navarre, who accompanied her to England in the capacity of chamberlain to herself.² Be this as it may, it is almost certain that the battle of Shrewsbury might have been prevented, if Worcester, who was employed by the insurgent lords to negotiate a pacification with Henry, had fairly and honestly stated the concessions the king was willing to make; but he did not, and his own ruin, with that of his whole house, was the result.³ Part of the confiscated property of the Percys, especially the earl of Northumberland's mansion in Aldgate, was granted to queen Joanna by the king.

¹ Chron. de Bretagne.

² Ibid.

³ A determined set was made against the life of the newly-wedded king at the battle of Shrewsbury by a certain number of champions among the insurgents, who had vowed to have his blood. This confederacy being suspected by Henry's partisans, thirteen stout gentlemen arrayed themselves in a dress similar to that which he was accustomed to wear, and were slain in different parts of the field. Henry killed no less than sixteen of his assailants with his own hand in self-defence that day, and, like his son the prince of Wales, performed prodigies of valor.

In the year 1404, Henry IV. granted to queen Joanna the new tower at the entrance of the great portals of his large hall against the palace of Westminster, adjacent to the king's treasury, for her to hold her councils, and for the negotiation of her affairs; also for her to give audiences for charters and writings therein: the queen to enjoy the same for the term of her natural life, having free ingress and egress for herself and officers to the said tower.¹ In the month of February, 1404, Joanna enjoyed the happiness of welcoming her second son, Arthur of Bretagne, to England, king Henry having been prevailed upon by her solicitations to bestow upon him the earldom of Richmond. This was the appanage of his elder brother; but as the performance of personal homage to the king of England was an indispensable condition to the investiture of a duke of Bretagne with this earldom, and Joanna's eldest son was entirely under the tutelage of the king of France, Henry's mortal foe, it would have been fruitless to demand liegeman's service of him; therefore the summons was, at Joanna's request, addressed to her second son, count Arthur.²

Joanna's happiness in this reunion was interrupted by the arrival of an envoy from her eldest son, the reigning duke, to demand the princesses Blanche and Marguerite, who resided with her in England. No offspring from her second marriage had been born to divide with those beloved ones the powerful affection with which the heart of the royal mother clung to the pledges of her former union, and she could not be prevailed upon to resign them, even when reminded that they were the property of the state.³ Her son, the duke of Bretagne, was so completely under the control of the father of his duchess, Charles VI., that he was compelled to espouse his quarrel against king Henry; and the French party in his dominions would have confiscated Joanna's rich dower, had she not vested the payment of it in the hands of several powerful nobles, her fast friends: she had her own officers, through whom she received her revenues.⁴ That Joanna was satisfied with the

¹ Rymer's *Fœdera*.² *Le Moine de St. Denis*. Dom Morice.³ Dom Morice, *Chron. de Bretagne*.⁴ *Ibid*.

conduct of her eldest son may be gathered from the fact that she presented him, on the 18th of November, 1404, with the sum of seventy thousand livres, that were due to her from her brother the king of Navarre, and six thousand livres of her rents in Normandy. Her gifts must have been very acceptable to the young duke; for, though residing in the ducal palace, and nominally exercising the sovereign authority, his finances were so closely controlled by the court of France that he had not the power of giving away more than one hundred sols without the approbation of his chancellor, and other officers appointed by the duke of Burgundy.¹

At the commencement of the year 1405, king Henry, as he expressly states, "at the mediation and earnest solicitation of his beloved consort, queen Joanna, forgave and liberated, without ransom, all the prisoners taken in arms against him at Dartmouth by John Cornwal."² This natural exercise of conjugal influence in behalf of her former subjects, the piratical Bretons, increased the unpopularity in which the queen had involved both herself and her royal husband by filling their palaces with a household made up of foreigners: a more fatal error can scarcely be committed by female royalty in a country so constitutionally jealous and full of national pride as England. The parliamentary records of the same year testify, "that great discontents were engendered in the minds of all classes of men on account of the influx of foreigners which the king's late marriage had introduced into the realm, the disorderly state of the royal household, and the evil influence exercised over public affairs by certain individuals supposed to be about the persons of the king and queen."

These grievances attracting the attention of parliament, the commons, with the consent of the lords, proceeded to reform the royal household; and, as a preliminary step to their regulations, they required that four persons should be removed out of the king's house,—viz., the king's confessor, the abbot of Dore, with Derham and Crosbie, gentle-

¹ Chron. de Bretagne.

² Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. viii. These were Breton prisoners.

men of his chamber. Henry, remembering full well that his title to the crown was derived from the voice of the people, far from testifying resentment at the interference of that hitherto disregarded branch of the legislature of England, the commons, summoned the inimical members of his household to attend him in parliament, February 9, 1404, which they did, with the exception of the abbot of Dore. The king then, in his speech from the throne,¹ said, "That he neither knew nor could imagine any particular cause or reason why the accused ought to be removed out of his household; nevertheless, as the lords and commons thought proper to have it so, considering it to be for the good of the realm, and most profitable to himself, to conform himself to their wishes, he would discharge them from his household forthwith." Our sovereign lord, continues the record, said further, "that he would do as much by any who were about his royal person, if they should incur the hatred and indignation of his people."

The commons next appointed a committee of lords, February 22d, to make further regulations and alterations in the appointments of the royal household, especially in those connected with the queen, when it was resolved:—"That all French persons, Breton, Lombards, Italians, and Navarrese whatsoever, be removed out of the palace from the king and queen, except the queen's two daughters and Maria St. Parensy; excepting likewise Nicholas Alderwyche and John Purian, and their wives."² This was conceded by Henry, and put into execution that very day, and we do not find that the queen offered any resistance to the wishes of the subjects and counsellors of her husband; but the lords agreed to indulge her with a Breton cook, two knights, a damsel, two chambermaids, one mistress, two esquires, one nurse, and one chambermaid for the queen's daughters, and a messenger to wait on them at certain times. In addition

¹ The substance of Henry's patriotic declaration is abstracted from the Rolls of Parliament, 5th of Henry IV. See also Guthrie's folio Hist. of England, vol. ii.; and Parl. Hist., vol. ii.

² Parliamentary Rolls, 5th of Henry IV., p. 572. Parliamentary Hist. Guthrie's Hist. of England.

to these persons, Joanna retained eleven Breton lavenderers or washerwomen, and a varlet lavenderer.¹ Much wiser would it have been of Joanna if she had taken example by the politic condescension of the king to the wishes of his subjects, and yielded an unconditional assent to the dismissal of her foreign attendants, since the retention of her Breton cook, chambermaids, and washerwomen drew upon her a second interference from parliament.²

In this year the commons presented a petition to the king, praying, among other things, "That the queen would be pleased to pay for her journeys to the king's houses, as queen Philippa had been used to do." Joanna had no settled revenue, as queen of England, at the time when this implied remonstrance was made by the commons to king Henry, who was himself in the most urgent want of money, harassed with perpetual rebellions, especially in Wales, and without means to pay his mutinous and discontented troops their wages. "Every source of revenue had been anticipated, and it is scarcely possible to imagine a government in greater distress for money than that of Henry IV. at that moment."³ If Joanna had not been in the receipt of a splendid dower as duchess-dowager of Bretagne, she would have found herself involved in the most embarrassing straits when queen of England.

Pecuniary cares and popular discontents were not the only troubles that disturbed the wedded life of Joanna of Navarre, who, though no longer young, was still sufficiently attractive to become the theme of the following amatory stanzas, from no meaner pen than that of a royal Plantagenet poet, Edward duke of York, cousin-german to king Henry :—⁴

"Excellent sovereign ! seemly to see,
Proved prudence, peerless of price;
Bright blossom of benignity,
Of figure fairest, and freshest of days !

¹ Parliamentary Rolls, 5th Henry IV., p. 572.

² Parliamentary Hist., vol. ii.

³ Preface to Acts of the Privy Council, by sir Harris Nicolas.

⁴ Walpole declares there is no doubt that the verses are by the duke of York ; and as they are addressed to the queen of England, there was no other at that time but Joanna of Navarre.

"I recommend me to your royalness,
As lowly as I can or may;
Beseeching inwardly your gentleness,
Let never faint heart love betray.

"Your womanly beauty delicious
Hath me all bent unto its chain;
But grant to me your love gracious,
My heart will melt as snow in rain.

"If ye but wist my life, and knew
Of all the pains that I y-feel,
I wis ye would upon me rue,
Although your heart were made of steel.

"And though ye be of high renown,
Let mercy rule your heart so free;
From you, lady, this is my boon,
To grant me grace in some degree.

"To mercy if ye will me take,
If such your will be for to do;
Then would I truly for my sake,
Change my cheer, and slake my woe."

The arrest of the duke of York, who, after a series of loyal and valiant services to king Henry, was, on a very frivolous pretence, committed to a rigorous imprisonment in Pevensey castle, is possibly no less attributable to the personal jealousy of the king than the outrageous conduct of Joanna's first husband, the duke of Bretagne, towards his old friend Clisson was to the same baleful passion. The virtuous and matronly deportment of Joanna, however, both as duchess of Bretagne and queen of England, were such as to prevent the slightest shade of suspicion from resting on her conduct. Whatever might have been the offence of the duke of York, Henry's displeasure was but temporary, for in the course of three months he was released, and restored to his old employments.¹

Queen Joanna used her influence successfully with her royal husband Henry IV. to obtain of him the pardon of

¹ The duke of York's ostensible crime was a supposed participation in the abduction of the heirs of Mortimer; but that he had never failed in his loyalty to the house of Lancaster was proved by Henry prince of Wales falling on his knees in parliament, and declaring that his life, and all his army in Wales, had been saved by the gallantry and wisdom of York.—Tyler's Henry V.

his great enemy, Maude countess-dowager of Oxford, who had excited an insurrection by spreading a report that Richard II. was living, and distributing little harts of silver in his name, as a token to his friends and adherents that his return might be expected. For this offence she had been committed to prison, and her goods confiscated to the use of king Henry; but, at the intercession of queen Joanna, he freely restored the whole of her forfeit lands, tenements, and personal effects, and set her at liberty.¹

The year 1406 commenced with fresh remonstrances from parliament on the subject of Joanna's foreign attendants. The commons having now assumed a decided voice in the legislation of England, John Tiptoft, the speaker, in his celebrated address for liberty of speaking, took occasion to comment on the disorderly state of the royal household, remarking, at the same time, "that the order of that house for removing aliens from the queen's court had been very ill observed." It was, on this, agreed, "That certain strangers, who did seem to be officers about the queen, should by a certain day depart the realm." Whereupon a writ to proclaim the same was directed to the sheriffs of London, the aliens being charged, withal, to bring in all patents of lands and annuities granted them by the king or queen.² The parliament also took the liberty of recommending the sovereign to observe the strictest economy in his household. Henry received this advice very graciously, and promised to retrench all superfluous expenses, and restricted the expenditure of his establishment to 10,000*l.* a year. He likewise declared his wish for the reformation of all abuses, and requested the parliament to take order for the payment of the debts of his household, and to grant a suitable income to his queen, for the maintenance of her state.³ The request for the dower of queen Joanna was presented by John Tiptoft, the speaker, and others of the commons; and by vote of this parliament she was endowed with all the revenues enjoyed by Anne of Bohemia, the first queen of Richard II., to the value of ten thousand marks

¹ Collins's *Ancient Families*. Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. viii. p. 379.

² Parliamentary Rolls, 5th and 6th of Henry IV.

³ *Ibid.*

per annum; so that, with wards, marriages, and other contingencies, her income was equal to that of any previous queen of England.¹ King Henry granted a safe-conduct, January 4, 1406, to John de Boyas, "the secretary of his dear and royal consort Johane, to enable her to negotiate certain matters in Bretagne with regard to her dower there; also for him to bring horses and other things for her use, provided nothing be attempted to the prejudice of the people and crown of England." Henry, at the same time, granted letters of protection to the masters of two ships from Bretagne, bringing lamps and other articles for the use of the queen.²

This year Henry's youngest daughter, the princess Philippa, was married to Eric, king of Sweden and Denmark. About the same period, Joanna was compelled to resign her two youngest daughters, Blanche and Marguerite of Bretagne, to the repeated importunities of the duke their eldest brother, that prince having concluded marriages for both, which he considered would greatly strengthen his interests.³ On the departure of her daughters, queen Joanna retired with the king to her jointure-palace, Leeds castle, in Kent, to avoid the infection of the plague, which raged so dreadfully in London that thirty thousand people fell victims to its fury. After spending the greater part of the summer at Leeds, the king and queen, designing to visit Norfolk, or, as some say, Pleshy in Essex, embarked at Queenborough in the Isle of Sheppey, with the intention of going by sea. The royal vessel was followed by four others with the attendants and baggage, when they were suddenly attacked by pirates lying in wait at the Nore, who took four of the king's ships, and carried away sir Thomas Rampstone, the

¹ Parliamentary Rolls, 6th of Henry IV.

² Rymer's *Fœdera*.

³ Blanche was married at twelve years old to the viscount Lomagne, eldest son of Bernard count of Armagnac, June 30, 1406. The following year, Marguerite was espoused to Alan de Rohan, count of Poerhaet, the grandson of sir Oliver Clisson: she died suddenly on the day of the marriage, June 26, 1407. It was suspected, afterwards, that both these princesses were poisoned. The prior of Joscelyn and a priest of Nantes were accused of this crime, and imprisoned; but nothing decisive could be proved.—MS. Ecclesiastical Chronicles of Nantes. *Actes de Bretagne*. Dom Morice, *Chron. de Bretagne*.

vice-chamberlain, with all the king's furniture, plate, and wearing-apparel. The king himself had a very narrow escape of falling into the hands of those bold adventurers.¹

Joanna took infinite pains to promote a good understanding between her husband and the duke her son. Henry, in his letters to the duke of Bretagne, May, 1407, addresses him as "his dearest son," and expresses "his earnest wish, on account of the close tie existing between them through his dearest consort, that peace and amity may be established, to prevent the effusion of Christian blood."² The duke in reply says:—"As our dearest mother, the queen of England, has several times signified her wish that all good friendship should subsist between our very redoubted lord and father, Henry king of England and lord of Ireland, her lord and spouse, on one part, and ourselves on the other, we desire to enter into an amicable treaty." The result of Joanna's mediation was a truce between England and Bretagne, which was proclaimed on the 13th of September, 1407.³ The town of Hereford was added to the queen's dower by king Henry the same year; and she was, with his sons,—the prince of Wales, Thomas, John, and Humphrey, recommended by him to the parliament for further pecuniary grants.⁴

An interesting proof of Joanna's respect for the memory of her first lord, the husband of her youth and the father of her children, is to be found in one of the royal briefs in the *Fœdera*, dated February 24, 1408, in which king Henry says, "At the request of our dearest consort, an alabaster tomb has been made for the defunct duke of Bretagne, formerly her husband, to be conveyed in the barge of St. Nicholas of Nantes to Bretagne, with three of our English lieges, the same who made the tomb,—viz., Thomas Colyn, Thomas Holewell, and Thomas Poppeham,—to place the said tomb in the church of Nantes; John Guyeharde, the master of the said barge, and ten mariners of Bretagne; and the said barge is to be considered by the English merchants under our especial protection."⁵ There is a fine engraving

¹ Hall. Speed. Stowe.

² Rymer's *Fœdera*.

■ Ibid.

⁴ Parliamentary Hist.

⁵ Rymer's *Fœdera*.

of this early specimen of English sculpture in the second volume of Dom Morice's *Chronicles of Bretagne*. It bears the recumbent figure of the warlike John de Montford, duke of Bretagne, armed cap-à-pié, according to the fashion of the times.

Henry IV. granted to Joanna six lead-mines in England, with workmen and deputies to load her ship; and this he notifies to her son the duke of Bretagne in 1409, as these mines had been accustomed to export ore to Bretagne, and he wished the duke to remit the impost for the time to come. The king and queen kept their Christmas court this year at Eltham, which seems to have been a favorite abode with the royal pair.¹ That Joanna was a patroness of the father of English poetry, Chaucer, may be inferred from her munificent grants to his son Thomas, to whom she gave, in the twelfth year of Henry IV., the manors of Wotten and Stantesfield for life.²

In the summer of 1412, Joanna received a visit from her third son, count Jules of Bretagne. Henry granted a safe-conduct for him and his retinue, consisting of twenty persons, with horses and arms; with a proviso, that no banished person be brought into England in the prince's train, to the injury and peril of the realm.³ The young prince only came to England to die. At the close of the parliament the same year, the speaker of the commons once more recommended to the king the persons of the queen and the princes his sons, praying the advancement of their estates. The petition was quite unreasonable as regarded queen Joanna, who enjoyed so large an income as queen of England, besides her rich dower from the states of Bretagne; but she never omitted an opportunity of adding to her wealth, which must have been very considerable.

Avarice was certainly the besetting sin of Joanna of Navarre; and this sordid propensity probably originated from the pressure of pecuniary cares with which she had to con-

¹ Stowe.

² Thomas Chaucer served as speaker to the house of commons in the second year of Henry V. His only daughter Alice, a great heiress, took for her third husband William de la Pole, duke of Suffolk.

³ Rymer.

tend as princess of Navarre, as duchess of Bretagne, and during the first years of her marriage with king Henry. Her conduct as a step-mother appears to have been conciliating. Even when the wild and profligate conduct of the heir of England had estranged him from his father's councils and affections, such confidential feelings subsisted between young Henry and Joanna, that he employed her influence for the purpose of obtaining the king's consent to the marriage of the young earl of March, at that time ward to the prince. To the disgrace of the queen, however, it is recorded, by the indubitable evidence of the Issue rolls, that she received, as the price of her good offices on this occasion, a promissory bribe from the prince, as the following entries testify:—

"To Joanna queen of England. In money paid to her by the hands of Parnelle Brocket and Nicholas Alderwych,¹ in part payment of a *greater sum* due to the said queen upon a private agreement made between the said queen and our present lord the king, especially concerning the marriage of the earl of March purchased and obtained of the said lady the queen by our said now lord the king, whilst he was prince of Wales.

"By writ privy seal, £100."²

"To Joan queen of England. In money paid to the said queen by the hands of Robert Okeburn, in part payment of a certain greater sum agreed upon between our said lord the king, whilst he was prince, and the said queen, for the marriage of the earl of March.

"By writ, £100."³

When we consider that, in point of legitimate descent, the earl of March was the rightful sovereign of England, it is surprising how such a measure was ever advocated by the Lancastrian prince of Wales, or permitted by so profound a politician as his father, who must have been aware of the perilous consequences to his descendants; and it is a proof that Joanna must have possessed an unbounded ascendancy over the mind of the king, to have been able to carry that point. The ladies of the Lancastrian royal family who wrote to Henry IV. do not forget to name his influential queen in their letters. His sister, queen Kath-

¹ This Nicholas Alderwych was one of queen Joanna's Bretagne attendants, whom she persisted in retaining at the time when the aliens were dismissed from the royal household by vote of parliament.

■ Issue Rolls, 1st year of Henry V., p. 325.

³ Ibid., 329.

erine, heiress of Castile, uses these words:—Most dear and beloved brother and lord, I entreat that by all means, as continually as you can, you will certify and let me know of your health, and life, and good estate, and of the queen your companion, my dearest and best-loved sister.”¹ His half-sister of the Beaufort line, Joanna countess of Westmoreland, wrote to him from Raby castle, and after telling, very prettily, the story of a romantic love-marriage between Christopher Standish and Margaret Fleming, recommends the lady to the care of the queen. She ventures not to call the king her brother, but says, “And most puissant prince and my sovereign lord, his (Christopher’s) father has dismissed him from his service, and that merely because he and Margaret married for downright love, without thinking what they should have to live upon; wherefore I entreat your most high and puissant lordship to ordain for the said Margaret some suitable dwelling, or else to place her with the queen your wife, whom God preserve.”²

Henry IV., at that time sinking under a complication of infirmities, was probably indebted to the cherishing care of his consort for all the comfort he was capable of enjoying in life; and Joanna, who had learned so well how to adapt herself, while in early youth, to the wayward humors of her first husband (the most quarrelsome prince in Europe), was doubtless an adept in the art of pleasing, and of governing without appearing to do so. Henry, though only in his forty-seventh year, was worn out with bodily and mental sufferings. His features, once so regularly beautiful, and of which he, in some of his penitentiary observations, acknowledges himself to have been so proud,³ became, in the autumn of this year, so marred and disfigured by that loathsome disease the leprosy as to prevent him from appearing in public.⁴ On account of this mortal

¹ Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies, vol. i. p. 82; 1406.

² Cott. MSS. French letter: no date.

³ Hardyng’s Chronicle.

⁴ If we may trust the witness of Maydestone, a priestly historian devoted to the cause of Richard II., Henry IV. was smitten with the leprosy as with a blight, on the very day Scroope, archbishop of York, was executed for treason without benefit of clergy. The extreme anxiety of his mind, at this crisis, had probably given a complete revulsion to his constitution.

sickness, he kept his last Christmas at Eltham with his queen in great seclusion. His complaint was accompanied by epileptic fits, or death-like trances, in which he sometimes lay for hours, without testifying any signs of life. He, however, rallied a little towards the close of the holidays, and was enabled after Candlemas to keep his birthday, and to return to his palace at Westminster. He was at his devotions before the shrine of St. Edward, in the abbey, when his last fatal stroke of apoplexy seized him, and it was supposed by every one that he was dead; but being removed to the abbot's state apartments, which were nearer than his own, and laid on a pallet before the fire, he revived, and asked "where he was?" He was told, "In the Jerusalem chamber." Henry received this answer as his knell; for it had been predicted of him that he should die in Jerusalem, which he supposed to be the holy city, and had solemnly received the cross, in token that it was his intention to undertake a crusade for the expiation of his sins. The blood he had shed in supporting his title to the throne lay very heavily on his conscience during the latter years of his reign; and in the hour of his departure he particularly requested that the *Miserere* should be read to him, which contained a penitential acknowledgment of sin, and a supplication to be delivered from "blood-guiltiness." He then called for his eldest son, Henry prince of Wales, to whom he addressed some admirable exhortations as to his future life and government. Shakspeare has repeated almost verbatim the death-bed eloquence of the expiring king, in that touching speech commencing, "Come hither, Henry: sit thou on my bed," etc.¹

King Henry was doubtless arrayed in his regal robes and diadem while publicly performing his devotions at the throne of the royal saint, his popular predecessor, which accounts for the crown having been placed on his pillow, whence it was removed by his son Henry prince of Wales during the long death-like swoon which deceived all present into the belief that the vital spark was extinct. Of the many historians who have recorded the interesting death-

¹ Second Part of Henry IV., act v.

scene of Henry IV., not one has mentioned his consort, queen Joanna, as being present on that occasion. King Henry's will, which was made three years before his death, bears testimony to the deep remorse and self-condemnation which accompanied him to the grave. This curious document, a copy of which was discovered by sir Simon d'Ewes,¹ after diligent search, is as follows:—

“I, Henry, sinful wretch, by the grace of God king of England and of France, and lord of Ireland, being in mine whole mind, make my testament in manner and form that ensueth. First, I bequeath to Almighty God my sinful soul, the which had never been worthy to be made man but through his mercy and his grace; which life I have mispende, whereof I put me wholly at his grace and mercy with all mine heart. And, at what time it liketh him of his mercy to take me, my body to be buried in the church of Canterbury, after the discretion of my cousin the archbishop. And I also thank my lords and true people for the true service they have done to me, and I ask their forgiveness if I have misintreated them in anywise, and as far as they have offended me in anywise, I pray God to forgive them it, and I do. And I will that my queen be endowed of the duchy of Lancaster.”

He appointed Henry V. his sole executor. “The words,” says Hardyng, “which the king said at his death were of high complaint, but nought of repentance or restoration of the right heirs of the crown.” Henry expired on St. Cuthbert's day, March 19, 1413. He was buried by the side of Edward the Black Prince, with great pomp and state, on Trinity-Sunday, Henry V. and all his nobility being present.

In the first years of her widowhood, queen Joanna received every mark of attention and respect from the new king, Henry V., who was anxious to avail himself of her influence with her son, the duke of Bretagne, in order to secure the alliance of that prince in his projected wars with France. Henry, in his letters and treaties, always styles the duke of Bretagne his dearest brother, and the duke reciprocates the title when addressing him.² The temporizing politics of the duke proved that his own interests were studied by him, in preference to his royal mother's regard for her English connections. Joanna was intrusted by her royal step-son with a share in the government, when he

¹ This was, perhaps, a codicil, for it differs from a will quoted in Rymer.

² Rymer's *Fœdera*.

undertook his expedition against France. Speed, Stowe, Hall, Goodwin, and White Kennet affirm that she was made queen-regent at the same time that John duke of Bedford was appointed protector and lord-lieutenant of England. Trussel¹ uses these words :—" Henry appointed his mother-in-law, Joan de Navar, a woman of great prudence and judgment in national affairs, to be regent in his absence, with the advice of the privy council." But, notwithstanding these important authorities, there is no documentary evidence in proof of the fact. She was, however, treated with higher consideration than was ever shown to a queen-dowager of this country who was not also queen-mother, and appears to have enjoyed the favor and confidence of the king in no slight degree.

The same day that Henry quitted his metropolis, June 18th, after having been in solemn procession to St. Paul's with the lord mayor and corporation of the city of London, to offer his prayers and oblations for the success of his expedition, he returned to Westminster for the purpose of taking a personal leave of queen Joanna.² This circumstance is commemorated in a curious poem of the time :—³

"To Powlys then he held his way⁴
 With all his lordys, sooth to say ;
 The mayor was ready, and met him there
 With the crafts of London in good array.
 'Hail! comely king,' the mayor 'gan say ;
 'The grace of God now be with thee,
 And speed thee well in thy journey,
 And grant thee ever more degree :'
 'Amen!' quoth all the commonalty.
 To Saint Powlys then he held his way,
 And offered there full worthily ;
 From thence to the queen the self-same day,
 And took his leave full reverently."

This farewell visit to queen Joanna was the last thing Henry V. did previously to leaving his capital. Their perfect amity at that time may be inferred from Henry's gracious license to the royal widow, whom he styles " his dearest

¹ Vol. i. p. 312.

² Sir Harris Nicolas's Agincourt, p. 24.

³ Preserved among the Harleian MSS.; 565, fol. 130.

⁴ Rymer's *Fœdera*.

mother, Joanna queen of England," to reside with her retinue in any of his royal castles of Windsor, Wallingford, Berkhamstead, and Hertford, as of old, during his absence in foreign parts. This order is dated Winchester, June 30, 1414.¹ There are also various gifts and concessions granted by Henry V. to queen Joanna on the rolls of the third, fourth, and fifth years of his reign.

The foreign connections of Joanna, and her pertinacity in retaining her Breton and Navarrese attendants about her person, excited once more an expression of jealous displeasure from the English parliament; and an address was presented to the king, complaining of her disregard to the act for purging the royal household of aliens, Bretons and other foreigners, passed in the seventh year of the late king Henry IV.:—"For, notwithstanding that act, many Bretons had come into the kingdom again, some of whom were then dwelling in the queen's house, and others very near it, to hear, discover, and learn the secrets of the realm, and to carry money and jewels out of the kingdom; and as the Bretons were the greatest enemies, it was requested that the king would constrain all such to depart before the feast of St. John the Baptist."² That Joanna had failed in her endeavors to persuade her son the duke of Bretagne to espouse king Henry's side in the great contest between England and France, and that he persisted in maintaining a strict neutrality, was probably the cause of this attack, which appears to have emanated from the jealous hostility of her step-son Bedford, her coadjutor in the regency. Unfortunately, too, for her, her second son, Arthur earl of Richmond, although an English subject, having performed homage to king Henry for his earldom, openly violated his allegiance by engaging under king Charles's banner, and attacking the outposts of Henry's camp, near Agincourt, at the head of two thousand French cavalry. This fiery assault, his first essay in arms, was made at midnight on the eve of St. Crispin's day, in the midst of a tempest of wind and rain. Arthur was repulsed by the troops of his royal step-brother: he was desperately

¹ Rymer's *Fœdera*.

² Parl. Rolls, vol. iv. p. 79.

wounded and made prisoner in the battle the following day.

The chronicler from whom White Kennet has collated the reigns of the three Lancastrian sovereigns, records the capture of Arthur in these words:—"The son of the late duke of Bretagne, by the queen-regent of England, was taken prisoner." The same author again mentions Joanna of Navarre by this title, when he says, "King Henry despatched a messenger over to England, to the queen-regent,¹ with news of his victory, which filled the nation with universal joy. *Te Deum* was sung in all the churches, and a mighty procession, consisting of the queen, prelates, and nobility, with the mayor and corporation of the city of London, walked from St. Paul's to Westminster on the following day, to return public thanks to Almighty God." The Chronicle of London² also states "that queen Johane, with her lords, attended by the mayor, aldermen, and several of the livery companies of London, walked in solemn procession from St. Paul's to Westminster abbey, to offer thanksgivings for the victory;" and having made a rich offering at the shrine of St. Edward, they all returned in triumph to the city, amidst the acclamations of the people. Whoever might exult in the national triumph of Agincourt, Joanna had little cause for joy. The husband of her eldest daughter,³ the valiant duke of Alençon, who clove king Henry's jewelled coronal with his battle-axe in the *mêlée*, was there slain. Her brother, Charles of Navarre, the constable of France, died of his wounds the following day; and Arthur, her gallant son, was a captive. No trifling tax must the widowed queen have paid for greatness, when, instead of putting on her mourning weeds, and indulging in the natural grief of a fond mother's heart for these family calamities, she was called upon to assume the glittering trappings of state, and to take the leading part in a public pageant of rejoicing. Till this latter duty was performed as befitted the queen of England, she forbore to

¹ White Kennet's Complete History of England, pp. 318, 319.

² Edited by sir Harris Nicolas. Harrison's Survey of London.

³ Marie of Bretagne, who was formerly betrothed to Henry V.

weep and make lamentation for the dead, or to bewail the captivity of him who was led a prisoner in the train of the royal victor.

The trials of Joanna only commenced with the battle of Agincourt, for she had to endure much maternal anxiety as to the future position of her eldest son, the reigning duke of Bretagne, with whose temporizing conduct Henry V. was greatly exasperated; and she had to perform the hard task of welcoming, with deceitful smiles and congratulations, the haughty victor who had wrought her house such woe, and who was the arbiter of her son Arthur's fate. Arthur of Bretagne, as earl of Richmond, was Henry's subject, and by bearing arms against him at Agincourt had violated his liegeman's oath, and stood in a very different position with his royal step-brother from the other prisoners. Well it was for him, considering the vindictive temper of Henry V., that the queen had in former times laid that prince under obligations, by assisting him in time of need with pecuniary aid. The first interview between Joanna and her captive son is, perhaps, one of the most touching passages in history. They had not seen each other since 1404, when Arthur as a boy visited the court of England, to receive the investiture of the earldom of Richmond from his royal step-father, Henry IV., twelve years before. Joanna, anxious to ascertain whether he retained any remembrance of her person, which, perhaps, she felt was faded by years of anxious tendance on a husband sick alike in body and mind, yet fondly hoping that maternal instinct would lead him to her arms, placed one of her ladies in the chair of state, and retired among her attendants, two of whom stood before her, while she watched what would follow. Arthur, as might be expected, took the queen's representative for his mother; she supported the character for some time, and desired him to pay his compliments to her ladies. When, in turn, he came to Joanna, her heart betrayed her, and she exclaimed, "Unhappy son, do you not know me?" The call of nature was felt; both mother and son burst into tears. They then embraced with great tenderness, and she gave him a thousand nobles, which the princely youth

distributed among his fellow-prisoners and his guards, together with some apparel. But after this interview, Henry V. prevented all communication between queen Joanna and her son.¹

Arthur was doomed to waste the flower of his youth in a rigorous confinement, first in the Tower of London, and afterwards in Fotheringay castle, Henry V. being too much exasperated against him to listen to Joanna's intercessions, either for his release or ransom. Henry, however, continued to treat his royal step-mother with great respect. At the feast of St. George, 1416, queen Joanna, who was a lady of the Garter, with his aunts, the queens of Spain and Portugal, his sisters, the queen of Denmark and duchess of Holland, received each eight ells of blue-colored cloth, with two furs made of three hundred bellies of miniver, and one hundred and seventy garter stripes to correspond, to make them robes, furred and embroidered with the military order of the Garter, all alike, as the gift of the king. Henry, on this occasion, presented cloth and fur to a chosen number of the great ladies of the court, as well as to the princes of the blood-royal and the knights of the Garter, that they might all appear in the robes of their order, to grace the high festival of that year.² Henry was induced to conclude a truce with the duke of Bretagne, as he himself specifies, "at the prayer of Joanna,"³ whom he styles "that excellent and most dear lady, the queen our mother." This was in the year 1417.

King Henry directed his collectors of the port of London, July, 1418, to allow three sealed cases of money, sixty pipes of wine, seven baskets of lamps, two bales of cloth of Joscelin, and one barrel of anchovies, coming to his dearest mother, Joanna queen of England, at her need, in the ship called the St. Nicholas of Nantes, to pass without collecting any impost or due.⁴ The same day he directs the authori-

¹ *Histoire d'Artur, troizième Duc de Bretagne.* From sir Harris Nicolas's *Agincourt*, p. 158, vol. ii.

² Rymer's *Fœdera*.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Rymer's *Fœdera*. The cloth was a species of linen manufacture, much of the nature of Holland; it was the finest of that linen called Rennes cloth, for

ties of the ports of Plymouth and Dartmouth to admit, free of all duty, Johan de Moine from the ports of Bretagne, with eight great barrels of wine of Tyre and Malmsey for his dearest mother, Joanna queen of England, from her son the duke of Bretagne. The St. Nicholas of Nantes appears to have been constantly employed by her royal owner in trading-voyages between the ports of London and Bretagne, for the exchange of the manufactures and commercial imports of those countries duty free, a privilege of which the thrifty dowager of England and Bretagne doubtless made great pecuniary advantage. On one occasion, however, the freight of the St. Nicholas is of a different description, or at least that on which the most important stress is laid in the king's gracious permit for safe and free export to Bretagne, consisting, among other valuables, of a curious selection of live-stock, for presentation to the young duchess of Bretagne, Joanna's daughter-in-law,—viz., Jacotin de Hasse, horse-buyer to our lady the queen, with four horses, three palfreys and their trappings, a certain organ-player, and a *pape geay*¹ (popinjay), meaning a parrot. With this amusing cargo Joanna also sends a present of "cloth of London" to the Breton duchess, a presumptive evidence that the manufactures of the English metropolis were held in some esteem by the foreign queen, and considered acceptable and suitable offerings to a royal daughter of France.

While the queen-dowager was thus harmlessly, and perhaps, with regard to her patronage of cloth of London, may be added usefully employed, she was suddenly arrested at her dower-palace of Havering-Bower, by the order of the duke of Bedford, the regent of England. These are Walsingham, a contemporary historian's words:—² "The king's step-mother, queen Johanne, being accused by certain persons of an act of witchcraft, which would have tended to the king's harm, was committed (all her attendants being removed) to the custody of sir John Pelham, who, having

which Bretagne was famous in the middle ages. Rennes sheets were often left by will as costly luxuries; they figure in sir John Falstaff's household inventory.

¹ Rymer's *Fœdera*.

² Likewise Holinshed, Speed, Stowe. Parliamentary Hist. of England.

furnished her with nine servants, placed her in Pevensey castle, there to be kept under his control.”¹ Joanna’s principal accuser was her confessor, John Randolf, a Minorite friar; though it seems Henry had had previous information that the queen-dowager, with the aid of two domestic sorcerers, Roger Colles of Salisbury and Petronel Brocart, was dealing with the powers of darkness for his destruction.² John Randolf was arrested at the isle of Guernsey, and sent over to the king in Normandy,³ where his confessions seem to have determined Henry to proceedings of the utmost rigor against his royal step-mother, who was, as stated before, arrested with the suspected members of her household, and committed as a close prisoner,—first to the castle of Leeds, one of her own palaces, and afterwards to that of Pevensey. She was, by Henry’s order, deprived not only of her rich dower-lands and tenements, but of all her money, furniture, and personal property, even to her wearing-apparel. Her servants were dismissed, and others placed about her by the authority of her jailer, sir John Pelham.⁴ These circumstances are all set forth in the following extract from the Parliamentary rolls for 7th Henry V. :—

“Be it remembered, that upon information given to the king our sovereign lord, as well as by the relation and confession of one friar John Randolf, of the order of Friars-Minors, as by other credible evidences, that Johanne queen of England had compassed and imagined the death and destruction of our said lord the king, in the most high and horrible manner that could be devised; the which compassing, imagination, and destruction have been openly published throughout all England: So it is by the council of the lord the king advised, assented, and ordained, that, amongst other things, all the goods and chattels of the said queen, and also all the goods and chattels of Roger Colles of Salisbury and of Petronel Brocart, lately residing with the said queen, who are notoriously suspected of the said treason, in whose hands soever they may be, which the said queen had (or

¹ The Chronicle of London, a contemporary also, gives this account :—“Also this same year frère Randolf, a master of divinity, that some time was the queen’s confessor, at the exciting of the said queen, by sorcery and necromancy wrought for to *astroy* the king; but, as God wolde, his falseness was at last espied, wherefore by common parliament the queen forfeited her lands.” This Chronicle makes the circumstance contemporary with the siege of Rouen. Otterbourne merely says, Joanna committed an infamous *maleficium*, and was taken from her family, and given to the charge of lord John Pellam in the castle of Pevensey. He notes it in the events of 1419.

² Holinshed.

³ Ibid. Parliamentary Records.

⁴ Ibid.

the said other persons before named) on the 27th day of September last past and since, and also all the issues, rents, etc., of all castles, manors, etc., which the said queen held in dower and otherwise, should be received and kept by the treasurer of England, or his deputy for the time being, who should have the custody of the said goods and chattels, etc., and that letters-patent should be passed under the great seal in that behalf; and that the said treasurer or his deputy should provide for the support of the said queen and the servants assigned to her honestly, according to the advice of the council, openly read in this parliament. And because it was doubted whether persons bound to pay rents, etc., to the queen could be surely discharged, it is ordained in this present parliament, at the request of the commons assembled, all such persons, upon payment to the treasurer, should be protected against the said queen in all time to come."

In the Issue roll for the 'same year'¹ is the following entry:—

"27th November. To sir John Pelham, knight, appointed by the king and council for the governance and safe custody of Joan queen of England: In money paid to him by the hands of Richard le Verer, her esquire, in advance, for the support and safe custody of the queen aforesaid, 166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Master Peter de Ofball was appointed the said queen's physician."■

White Kennet asserts that Joanna was brought to a trial, that she was convicted, and forfeited her goods by sentence of parliament; but of this there is not the slightest proof. On the contrary, it is quite certain that she never was allowed an opportunity of justifying herself from the dark allegations that were brought against her. She was condemned unheard, despoiled of her property, and consigned to years of solitary confinement, without the slightest regard to law or justice. Her perfidious confessor, Randolph, while disputing with the parson of St. Peter's-ad-Vincula, was forever silenced, by the combative priest strangling him in the midst of his debate.³ The fury with which the argument was pursued, and its murderous termination, would suggest the idea that the guilt or innocence of their royal mistress must have been the subject of discussion. Be this as it may, the death of Randolph under these circumstances leaves undetailed the "high and horrible means" whereby the royal widow was accused of practising against the life of the king. He was the only witness against her, and by his

¹ 7th Henry V.

² Devon's Extracts from Pell Records, p. 362.

■ Bayley's History of the Tower. Speed. Holinshed.

death the whole affair remains among the most inscrutable of historical mysteries.

There is, however, among the unpublished papers of Rymer, a document which seems to throw some light on the affair, by evidencing the previous attempts of Henry V. to extort from Joanna the principal part of her dower in loans; for we find that, in the beginning of the year she was arrested, he enjoins "his dear chevalier, William Kynwolmersh, to send all the sums of money he can possibly borrow¹ of the dower of Johane the queen, late wife of our sovereign lord and sire the late king, whom God assoil! Let these sums be sent from time to time without fail, leaving her only money enough for her reasonable expenses, and to pay any annuities she might have granted." In all probability, Joanna's resistance of this oppression was answered by her arrest, on the frivolous accusation which afforded the king a pretence for replenishing his exhausted coffers at her expense.

It was one of the dark features of the age, that the ruin and disgrace of a person against whom no tenable accusation could be brought might readily be effected by a charge of sorcery, which generally operated on the public mind as effectually as the cry of 'mad dog' does for the destruction of the devoted victims of the canine species. If Joanna had been a female of less elevated rank, she would, in all probability, have been consigned to the flames; but as the daughter, sister, and widow of kings, and the mother of a reigning prince, it was not possible for her enemies to proceed to greater extremities than plundering her goods and incarcerating her person. When these strange tidings reached her eldest son, the duke of Bretagne, his political apathy was sufficiently dispelled by the outrage that had been offered to his royal mother to impel him to send the bishop of Nantes and some of the principal persons in his court to Henry V., who was then at Melun, to expostulate with him on the injurious treatment of the widowed queen, and to demand her liberation. This remonstrance was offered, however, in the humble tone of a suppliant rather than the courageous

¹ "Faire louez" is the expression used by the king.—Unpublished MSS. of Rymer, 4602; Plut., cxiii. v.

spirit of a champion ready to come forward to vindicate his mother's honor, according to the chivalric usage of the times, at swords' points with her accuser. But the feeble son of John the Valiant acted according to his nature in tamely submitting to Henry's haughty disregard of his expostulations, and thus substantiated the sarcastic observations addressed to him by the duke of Orleans, when reproaching him for having beaten his consort Joanna of France, "that the lion in his heart was not bigger than that in the heart of a child of two years old."¹ Soon after the unsuccessful embassy of the duke of Bretagne to his royal step-brother, Joanna was deprived of any hope she might have founded on the efforts of her first-born for her deliverance, by his falling into the hands of his mortal enemy the count de Penthièvres, and she had the grief of bewailing in her dismal prison-house the captivity of both her sons.

The return of the royal victor of Agincourt with his beautiful and illustrious bride brought no amelioration to the condition of the unfortunate queen-dowager and her son. Katherine of Valois was nearly related in blood to Joanna of Navarre, being the daughter of her cousin-german, Charles VI. Katherine was also sister to the young duchess of Bretagne, Joanna's daughter-in-law; yet she received neither sympathy nor attention from her, but had the mortification of knowing that her dower, or at least the larger part of it, was appropriated to maintain Katherine's state as queen of England. Henry V. presented the abbess of Sion with a thousand marks from the revenues of the imprisoned queen.² We find, in the Acts of the Privy Council, that Henry returned a favorable answer to the petition of William Pomeroy, one of Joanna's esquires, who humbly supplicates for a continuance of a pension of twenty marks a year, which had formerly been granted by the queen Johanne in reward of his long and faithful services to her. Henry with his own hand has written, "We wol that he have the twenty marcs."³

In the fourth year of her captivity, an important prisoner

¹ Monstrelet.

² Tyler's Life of Henry V.

³ Acts of Privy Council, by sir H. Nicolas, vol. ii. p. 302.

of state was consigned to the same fortress in which the queen-dowager was incarcerated. This was sir John Mortimer, the uncle of the earl of March.¹ His frequent attempts to escape from the tower caused him to be removed to the gloomy fortress of Pevensey. The widow of Henry IV. being confined within the same dark walls with this fettered lion of the rival house of Mortimer is a curious and romantic circumstance. Yet, when Mortimer arrived at Pevensey, the period of Joanna's incarceration there was drawing to a close. Her royal persecutor, the puissant conqueror of France, feeling the awful moment was at hand when he must lay his sceptre in the dust, and render up an account of the manner in which he had exercised his regal power, was seized with late remorse for the wrong and robbery of which he had been guilty towards his father's widow; and knowing that repentance without restitution is of little avail in a case of conscience, he addressed the following injunction to the bishops and lords of his council, dated July 13, 1422:—

"Right worshipful Fathers in God, our right trusty and well-beloved: Howbeit we have taken into our hand till a certain time, and for such causes as ye know, the dowers of our mother, queen Johanne, except a certain pension thereof yearly, which we assigned for the expense reasonable of her, and of a certain *menie*² that should be about her: we, doubting lest it should be a charge unto our conscience for to occupy forth longer the said dower in this wise, *the which charge we be advised no longer to bear on our conscience*, will and charge you, as ye will appear before God for us in this case, and stand discharged in your own conscience also, that ye make deliverance unto our said mother, the queen, wholly of her said dower, and suffer her to receive it as she did heretofore; and that she make her officers whom she list, so they be our liegemen and good men; and that therefore we have given in charge and commandment at this time to make her full restitution of her dower above said. Furthermore, we will and charge you that her beds and all other things movable that we had of her, ye deliver her again. And ordain her that she have, of such cloth and of such color as she will devise herself, v. or vi. gowns, such as she useth to wear. And because we suppose she will soon remove from the palace where she now is, that ye ordain her horses for eleven chares;³ and let her remove them into whatsoever place within our realm that her list, and when her list, etc.

"Written the thirteenth day of July, the year of our reign tenth."⁴

¹ Acts of Privy Council, by sir H. Nicolas, vol. ii. p. 302.

² Household servants; from which word comes the term 'menial.'

³ Cars or chariots.

⁴ Parliamentary Rolls, 1st of Henry VI., where there is also an inventory of queen Johanne's sequestrated property.

In common justice, Henry ought to have made this *amende* perfect by adding a declaration of his royal step-mother's innocence from the foul charge which had been the ostensible pretext for the persecution to which she had been subjected. His letter contains in effect, however, if not in words, a complete exoneration of queen Joanna; and it appears unaccountable that any apologist should be found to justify the conqueror of Agincourt for acts which were so sore a burden to his departing spirit, and which he himself confesses, in this memorable letter, "that he had been advised no longer to bear on his conscience," lest he should rue it hereafter. The above document proves that the spoliation of the queen-dowager had extended even to the sequestration of her beds and rich array. She had certainly been compelled to divest herself of her queenly attire, and to assume the coarse garb of penance. Whether the peace-offering of five or six new gowns, with the royal permission for the injured lady to consult her own taste in the color; material, and fashion of the same, was considered by Joanna as a sufficient compensation for the wrong, and robbery, and weary imprisonment she had undergone, is doubtful. But be this as it might, and even if the gowns which the warlike majesty of England so solemnly enjoins his chancellor and the other lords spiritual and temporal of his council to endow her with were promptly rendered, it is certain she could not have enjoyed the satisfaction of appearing in them, courtly etiquette compelling her, within seven weeks after the date of Henry's letter of restitution, to assume the mockery of mourning weeds for his decease. This event occurred August 31, 1422. Joanna had been released from her captivity some weeks previously, and resumed her former state at her own palace of Leeds castle the same summer, as the following entries appear in her household-book,¹ dated July 14th, first year of Henry VI. It is to be ob-

¹ This information is gathered from one of the valuable documents in the collection of sir Thomas Phillipps, of Middle Hill, Worcestershire. This gentleman, with a liberality only equalled by his munificence in purchasing MSS. containing the true muniments of history, has permitted us not only access to his stores, but afforded his own advice and assistance in the transcription of references.

served that first the duke of Gloucester, and then cardinal Beaufort, visited her just before the formal official notice of Henry's penitence, and assuredly brought her private intelligence of the change in her favor; for, on June 12th is an item "that the duke dined with her at Leeds, and went away after dinner; expenses for the feast, 4*l.* 2*s.*:" and, on the 2d of the next month, "cardinal Beaufort dined with her at a cost of 4*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*" The newly-enfranchised queen gave alms and oblations "at the cross of the chapel within Leeds castle, which came to 6*s.* 8*d.*;" but she laid in a stock of Gascon (claret), Rochelle, and Rhenish wines, at the cost of 56*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.* Her alms seem influenced by her usual avarice, for if she could find money to buy so much wine, she might have commemorated her signal deliverance from captivity and obloquy by a larger outlay than a mark. All her recorded donations appear despicably mean; indeed, this precious historical document singularly confirms our estimate of her character, that grasping avarice was the chief source of her misfortunes. Her clerk, Thomas Lilbourne, proceeds to note the expenses of her mourning dress for the death of her persecutor, as well for her own person as the maids of her chamber. There are some odd notices of the price of making court-dresses, which may be amusing to the ladies of the present day. There are charges for seven yards of black cloth, for a gown for the queen at the feast of Easter, at 7*s.* 8*d.* per yard, and for making a gown for her, 1*s.* 6*d.*; for one cape of black, for black silk loops, and for 400 clasps (possibly hooks and eyes); for 7½ yards of black cloth, at 7*s.* per yard, for the queen's person; for making a cape for the queen, for black satin, and for gray squirrel fur, 23*s.* 4*d.*; for fur for a collar and mantle for the queen, 20*s.*; for 1 oz. of black thread, 1*s.* 6*d.*; 3 dozen shoes, at 6*d.* per pair. Likewise to Agnes Stowe, of the family of lady Margaret Trumpyngton, for her good services to the queen, as a gift, 6*s.* 8*d.* To two serjeants-at-law, to plead for the queen's gold, 6*s.* 8*d.* To Nicholas, minstrel, a gift of the queen, 6*s.* 8*d.* None of Joanna's gifts exceed this sum, which is the amount of a mark. Some of the articles are curious,—as, one pot of green ginger, 9*s.* 6*d.*; for rose-

water, 7s. 6d.; to master Laurence, for cinnamon, 7s. 10d. The queen gives 6d. per pair for her maids' shoes, and 7d. for those of her own wearing.

Notwithstanding the earnest desire of Henry V. for the restoration of Joanna's dower, the matter was attended with great difficulty, on account of the manner in which he had disposed of this property. He had, in fact, sold, mortgaged, and granted it away to a variety of persons, besides endowing his own queen (now also a queen-dowager) with the town and appurtenances of Hertford, and many other manors which had been settled on queen Joanna by his father, king Henry IV. The smoothing of such a ravelled skein caused much delay and trouble to all parties; and we find, in the second of Henry VI., that a petition was presented from the noble lady Joanna, queen of England, requiring all the grants of her lands made by the late king Henry V. to be quashed by parliament, that she might receive her revenues. The answer to the petition was, "that the same should be granted in all points, provided that those persons who had laid out money upon the queen's lands should have the option of taking the same under her, at the same term or rent at which they then held the same from the crown."¹

Joanna of Navarre survived her restoration to liberty, wealth, and royal station many years,—“living,” says Weever, “in all princely prosperity.” Her grandson, Giles of Bretagne,² was reared and educated with the youthful king Henry VI., and was much beloved by him; a circumstance which leads to the conclusion that queen Joanna was likewise in favor at the English court. Her favorite residence was the sylvan retreat of Havering-Bower. She also kept her state sometimes at Langley, where her retirement was enlivened occasionally by shows, as the rude theatrical entertainments of the fifteenth century were designated. We learn from a contemporary chronicle, that in the ninth

¹ Rolls Parl. iv. p. 247.

² This young prince was allowed an annuity of 123 marks.—Issue Rolls. He received the order of the Garter. Great jealousies regarding his English connections arose on his return to his native country on the death of his grandmother, queen Joanna. An awful tragedy occurred in Bretagne, terminating in his death, and that of his brother, Joanna's elder grandson, duke Francis I.

year of Henry VI., a grievous and terrible fire took place at the manor of the lady queen Joanna, at Langley, in which there was great destruction of the buildings, furniture, gold and silver plate, and household stuff. These disasters happened "through the want of care, and drowsiness, of a player, and the heedless keeping of a candle." ¹ This fire is the last event of any importance that befell the royal widow after her restoration to her rights. Joanna was treated with all proper consideration by the grandson of her deceased consort, the young king Henry VI. While residing at her palace of Langley, 1437, she was honored with a New-year's gift from this amiable prince, as a token of his respect. This was a tablet of gold, garnished with four balass rubies, eight pearls, and in the midst a great sapphire. The tablet had been formerly presented to the young king by my lady of Gloucester; whether by Jaqueline or Eleanora Cobham, is left doubtful.²

Joanna departed this life at Havering-Bower. This event is thus quaintly noted in the Chronicle of London :—³ "This same year, 9th of July, died queen Jane, king Henry IV.'s wife. Also the same year died all the lions in the Tower, the which was nought seen in no man's time before out of mind." Joanna was certainly turned of seventy at the time of her death, which occurred in the fifteenth year of Henry VI., 1437. She survived her first husband, John duke of Bretagne, nearly thirty-eight years, and her second, Henry IV. of England, twenty-four.⁴ She had nine children⁵ by the duke of Bretagne,—Joanna, who died in infancy; John, who succeeded his father, and died in 1442; Marie duchess of Alençon, who died 1446; Blanche countess of Armagnac, and Margaret viscountess Rohan, both of whom died in the flower of youth, supposed to have been poisoned; Arthur earl of Richmond, so long a captive in England, afterwards became illustrious in French history as the valiant count de Richemonte; Jules, the third son of Joanna, died in England, 1412; Richard count d'Es-

¹ Harl. MSS., 3775, art. 9.

² *Excerpta Historica*, p. 149.

³ Page 123.

⁴ Stowe. Weever.

⁵ Betham's Genealogical Tables.

tampes died the year after his mother. The queen had no children by Henry IV.

The following summonses were issued by Henry VI. to the nobles, male and female, to do honor to the funeral of this queen:—

“Trusty and well-beloved Cousin, know as much as we, by name of our leal uncle of Gloucester, and other of our council, have appointed the funerals of our grandmother queen Johanna (whom God assoile) to be holden and solemnized at Canterbury the sixth day of August next coming. Believe that we have appointed the said uncle and other lords and ladies of our realm, and you cousin [*blank for the name*], to be ready for the same day, to the worship of God and our said grandmother; we desire, therefore, and pray you (putting off your *pleasure*, and *excusations* ceasing), dispose you to be in person at the solemnity of the said funeral, according to our singular trust in ye.

“Given under our privy seal, at Oxford, the 23d day of July.”

Added to this document is the following list:—

“To be at Canterbury at queen Joanna’s interment: my lord of Gloucester, my lady of Gloucester, the earl of Huntingdon, of Northumberland, of Oxford, lord Poynings, the duchess of Norfolk, the younger countess of Huntingdon, of Northumberland, of Oxford. The archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of Norwich, the bishop of Winchester, the prior of Christ church at Canterbury, the abbot of St. Augustin’s there, and the abbot of Battle.”¹

The corpse of queen Joanna rested at Bermondsey abbey on its way to Canterbury cathedral, where she was interred in the same vault which her pious care had provided as the *domus ultima* of her royal consort, Henry IV. A superb altar-tomb had been prepared under her auspices for that monarch, and there their effigies repose side by side, in solemn state, near the tomb of the Black Prince. Joanna’s statue, like her portrait in the picture of her coronation, gives us the idea of a very lovely woman; her throat long and delicate, her bust beautiful, and slender but rounded arms. Her features are small and regular, with an expression of *finesse*; the eyes and eyebrows very long. Her head is singularly high, and, at the same time, very broad from the eyebrows upwards: the whole gives the idea of an exact portrait. The tomb is wrought in alabaster, enamelled with colors. The dress is elegant; her beautiful

¹ Cottonian MSS. In the original document the queen’s name is spelled Jehane, and Jehance.

arms are naked, being only shaded behind by the royal mantle, fastened to the back of her *cote-hardi* by a jewelled band, which passes round the corsage, and rich brooches clasp the mantle on the shoulders. Her bosom and shoulders are much shown; round her throat is a collar of SS, very elegant, and the oldest specimen extant of this ornament. Studs set with jewels are placed down the front of the *cote-hardi*,—a tight jacket trimmed with ermine, without sleeves; round her hips is a band of jewels, as a belt, from which her gown falls in full folds over her feet.

Joanna retained her first consort the duke of Bretagne's device,—an ermine, collared and chained,—which is represented with her motto, TEMPERANCE, on the cornice and canopy of her tomb.¹ Her arms may be seen by the curious in that valuable and beautiful publication, *Regal Heraldry*, by Mr. Willement. They were formerly in the windows of Christ church, near Newgate.² The tomb of king Henry and queen Joanna is near the site once occupied by the shrine of Thomas à Becket,—Henry having expressed a superstitious wish that his mortal remains should repose under the especial protection of this far-famed saint.

“But yet, though all was carved so fair,
And priests for Marmion breathed the prayer,
The last lord Marmion rests not there,”

may those say, with regard to the sepulchre of Henry IV., who are disposed to credit the statement of a contemporary, though certainly not unprejudiced, chronicler subjoined:—

The testimony of Clement Maydestone, translated from a Latin MS. in the library of Bennet college, Cambridge, 1440.

“Thirty days after the death of Henry IV., September 14, 1412,³ one of his domestics came to the house of the Holy Trinity at Hounslow, and dined there. And as the bystanders were talking at dinner-time of the king's irreproachable morals, this man said to a certain esquire named Thomas Maydestone, then sitting at table, ‘Whether he was a good man or not, God knows; but of this I am certain, that when his corpse was carried from Westminster towards Canterbury (by water) in a small vessel, in order to be buried there, I and two more threw his corpse into the sea between Birkingham and Gravesend: for,’ he added with an oath, ‘we were overtaken by such a storm of winds and waves,

¹ Sandford.

² Willement's *Regal Heraldry*, plate 7.

³ Both dates are incorrect: Henry died March 20, 1413.

that many of the nobility who followed us in eight ships were dispersed, so as with difficulty to escape being lost. But we who were with the body, despairing of our lives, with one consent threw it into the sea; and a great calm ensued. The coffin in which it lay, covered with a cloth of gold, we carried, with great solemnity, to Canterbury, and buried it; the monks of Canterbury therefore say that the tomb, not the body, of Henry IV. is with us! as Peter said of holy David.' As God Almighty is my witness and judge, I saw this man, and heard him speak to my father, T. Maydestone, that all the above was true.

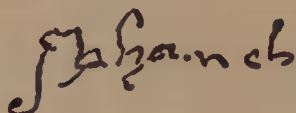
"CLEMENT MAYDESTONE."

This wild and wondrous tale, emanating as it does from a source so suspicious as Henry's sworn foes, the two Maydestones,² we are disposed to regard as *non vero ma ben trovato* ;

² The narrative of Clement Maydestone was considered by the antiquarians of the present century sufficiently worthy of attention to cause the examination of the tomb of Henry IV. and his queen Joanna, which took place August 21, 1832, in the presence of the bishop of Oxford, lady Harriet and sir Charles Bagot, John Alfred Kemp, Esq., etc. We give the following account from the testimony of an eye-witness:—"When the rubbish was cleared away, we came to what appeared to be the lid of a wooden case, of very rude form and construction; upon it, and entirely within the monument, lay a leaden coffin without any wooden case, of a much smaller size and very singular shape. From the wood-cut given, the last abode of Joanna of Navarre, queen of England, resembles what children call an apple 'turnover.' It was her coffin which rested on that of her lord. Not being able to take off the lid of the large coffin, as a great portion of its length was under the tomb, they sawed an aperture in the lid. Immediately under the coffin-board was found a quantity of hay-bands filling the coffin, and on the surface of them lay a very rude small cross, formed by merely tying two twigs together. This fell to pieces on being moved. When the hay-bands, which were very sound and perfect, were removed, we found a leaden case or coffin, in some degree moulded to the shape of a human figure; it was at once evident this had never been disturbed, but lay as it was originally deposited, though it may be difficult to conjecture why it was placed in a case so rude and unsightly, and so much too large for it that the hay-bands had been used to keep it steady. After cutting through lead and leather wrappers, the covers were lifted up, and the face of the king appeared in perfect preservation; the nose elevated, the cartilage even remaining, though, on the admission of air, it rapidly sank away. The skin of the chin entire, of the consistence, thickness, and color of the upper leather of a shoe; the beard thick and matted, of a deep russet color; the jaws perfect, and all the teeth in them excepting one fore-tooth." The body of Joanna of Navarre was not examined. Although the gentleman to whom we are indebted for these particulars appears convinced that he has seen the body of the king, there are one or two circumstances corroborative of the marvellous narrative of Clement Maydestone; such as the absence of the regal insignia in which the remains of the defunct kings of England were always adorned for the grave; the discrepancy of size between the outer case and the leaden coffin, and the rude stuffing of the intermediate space with hay-bands, as if, after the attendants had consigned the royal corpse to the roaring

but it was calculated to make a powerful impression on the minds of the ignorant and superstitious, and it is probable that it was revived, to the great disadvantage of Henry's widowed queen, at the time when she was branded by her royal step-sons, Henry V. and Bedford, with the foul charge of witchcraft. The evil practices of queen Joanna's deceased father, Charles le Mauvais, the royal sorcerer and poisoner of Navarre, doubtless operated also against her at the period to which we allude; and, notwithstanding the implied exculpation of her character in Henry V.'s death-bed letter of restitution, a degree of superstitious terror was long connected with her memory.¹

The signature of this queen is one of the earliest specimens of the autograph of a royal lady of which a facsimile can be procured. The reader will perceive that she spells her name Johane; the flourish at the conclusion is apparently intended for the regal R, though rather queerly fashioned.



waves, they had hastily supplied its place with another taken from some vault or cemetery on the banks of the Thames, and filled it up with haybands. The cross of witch-elm twigs is likewise corroborative that supernatural fears had been excited regarding this interment. The perfect state of the skin, too, is inconsistent with the horrible leprosy of which Henry died.

¹ In an old topographical work we remember to have read that a tradition existed, even in the last century, that the ghost of "Jone the witch-queen haunted the site of her favorite palace, Havering-atte-Bower."



KATHERINE OF VALOIS.

KATHERINE OF VALOIS,

SURNAMED THE FAIR,

CONSORT OF HENRY V.

CHAPTER I.

Early calamities of Katherine—Abducted by her mother—Recaptured—Henry prince of Wales—Katherine demanded for him—His accession as Henry V.—His invasion of France—Agincourt—Marriage-treaty renewed—Katherine's picture—Henry's exorbitant demands—Interview of Katherine and Henry V.—Her beauty—Henry in love with her—His anger—Treaty broken—Renewed after two years—Katherine is offered with the crown of France—Receives Henry at Troyes—Betrothed—Queen's knight—Marriage of Katherine and Henry—Queen's dower—French marriage ceremonial—The queen enters Paris in state—Voyage to England—Grand coronation—Her friendship for the king of Scots—Northern progress—Disobedience—Birth of her son (Henry VI.)—Katherine's maids—Her guest—Katherine writes to the king—Prepares to join him in France.

KATHERINE of Valois was a babe in the cradle when Henry V., as prince of Wales, became an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of her eldest sister Isabella, the young widow of Richard II.¹ Katherine was the youngest child of Charles VI., king of France, and his queen, Isabeau of Bavaria; she was born at a period when her father's health and her mother's reputation were both in evil plight. She first saw the light, October 27, 1401, at the hôtel de St. Pol,² in Paris, a palace which was used during the reign of Charles VI. as a residence of retirement for the royal family, when health required them to lead a life of more domestic privacy than was possible at the king's royal court of the Louvre, or his state-palace of Les Tourelles. The young princess was brought up at the hôtel de St. Pol, and there did her unfortunate sire, Charles VI., spend the long,

¹ See the life of Isabella of Valois.

² Moreri,—Katherine.

agonizing intervals of his aberrations from reason, during which the infancy of his little daughter was exposed to hardships such as seldom fall to the lot of the poorest cottager.

Queen Isabeau joined with the king's brother, the duke of Orleans, in pilfering the revenues of the royal household; and to such a degree did this wicked woman carry her rapacity, as to leave her little children without the means of supporting life. These tender infants were shut up in the royal hôtel de St. Pol, wholly neglected by their vile mother,—the princess Michelle being then only five years old, and the princess Katherine little more than three. The poor children, say their contemporary chroniclers, were in a piteous state, nearly starved, and loathsome with dirt, having no change of clothes, nor even of linen. The whole sustenance they had was from the charity of the inferior attendants who had not deserted the place, all the servants of the royal family being left by the profligate and reckless Isabeau without food or wages. The state of Katherine's hapless father, who occupied a part of the palace of St. Pol, was still more deplorable;¹ but he was unconscious of his misery till one day he suddenly regained his senses, and observed the disarray and neglect around him. The king questioned the governess of Katherine regarding the deplorable state to which he saw the little princess and his other children, even the dauphin, were reduced. The lady was forced to own that the royal children had not a sufficient supply of clothes, or even of ordinary sustenance. "I myself am not better treated, you may perceive," replied the afflicted sovereign; then giving her a gold cup, out of which he had just been drinking, he bade her sell it, and buy necessaries for his unfortunate little ones.²

The instant Charles VI. recovered from his attack of delirium, he appears to have resumed his royal functions without any intermediate time of convalescence. The consequence was, that directly the news was brought to the

¹ The expression of Mezerai (quarto edit.) in his abridgment from *Chronique de St. Denis* is:—"Qu'on laissait sa personne mesme pourrir dans l'ordure, sans avoir soin de le deshabiller."

² Abbé de Choisy.

queen that her husband spoke and looked composedly, a sense of her guilt caused her to decamp with Louis of Orleans to Milan, having ordered duke Louis of Bavaria, her brother and the partisan of her iniquities, to follow with the royal children. Louis of Bavaria not only obeyed this order, and carried off the dauphin Louis, his two young brothers, and the princess Michelle and Katherine, but with them he abducted their young companions, the children of the duke of Burgundy. The Burgundian forces having arrived at the hôtel de St. Pol, and missing the princely children, the duke of Burgundy sent a troop of his men-at-arms in pursuit of them; for the heir of Burgundy, who was even then betrothed to Katherine's sister, Michelle, was carried off with his little spouse. The pursuers overtook the whole party at Juvissey, and, after possessing themselves of the children of Burgundy and the princess Michelle, they respectfully asked the dauphin Louis, then about ten years old, "Whither he would please to go?" The royal boy replied, "I will return to my father." He was joyfully obeyed, and conducted back to Paris, with his sister Katherine and the rest of the royal children of France.¹

After the duke of Burgundy had caused the assassination of Orleans in the streets of Paris, the conduct of queen Isabeau became so infamous that she was imprisoned at Tours; and her daughter Katherine (the only one of the princesses who was not betrothed or consecrated) was taken from her. There is reason to believe that Katherine was educated in the convent of Poissy, where her sister Marie took the veil. Whilst the education of Katherine the Fair is proceeding, a few pages must be devoted to the personal history of that popular hero, her future husband.

Henry V. is supposed to have been born in 1387. Monmouth castle, the place of his birth, belonged to his mother's inheritance: it is one of the most beautiful spots in our island. As Henry was a sickly child, he was, according to tradition, taken to Courtfield to be nursed, a village about five or six miles from Monmouth. His cradle is still pre-

¹ Gibbon's History of France, collated with Mezerai.

served, and is shown as a curiosity at Bristol.¹ The name of his nurse was Joan Waring, on whom, after he came to the throne, he settled an annuity of twenty pounds, for her good services performed for him. He was given a learned education, the first foundation of which was, in all probability, laid by his mother, who was, as Froissart expressly declares, skilled in Latin and in cloister divinity. This princess died in the year 1394,² early in life, leaving an infant family, consisting of four sons and two daughters.³ The maternal grandmother of young Henry, the countess of Hereford,⁴ bestowed some care on his education. This is proved by the fact that he left in his will, to the bishop of Durham, a missal and a *portophorium*, given to him by his dear grandmother.

Henry was extremely fond of music, and this taste was cultivated at a very early age; in proof whereof, the household-book of his grandsire, John of Gaunt, may be cited. New strings were purchased for the harp of the young hero before he was ten years old. About the same time there is a charge for the scabbard of his little sword, and for an ounce of black silk to make his sword-knot; and, moreover, four shillings were expended in seven books of grammar for his use, bound up in one volume. There is likewise an item for payment of a courier to announce to Henry of Bolingbroke the alarming illness of lord Henry, his son.

Richard II., during the exile of Bolingbroke, took possession of his heir. The education of young Henry was finished in the palace of his royal kinsman, who made him his companion in his last expedition to Ireland. Here the princely boy was made a knight-banneret, by the sword of the king, after distinguishing himself in one of the dangerous but desultory combats with the insurgents. While Richard went to fulfil his ill-fortune in England, he sent young Henry to the castle of Trim, in Ireland, with his

¹ It was formerly at Troy house, a seat of the duke of Beaufort.

² Walsingham. Speed.

³ Henry V.'s mother was buried within King's college, Leicester. He paid for a likeness of her to be placed over her tomb.—Pell Rolls.

⁴ This lady was alive long after Henry had ascended the throne and had won the victory of Agincourt.

cousin-german, Humphrey duke of Gloucester, whose father he had lately put to death. Young Henry was brought home from Ireland (after his father had revolutionized England) in a ship fitted out for that purpose by Henry Dryhurst, of West Chester. He met his father at Chester, and in all probability accompanied him on his triumphant march to London. Creton affirms that Henry IV. made his son prince of Wales at his coronation; "but I think," adds Richard's sorrowing servant, "he must win it first, for the whole land of Wales is in a state of revolt on account of the wrongs of our dear lord, king Richard."

There is reason to suppose that after his sire's coronation prince Henry completed his education at Oxford, for there is an antique chamber of Queen's college pointed out by successive generations as once having been inhabited by Henry. This is a room over the gate-way, opposite to St. Edmund's hall. A portrait of Henry was painted in the glass of the window,¹ and under it, in Latin verse,—

TO RECORD THE FACT FOREVER,
THE EMPEROR OF BRITAIN,
THE TRIUMPHANT LORD OF FRANCE,
THE CONQUEROR OF HIS ENEMIES AND HIMSELF,
HENRY V.

OF THIS LITTLE CHAMBER ONCE THE GREAT INHABITANT.

Fuller, who lived little more than a hundred years after Henry, points out the same college-chamber as the abiding-place of the prince. Henry was placed at Oxford under the tutorship of his half-uncle, Henry Beaufort, a young, handsome, and turbulent ecclesiastic, whose imperious haughtiness did not arise from his ascetic rigidity of manners as a priest.² Beaufort had accompanied his charge to Ireland, and returned with him to England. The early appointment of the prince as lieutenant of Wales, March 7, 1403, limits the probable time of his sojourn at Oxford,

¹ Tyler's Henry V. The art of painting on glass had greatly fallen into decay after the accession of Henry VII., who was obliged to import the window of St. Margaret's, Westminster, from Dort. This glass portrait brings the Oxford memorial near Henry's own times.

² Beaufort's betrayal of a daughter of the illustrious house of Fitzalan is proved by his will.

as a student, to the period between the commencement of the year 1400 and 1402. The prince was but sixteen when he fought courageously at that great conflict where his father's crown was contested. At the battle of Shrewsbury, when advancing too rashly on the enemy's forces, he received a wound with an arrow in the face, the scar of which was perceptible all his life. Being advised to retire, that the steel might be drawn out, "To what place?" said he. "Who will remain fighting, if I, the prince and a king's son, retire for fear at the first taste of steel? Let my fellow-soldiers see that I bleed at the first onset; for deeds, not words, are the duties of princes, who should set the example of boldness."¹

Until after 1407 the prince of Wales was actively employed in the Welsh campaigns. Although Glendower was finally beaten back to his mountain fastnesses, yet the whole of the principality was, during the reign of Henry IV., but a nominal appendage to the English monarchy. Thus deprived of the revenues annexed to his title, the prince of Wales was subjected to the most grinding poverty. His wild dissipation seems to have commenced after his desultory campaigns in Wales concluded, when he returned to court with no little of the license of the partisan soldier.² His extreme poverty, which was shared by his royal sire, made him reckless and desperate, and had the natural consequence of forcing him into company below his rank. Stowe, in his *Annals*, declares "the prince used to disguise himself and lie in wait for the receivers of the rents of the crown lands, or of his father's patrimony, and in the disguise of a highwayman set upon them and rob them. In such encounters he sometimes got soundly beaten, but he always rewarded such of his father's officers who made the

¹ Translated from the Latin of Titus Livius of Friuli, a learned man, patronized by Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, and employed by him to write the biography of his brother; which work is (as might be expected) more replete with panegyric than incident.

² In this assertion we follow Titus Livius. And we ask the question whether, if Henry's wildness as a youth had not been very notorious, would a contemporary (who is little more than a panegyrist), writing under the direction of the king's brother, have dared to allude to it?

stoutest resistance.”¹ But Henry’s wildest pranks were performed at a manor of his, close to Coventry, called Cheylesmore, a residence appertaining to his duchy of Cornwall. Here prince Hal and some of his friends were taken into custody by John Hornesby, the mayor of Coventry, for raising a riot.² Cheylesmore³ was regarded by his care-worn father with painful jealousy; “for thither,” says Walsingham, “resorted all the young nobility as to a king’s court, while that of Henry IV. was deserted.” But the prince of Wales did not content himself with astonishing the mayor of Coventry and his sober citizens by a mad frolic now and then; he saw the inside of a London prison as well as the jail of Coventry. It does not appear that the prince was personally engaged in the uproars raised by his brothers, prince John and prince Thomas, at Eastcheap, which are noted in the London Chronicle; but in one of these frays the lord mayor captured a favorite servant belonging to the prince of Wales, and carried him before judge Gascoigne.⁴ Directly the prince of Wales heard of the detention of his servant, he rushed to the court of justice, where his man stood arraigned at the bar. He endeavored with his own hands to free him from his fetters, and, on the interference of the judge, bestowed on that functionary a box on the ear; for which outrage Gascoigne dauntlessly reproved the prince, and, at the end of a very suitable lecture, committed him to the prison of the King’s bench. To this Henry, who was struck with remorse at his own mad violation of the laws of his country, submitted

¹ Speed is enraged at the *playermen*, who, he says, have verified the imputations of Alain Copus, a contemporary of sir John Oldecastle, accusing that noble as a seducer of the prince’s youth, a wild profligate, who even robbed occasionally on the highway. Shakspeare thus had some grounds for the character of sir John Falstaff, whom, it will be remembered, he calls sir John Oldecastle in his first edition. Titus Livius describes the dismissal of sir John Oldecastle, before the crown was placed on Henry’s head, in words which authorize Shakspeare’s scene, excepting that the offence imputed to the knight was Protestantism, rather than profligacy.

² Appendix to Fordun, quoted by Carte.

³ Cheylesmore actually descended to George IV., who sold it to the marquess of Hertford.

⁴ Harrison’s Survey of London.

with so good a grace that Henry IV. made the well-known speech:—"He was proud of having a son who would thus submit himself to the laws, and that he had a judge who could so fearlessly enforce them." This exploit is supposed to have been the reason that Henry IV. removed his son from his place at the privy council.

The desperate state of the prince's finances, it is possible, might irritate him into these excesses, for all his English revenues were swallowed up in the prosecution of the war to reconquer Wales.¹ Indeed, his chief income was derived from the great estates of his ward, the earl of March. This young prince, who possessed a nearer claim to the throne of England than the line of Lancaster, had been kept a prisoner in Windsor castle from his infancy. In 1402 Henry IV. gave the person of the minor earl, with the wardship of his revenues, to his eldest son,—thus putting no small temptation in the path of an ambitious young hero. But here the very best traits of prince Henry's mixed character develop themselves; he formed the tenderest friendship for his helpless ward and rival.

From time to time Henry IV. made attempts to obtain a wife for his heir. In the preceding memoir it has been shown that he was, in childhood, contracted to the eldest daughter of Joanna, duchess of Bretagne, afterwards his step-mother. The biography of Isabella of Valois has proved how long and assiduously prince Henry wooed the young widow of the murdered Richard, until all hope ended in her marriage with Orleans. Marie, the second daughter of France, was the next object of his choice; but she, who had been devoted to the cloister even before her birth, on being consulted whether she would prefer an earthly spouse and accept the prince of Wales,² indignantly reproved her father's envoys for imagining so profane a thought. A daughter of the duke of Burgundy was demanded for the

¹ He was even forced, at this time, to pawn his personal ornaments, his "*petitz jouaux*," as he calls them, to pay his garrisons in Wales, for no money could be obtained from the royal revenues.—See sir Harris Nicolas's *Acts of the Privy Council*, vol. ii. p. 61.

² In the Issue rolls are the expenses of Henry IV.'s ambassadors for demanding in marriage, "for the prince of Wales, the second daughter of the adversary."

prince, but the negotiation was unsuccessful. At last, both the son and father seemed to have determined on obtaining the hand of the fair Katherine, the youngest of the princesses of France, and a private mission was confided to Edward duke of York to demand her in marriage for the prince of Wales. York was absent on this errand at the time when Henry IV. was struck with his mortal illness.

Modern research has found reason for the supposition that prince Henry was intriguing to depose his father just before his last fatal sickness. The angry assertions of Humphrey duke of Gloucester¹ accuse Henry Beaufort, bishop of Winchester, of the double treachery of instigating the prince of Wales to seize his father's crown, and at the same time of plotting to assassinate the prince. These are Gloucester's words:—"My brother was, when prince of Wales, in great danger once, when he slept in the green chamber at Westminster palace. There was discovered, by the *rouse* of a little spaniel belonging to the prince, a man concealed behind the arras near the prince's bed. When he was hauled out by Henry's attendants, a dagger was found on the man's person, and he confessed he was hidden there to kill the prince in the night, instigated by Beaufort; but when the earl of Arundel heard this, he had the assassin's head tied in a sack and flung into the Thames, to stifle his evidence."

Although no chronology is expressly marked for these events, yet internal evidence refers them to the close of Henry IV.'s existence, just before the extreme indisposition of that monarch caused the prince to seek a reconciliation with his father. This he did in a manner usually considered very extraordinary. He came to court on a New-year's day, dressed in a dark-blue robe, worked with *æillets* round the collar, to each of which hung a needle and thread; and this robe,² it is asserted, was meant to indicate how much his

¹ Parliamentary Rolls. Parliamentary History, vol. ii. pp. 293, 294.

² Many writers have copied this curious passage, and most have quoted the biography of Titus Livius as an authority. It is, however, certain no such incident is contained in its pages. Guthrie throws light on this circumstance in his folio history of England, vol. ii., reign Henry IV. He gives the passage

vilifiers had slandered him to his royal sire. Why needles and threads should point out such an inference has been an enigma. There is, however, a quaint old custom, founded by Eglesfield, still in use in Oxford, at Queen's college, which perhaps explains it. The bursar, on New-year's day, presents to each of the students of Queen's college a needle and thread, adding this exordium:—

“Take this, and be thrifty.”

What the fellows of Queen's do now with these useful implements we know not; in the time of prince Hal they certainly stuck them on their collars, in readiness to mend any holes that might occur in their garments. The prince went to court wearing the needles he had received from his bursar, it being the anniversary of their presentation on New-year's day;¹ he likewise wore the student's gown, which at the same time reminded his sire that he had not forgotten the lessons of thriftiness inculcated at college. Thus apparelled, he advanced into the hall of Westminster palace,² and leaving all his company, because the weather was cold, “round about the coal-fire” in the centre of the hall, he advanced singly to pay his duty to his father, who was with his attendants at the upper end. After due salutation, he implored a private audience of his sire. Henry IV. made a sign to his attendants to carry him in his chair, for he could not walk, into his private chamber; when the prince of Wales, falling on his knees, presented his dagger to his father, and requested him to pierce him to the heart, if he deemed that it contained any feeling but duty and loyalty towards him. Henry IV. melted into tears, and a thorough

at length, quoting it from some *tracts* appended to Titus Livius, his English translator, who notes, moreover, that he received the particulars from the lips of the earl of Ormond, an eye-witness of the scene.

¹ Messrs. Brayley and Britton coincide with our views of this event, but they have not noted the confirming circumstance of the anniversary.

² Not Westminster hall, but the room called the white hall (lately the house of lords), which was the state reception-room of Westminster palace. The bedchamber of the king and the bedchamber of the queen opened into it; and, on occasions of grand festivals, the whole suite was thrown open. The prince's bedchamber was near it, and was the royal robing-room until the late house of lords was burnt.

explanation and reconciliation took place between the father and the son. The last sad scene between Henry IV. and his heir, so beautifully dramatized by Shakspeare, is, as shown in the preceding memoir, a very faithful detail of incidents recorded by ancient chroniclers.

After the death of his royal sire, Henry V. did not establish himself in the sovereignty without a short but fierce civil war, which partly assumed a religious character, and partly was founded on the report that king Richard II. was alive and ready to claim his own. These reports were assuredly the secret motive of the exhumation of Richard's body, outwardly attributed by Henry V. to his respect for the memory of his kinsman, but in reality a deep-laid measure of state policy. This tragic scene was one of the peculiar features of that era; and the manner in which it was conducted finds no parallel, excepting in the appalling exhumation of Agnes de Castro. Richard's mouldering corpse was raised from its obscure resting-place at Langley, and seated in a rich chair of state,¹ adorned with regal ornaments. Henry V. walked next to his dead kinsman, and all his court followed; and, thus royally escorted, the corpse of the hapless Richard was conveyed to Westminster abbey, and laid, with solemn pomp, in the tomb he had prepared for himself by the side of his beloved Anne of Bohemia. "The very next day," says the London Chronicle, "there was a grand cursing of sir John Oldecastle, at St. Paul's cross," who had been accused of raising the reports that Richard was in existence.

When these agitations had subsided, Henry V. renewed his application for the hand of the princess Katherine. At the same time he demanded with her an enormous dowry. If the king of France had been disposed to give him his daughter, it was scarcely possible he could bestow with her two millions of crowns, the bridal portion demanded by Henry, together with the restoration of Normandy and all the southern provinces, once the inheritance of Eleanora of Aquitaine.² There was a secret misgiving on the part of the French, lest the ambitious heir of Lancaster should

¹ Weever's Funeral Monuments.

² See the Life of Eleanora, vol. i.

make use of an alliance with one of their princesses to strengthen the claim of the Plantagenets to the throne of France; yet Charles VI. would have given Katherine to Henry with a dowry of 450,000 crowns. This the English hero refused with disdain. Henry desired no better than a feasible excuse to invade France; he therefore resolved to win Katherine the Fair at the point of the sword, together with all the gold and provinces he demanded with her hand.

Henry's first care was to sell or pawn all the valuables he possessed, in order to raise funds for the French expedition, on which he had set his ambitious mind. Extended empire, rich plunder, and the hand of the beautiful young Katherine of Valois were the attainments on which all the energies of his ardent character were centred. The annals of the ancient nobility or gentry of England can bear witness to the extraordinary methods the Plantagenet kings took to induce their feudal muster to tarry beyond the forty days they were bound to appear in arms by their tenures. Among other possessions of the royal family, the magnificent crown belonging to Henry IV., called 'the great Harry,' was pawned; while cupboards and beaufets at royal palaces were ransacked of their rich goblets and flagons, and distributed to the knights and leaders of that expedition, as pledges and pawns that their pay should be forthcoming when coin was more plentiful. Even that stout northern squire, to whose keeping was confided the banner of St. George¹ by his warlike sovereign, did not un-

¹ Thomas Strickland, the banner-bearer of St. George at Agincourt, afterwards sir Thomas Strickland, knight of the shire for Westmoreland. His petition in Norman-French is a curious illustration of the state of the times, and proves how extremely scarce specie was in England; for, notwithstanding the pathos with which he petitions, as a poor squire, not to be held accountable for the king's broken silver flagons, and for the restoration of his 14*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.*, not forgetting an odd farthing, "he was heir to extensive domains, being the eldest son of sir Walter Strickland of Helsington, knight of the shire of Westmoreland, and grandson of lord Dacre of Gilsland."—See Burn's Westmoreland. His supplication to the council of the infant Henry VI. is thus worded:—"Very humbly supplicates a poor squire, Thomas de Strickland, lately the bearer of the banner of St. George for the very noble king Henry V., whom God assoil! May it please your good grace to consider the long service that the

dertake his chivalric commission without a pawn of broken silver flagons. It was necessary for Henry to make these personal sacrifices in order to pay his army, as the unsettled temper of the times forced him to be exceedingly moderate in his pecuniary applications to his parliament. France, he meant, should pay for all.

From Southampton Henry V. sent Antelope, his pursuivant-of-arms, with a letter to Katherine's father dated from that port, to show the reality of his intentions of invasion. He demanded the English provinces, and the hand of Katherine; otherwise he would take them by force. The king of France replied, "If that was his mind, he would do his best to receive him; but, as to the marriage, he thought it would be a strange way of wooing Katherine, covered with the blood of her countrymen."¹ But the brother of the princess, the wild young dauphin Louis, was imprudent enough to exasperate his dangerous adversary by sending him a cask of Paris tennis-balls, telling him, "that they

said suppliant did for the late king in parts beyond sea, at his arrival at Harfleur and the battle of Agincourt, and, since that time, when the city of Rouen was won. And your said suppliant has had no compensation for his labor at the said day of Agincourt, nor any pay at all, saving only for one half-year. Not only that; but your said suppliant is brought in arrear with the exchequer for the sum of 14*l.* 4*s.* 10½*d.* for certain broken silver pots, which were pawned to him by the said king Henry V. The which vessels your suppliant was forced to sell, and the money obtained for them was all expended in the service of his late king. And that it may please your wise discretions, out of reverence to God and respect to the soul of the late king, to grant to your suppliant the said 14*l.* 4*s.* 10½*d.* in regard for his services, and as part payment of the debt owed him by the late king; and that this grant may be sufficient warrant for the discharge of the said suppliant from the 14*l.* 4*s.* 10½*d.* aforesaid; and this for the love of God and a work of charity."—Feb. 14, 1424. There is an order from the council to exonerate *Strickland*, as they call him, from the 14*l.* 4*s.* 10½*d.*—See *Fœdera*, vol. x. pp. 318, 319. They could not afford to remunerate the banner-bearer of St. George for what he calls "his labor" at the day of Agincourt, to say nothing of the still harder day's work of leading the storming of Harfleur and Rouen; but they gave his son, sir Walter Strickland, by way of payment, the office of hereditary master of the royal harriers, an office which his direct descendant and representative, Charles Strickland Standish, Esq., M.P., certainly does *not* possess at present. These curious particulars are referred to by sir Harris Nicolas in his *History of Agincourt*, a work written with spirit and fire worthy of its subject. To its rich pages we have been frequently indebted.

¹ White Kennet's *History*, vol. i.

were fitter playthings for him, according to his former course of life, than the provinces he demanded." The English and their sovereign were excessively exasperated at this witticism. "These balls," replied Henry, perpetrating an angry pun, "shall be struck back with such a racket as shall force open Paris gates."¹

But on the very eve of Henry's embarkation,—

"To cross the sea, with pride and pomp of chivalry,"

a plot for his destruction was discovered, founded on the claims of his friend the earl of March to the crown of England. This plot was concocted by the earl of Cambridge, the king's near relative, who had married Anne Mortimer, the sister of March.² This lady had died, leaving one son, afterwards the famous Richard duke of York, who, as his uncle March was childless, was the representative of his claims. The rights of this boy were the secret motives of the Southampton conspiracy. The grand difficulty was to induce March to assert his hereditary title against his friend Henry V.

The earl of Cambridge intended, after the assassination of Henry through the agency of the king's trusted chamberlain, to fly with March to the borders of Wales, where the earl was to declare his claims, and be crowned with the "royal crown of Spain,"³ which was to pass with the common people for the crown of England, and to be carried in

¹ No part of history is better authenticated than this incident; there is scarcely a contemporary chronicler who does not mention it. Old Caxton relates the pun of the racket.

² The young earl, with all his feudal muster, was in attendance on Henry, prepared to share the expedition, in which he won great fame. He is often confounded with his uncle Edmund Mortimer, the son-in-law of Glendower, who was at that time supposed to be a prisoner in Trim castle, Ireland. Hall and Shakspeare confound the two Edmund Mortimers. The early death of the mother of Richard duke of York, sister and heiress of the earl of March, is proved by the fact that her husband, the earl of Cambridge, had a second countess at the time of his death.

³ This belonged to Pedro the Cruel: it was brought to England by the heiresses of that king, one of whom married John of Gaunt, the other the father of Cambridge. It appears Cambridge had it at this time in his possession.—See his confession, State Trials, Feodera, and Hearne's Sylloge.

the van of the army on a cushion. This plot was spoiled by the romantic refusal of the earl to assert his rights, or dispossess his friend and guardian. After Cambridge had opened his plan to the earl of March, that prince, avowedly by the advice of his man Lacy, refused to swear to keep the secret, but requested an hour's space to consider of the proposition; which time he used in seeking the king and informing him of his danger, first requesting a pardon of Henry for listening sufficiently "to his rebels and traitors to understand their schemes." Henry summoned a sort of court-martial, of which his brother Clarence was president, and made quick work in the execution of Cambridge, Scrope, and sir Thomas Gray. They were led out at the north gate, and had their heads stricken off just as Henry's fleet hoisted sail, and steered, with a favorable wind, out of the port of Southampton, August 7, 1415.¹

Henry landed at the mouth of the Seine, three miles from Harfleur, and after tremendous slaughter on both sides, took the strong fort of the Seine by storm, in the beginning of October. Notwithstanding this success, disease and early winter brought Henry into a dangerous predicament, until he turned at bay at Agincourt, and finished the brief campaign with one of those victories which shed an everlasting glory on the annals of England. The dreadful panic into which this victory threw France, and the number of her nobles and princes slain and taken prisoners, were the chief advantages Henry gained by it. He returned to England November 27, 1415, and deviating from his favorite motto, *UNE SANS PLUS*, for a time, he gave up all thoughts of obtaining Katherine as a bride, and despatched his favorite valet, Robert Waterton,² to open a private negotiation for the hand of the princess of Arragon, if the beauty of the

¹ The pardon requested by the earl of March is, in the *Fœdera*, dated the same day. It is a pardon not only for listening to treasonable communications, but for such a list of transgressions, that if March (who was really a highly moral young prince) had spent the whole of his short life in sinning, he could scarcely have found time to commit them all. The unfortunate orphan of the earl of Cambridge, Richard of York, was left in the custody of Waterton, the brother of Henry V.'s favorite valet.—*Fœdera*, vol. viii.

² Guthrie, vol. ii.; reign of Henry V.

lady was considered by that confidential servant as likely to suit his taste.

Meantime, Katherine and her family were thrown into the utmost consternation by the victories of this lion-like wooer. The death of the eldest brother of Katherine, the dauphin Louis, was said to have been accelerated by grief for the day of Agincourt; and his demise was followed with such celerity by the decease of her next brother, the dauphin John, that all France took alarm. The loss of the princes was attributed to their unnatural mother, Isabeau of Bavaria, to whom the crime was imputed of poisoning them both. The unfortunate father of Katherine was in a state of delirium, the duke of Burgundy and the count of Armagnac were fiercely contesting for the government of France, while Paris was convulsed with the threefold plague of anarchy, pestilence, and famine. Queen Isabeau, taking advantage of all this confusion, escaped from her palace restraint at Tours; and, joining with the duke of Burgundy, not only gained great power, as regent for her distracted consort, but obtained the control of her daughter Katherine.¹

However the queen might have neglected Katherine when an infant, she was no sooner restored to her an adult, than she obtained prodigious influence over her. The maternal feelings of Isabeau seemed centred on this her youngest daughter, to the unjust exclusion of her other children. Katherine had very early set her mind on being queen of England, and it will soon be shown how completely her mother entered into all her wishes. In order to fulfil this object, when it was found that Rouen could no longer sustain its tedious and dolorous siege, Isabeau sent ambassadors, with Katherine's picture, to ask Henry "whether so beautiful a princess required such a great dowry as he demanded with her?" The ambassadors declared they found Henry at Rouen, "proud as a lion;" that he gazed long and earnestly on the portrait of Katherine, acknowledged that it was surpassingly fair, but refused to abate a particle of his exorbitant demands.²

The close of the year 1418 saw the fall of the wretched

¹ Mezerai, vol. ii.; reign of Charles VI.; folio edition.

² Monstrelet.

city of Rouen, and increased the despair of Katherine's country and family. Queen Isabeau resolved that, as the picture of the princess had not succeeded in mollifying the proud heart of the conqueror, she would try what the personal charms of her Katherine could effect. A truce was obtained with Henry V., who had now pushed his conquests as far as Melun. The poor distracted king of France, with the queen Isabeau and her beautiful daughter Katherine, in a richly ornamented barge came to Pontoise, in hopes of effecting an amicable arrangement with the conqueror. At Pontoise a large enclosure was made with planks, within which the conferences were to be carried on; it was also surrounded by a deep ditch, having on one side the bank of the Seine. There were several entrances well secured by three barriers, and tents and pavilions, made of blue and green velvet worked with gold, were pitched for repose and refreshment.

Notwithstanding the king of France was very much indisposed, he and queen Isabeau, the princess, the duke of Burgundy, and his council, escorted by a thousand combatants, went to the place of conference near Melun, and entered the tents without the enclosure. Then the king of England arrived, attended by his brothers the dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, and a thousand men-at-arms. He entered the tent pitched for him, and when they were about to commence the conference, the queen on the right hand, followed by the lady Katherine, entered the enclosure. At the same time the king of England, with his brothers and council, arrived on this neutral ground by another barrier, and with a most respectful obeisance met and saluted queen Isabeau: and then king Henry not only kissed her, but the lady Katherine. They entered the tent pitched for the conference, king Henry leading queen Isabeau. Henry seated himself opposite to Katherine, and gazed at her most intently, while the earl of Warwick was making a long harangue in French, which he spoke very well. After they had remained some time in conference, they separated, taking the most respectful leave of each other.

This barrier scene is evidently meant to be depicted by

the celebrated ancient painting once in the possession of Horace Walpole.¹ Henry VII. had this picture painted for his chapel at Shene, and, as the well-known likeness of Henry V. is striking, there is reason to believe the same care was taken in portraying the features of Katherine of Valois. She wears an arched crown, and a species of veil, trimmed at each side with ermine, and reaching to the shoulders. Her mantle, of the regal form, is worn over a close gown, tight to the throat; a strap of ermine passes down the front, and is studded with jewels.

Three weeks afterwards, all the royal personages, with the exception of the lady Katherine, met for another conference at the barrier-ground of Pontoise. As the view of Katherine's beauty had not induced Henry to lower his demands, queen Isabeau resolved that the English conqueror should see her no more.² Henry was exceedingly discontented at this arrangement; "for," says Monstrelet, "the princess was very handsome, and had most engaging manners, and it was plainly to be seen that king Henry was desperately in love with her." Yet the second conference ended without the least abatement in his exorbitant requisitions.

After the English hero had waited unavailingly a few days, in hopes of being courted by the family of his beloved, he impatiently demanded a third interview, meaning to modify his demands; when, lo! to his infinite displeasure, when he arrived at Pontoise he found the tents struck, the barriers pulled down, and the pales that marked out the neutral ground taken away,—everything showing that the marriage-treaty was supposed to be ended. Henry V. was infuriated at the sight, and in his transports betrayed how much he had become enamoured of Katherine.³ He turned angrily to the duke of Burgundy, who was the only person belonging to the royal family of France attending the conference, and said, abruptly:—"Fair cousin, we wish you to know that we *will* have the daughter of your king,

¹ This picture was sold at the late sale at Strawberry Hill, where it was, in 1842, submitted to public inspection. It is painted on board.

² Guillaume de Gruel.

³ Monstrelet.

or we will drive him and you out of his kingdom.' The duke replied, 'Sire, you are pleased to say so; but, before you have succeeded in driving my lord and me out of this kingdom, I make no doubt that you will be heartily tired.' Many high words passed, too tedious to report, and, taking leave of each other, they separated, and each went his way."¹

Before two years had elapsed, the family of Katherine were forced by dire distress to sue for the renewal of the marriage-treaty. Henry's career of conquest proceeded with terrific rapidity; he made himself master of most of the towns between Normandy and the French capital, while his brother, the duke of Clarence, and his friend, the earl of March, had already thundered at the gates of Paris. Henry was requested to name his own terms of pacification. He haughtily replied, "That he had been deceived and baffled so many times, that he would treat with no one but the princess Katherine herself, whose innocency, he was sure, would not try to deceive him."² Notice of this speech being immediately conveyed to queen Isabeau, she made the bishop of Arras return instantly to tell king Henry, "That if he would come to Troyes, Katherine should espouse him there; and that, as her inheritance, he should have the crown of France after the death of king Charles." And to gain the more credit, the bishop of Arras secretly delivered to the king a love-letter, written by the fair hand of Katherine herself, so full of sweetness that Henry V. considered his happiness as certain.³

The English monarch was now to receive with the hand of Katherine not only the provinces he demanded, but the reversion of the whole sovereignty of France, with immediate possession under the name of regent. By this treaty the elder sisters and the only brother of Katherine were to be disinherited. As soon as these terms were agreed upon, Henry, accompanied by his brothers Clarence and Gloucester,

¹ Monstrelet. The duke of Burgundy went to his death on the bridge of Montreuil-sur-Yonne, where the partisans of young Charles the dauphin revenged on that prince his treacherous assassination of the duke of Orleans.

² Sir Winston Churchill's *Divi Brit.*

³ *Ibid.*

ter, with sixteen hundred combatants, mostly archers, advanced to Troyes, where he arrived on the 20th of May, 1420. The new duke of Burgundy, clothed in the deepest mourning for his murdered sire, met Henry at a little distance from Troyes, and conducted him in great pomp to the hôtel de Ville, where lodgings were prepared for him. When Henry was presented the next day to Katherine, who was with her mother enthroned in the church of Nôtre Dame,¹ he was attired in a magnificent suit of burnished armor; but, instead of a plume, he wore in his helmet a fox's tail, ornamented with precious stones.² It must be owned that the warrior king of England now and then indulged in a few whims regarding dress. Henry conducted the princess and her mother up to the high altar, and there the articles of peace were read. Queen Isabeau and Katherine apologized for the non-attendance of king Charles VI. on account of his infirm health, saying, "that the king was ill disposed." The unfortunate father of Katherine could not go through the scene, which apparently annihilated the hopes of his young heir; but the duke of Burgundy officiated as the deputy of his royal kinsman, and the important treaty was signed.³

The betrothment of Henry and Katherine instantly followed; and when the English monarch received her promise, he placed on her finger a ring of inestimable value,—supposed to be the same worn by our English queen-consorts at their coronation.⁴ After the conclusion of the ceremony, Henry presented to his betrothed bride his favorite knight, sir Louis de Robsart,⁵ to whom he committed the defence of her person, and the office of guarding her while in France,—the real meaning of which ceremony was, that Henry V. took the princess into his own custody after betrothment, and would have retained her by force, if her family had changed their minds regarding his marriage. Katherine was now *his*

¹ Monstrelet. Notes of London Chronicle, edited by sir Harris Nicolas, p. 161, say it was St. Peter's church.

² Goodwin's Life of Henry.

³ Monstrelet. Notes of London Chronicle, by sir Harris Nicolas, p. 161.

⁴ Speed's Chronicles.

⁵ Monstrelet.

property; and it was the duty of sir Louis de Robsart to guard the safe-keeping of that property. Henry himself announced the peace and betrothment in a letter¹ addressed to his council of regency, the duke of Gloucester being just appointed regent of England:—

“Right trusty and well-beloved Brother. Right Worshipful Fathers in God, and trusty and well-beloved. Forasmuch that we wot well that your desires were to hear joyful tidings of our good speed, we signify to you (worshipped be our Lord, that of our labor hath sent us good conclusion),—Upon Monday, the 20th day of this May, we arrived at this town of Troyes; and on the morrow *hadden* a convention betwixt our moder the queen of France and our brother the duc of Burgoigne (as commissaires of the king of France), our fader for his *partie*, and us in our own person for our *partie* [side]. And the accord of peace perpetual was there sworn by both the said commissioners, in the name of our aforesaid fader, and semblably by us in our own name. And the letters thereupon forthwith ensealed under the great seal of our said fader to *us-ward*, and under ours to *him-ward*, the-copy of which letter we send you enclosed in this. Also, at the said convention was marriage betrothed betwixt us and our *wyf*, daughter of our aforesaid fader, the king of France.”

The treaty of peace, which the king declares is enclosed in his letter, is addressed to his viscounts² of London. Some extracts are of a curious nature:—

“It is,” says Henry, “accorded between our fader of France and us, that forasmuch as by the bond of matrimony made for the good of peace between us and our dear and most beloved Katherine, the daughter of our said fader and of our most dear moder Isabel his wife, the said Charles and Isabel be made our fader and moder; therefore them, as our fader and moder, we shall have and worship, as it fitteth such and so worthy prince and princess to be worshipped, before all other temporal persons of this world. Also, that the said Katherine shall take and have dower in our realm of England, as queens of England hitherward were wont to take and have.³ That is to say, to the sum of forty thousand *scutes* [crowns] by the year, of the which, twain algaes [always] shall be worth a noble, English money. Also, if it happen that the said Katherine shall overlive us, she shall take in the realm of France, immediately from our

¹ The English of Henry V.'s letters, both in phraseology and orthography, is better than that of his successors for more than a century. Sir John Fenn, in his Paston Papers, observes that the highly educated persons of this era write letters as well spelled as in the era of Charles I., and adduces the autograph letters of Edmund Clere. Henry V. spells all his small words, of the preposition and conjunctive kind, perfectly.

² Lord mayor and aldermen.

³ There would have been no English dower for Katherine the Fair if the unfortunate widow of Henry IV. had not been robbed of hers under the frivolous pretence of sorcery.—See preceding biography.

death, twenty thousand francs yearly. Also, that after the death of our said fader, and from thenceforward, the crown and realm of France, with all their rights and appurtenances, shall remain, and abide, and be of *us* and of our heirs for evermore."

"On Trinity-Sunday, June 3d," says Monstrelet, "the king of England wedded the lady Katherine at Troyes, in the parish church near which he lodged. Great pomp and magnificence were displayed by him and his princes, as if he had been king of the whole world." John Rous, an artist who possessed no small claims to original talent, was in attendance on his master the earl of Warwick at this time. In his pictorial history of that hero,¹ he has drawn the scene of the royal wedlock at Nôtre Dame, in Troyes. King Henry is receiving the hand and vow of Katherine the Fair, who, crowned with the arched diadem of empire, raises the other hand in sign of asseveration as she repeats the obligation of marriage after the archbishop of Sens. The dress of Katherine varies in no particulars from the coronation costume; the royal mantle, with its cord and tassels, presents no difference from the mantle of her predecessors, Matilda Atheling or Joanna of Navarre. Whatsoever may be thought of the features of Katherine the Fair, it is certain that John Rous took good likenesses, since her portrait presents the style of countenance of the royal family of France. The facial line of the descendants of St. Louis was remarkable: the features somewhat slanted, and the ear followed the same line; the nose was long, and fell a little over the mouth. This peculiarity is familiar to every one from Titian's portrait of Francis I., whose features are strongly marked with this slanting physiognomy. Those who know the portraits of St. Louis (Louis IX.) will see the same family face, but with a better expression; those who have looked upon the fine statue of Katherine's grandfather, Charles the Wise, to the left at the entrance of the library he founded, the Bibliothèque du Roi (now in Rue Richelieu, Paris), will see the same features, which may be traced even in the handsome faces of Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and Louis XV., in every one of which the nose slightly inclines over the upper lip.

¹ Beauchamp MS., Brit. Museum.

This physiognomy degenerates into ugliness in the face of Louis XI., and is apparent, mixed with an insane character, in that of Katherine's father, Charles VI. When joined with great brilliancy of complexion, and softened in female faces, it did not preclude the princess Isabella of Valois and her sister Katherine the Fair from renown for beauty: in our portraits of both, the length of the nose slanting downwards over the mouth may be observed. If the family outline of the race of Valois does not sustain the character for beauty which the contemporaries of these queens of England chose to insist on for them, nevertheless they prove the authenticity of the portraits by coincidence with family resemblance. In the marriage group from the pencil of Rous, the royal bride of England is accompanied by her mother and sisters. King Henry resembles, in person and costume, his portrait on the frieze round the chantry over his tomb in Westminster abbey: his brothers and the earl of Warwick are in attendance near him.

The archbishop of Sens went in state to bless the bed of the queen, and during the night a grand procession came to the bedside of the royal pair, bringing them wine and soup, because Henry chose in all things to comply with the ancient customs of France; and it appears this strange ceremonial was one of the usages of the royal family. The next day, after a splendid feast, where the knights of the English court proposed a succession of tournaments, he let them know "that playing at fighting was not to be the amusement of his wedding, but the actual siege of Sens, where they might tilt and tourney as much as they chose."¹

The letters written on occasion of these nuptials by Henry and his courtiers are the earliest specimens extant of English prose. The following epistle by John Ufford affords to the reader as brief and comprehensive a view of affairs at that period as can possibly be presented:—²

"WORSHIPFUL MASTER:—

"I recommend me to you. And as touching tidings, the king our sovereign lord was wedded, with great solemnity, in the cathedral church of Troy about mid-day on Trinity-Sunday. And on the Tuesday *suving* [following] he removed

¹ Monstrelet.

² Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. ix.

towards the town of Sen, sixteen leagues thence, leading with him thither our queen and the French estate. And on Wednesday next ensuing was siege laid to that town,—a great town, and a notable; it lieth towards Bourgoigne ward, and is holden strong with great number of Armagnacs.¹ The which town is worthily besieged; for there lie at that siege two kings, two queens [Isabeau queen of France and the newly-married queen of England], four *ducks*,² with my loord of Bedford, when he cometh hither. The which [the duke of Bedford] on the 12th day of June shall lodge beside Paris, hitherward coming. And at this siege also are lien many worthy ladies and *jantilwomen*, both French and English, of the which many of them began feats of arms long time agone, but of lying at sieges now they begin first.

“I pray that ye will recommend me to my worshipful lord the chancellor, and to my lord the treasurer. And, furthermore, will ye *wit* [know] that Paris, with other, is sworn to obey the king our sovereign lord, as heriter and governor of France,—and so they do. And on *Witsund*-Monday final peace was proclaimed in Paris, and on Tuesday was a solemn mass of Our Lady, and a solemn procesion of all the great and worthy men of Paris, thanking God for this accord.

“And now Englishmen go into Paris oft as they will, without any safe-conduct or any letting [giving leave]. And Paris and all other towns, turned from the Armagnac party, make great joy and mirth every holiday, in dancing and carolling. I pray God send grace to both realms of much mirth and gladness, and give you in health much joy and prosperity, long to endure.

“I pray that ye will vouchsafe to let this letter commend me to Abel Howit and Bayley, and to sir John Brockholes, and to greet well Richard Prior (whom the fair town of Vernon on Seine greeteth well also), and Will Albtow, and Lark, and all the *meinie*, and king Barbour and his wife. Written at the siege of Sens, the 6th day of June, in haste. Sens is further than Paris thirty-four leagues, and Troyes is further than Paris thirty-six leagues.

“Will ye say to my brother, maister Piers, that I send him a letter by the bringer hereof?

“Your own Servant,

“JOHAN OFORT.”

Thus was the honeymoon of Katherine the Fair passed at sieges and leaguers: her bridal music was the groans of France. Horror, unutterable horror, was the attendant on these nuptials; for the cruel massacre of Montereau³ took place within a fortnight of the queen's espousals. Yet Katherine was no unwilling bride; for, as her brother-in-law,

¹ The party of the dauphin, the disinherited brother of Katherine, were called Armagnacs, from the count of Armagnac, kinsman and prime-minister to Charles VI., the upholder of the rights of his son.

² Dukes, but the word is thus spelt.

³ This sad page of history is detailed by Monstrelet. Henry V., exasperated by the desperate defence of this town for its native sovereign, butchered the garrison under pretence of revenging the death of John duke of Burgundy, with whose death the garrison had not the slightest concern, nor was Henry in the least called upon to avenge it.

Philip the Good of Burgundy, expressly declared, "She had passionately longed to be espoused to king Henry; and, from the moment she saw him, had constantly solicited her mother, with whom she could do anything, till her marriage took place."¹ But not a word, not a sign of objection to the cruelties and slaughter that followed her marriage is recorded; nor did the royal beauty ever intercede for her wretched country with her newly-wedded lord. Sens received Henry and Katherine within its walls soon after the siege had commenced in form. The king and queen of England entered in great state, accompanied by the archbishop of Sens, who had a few days before joined their hands at Troyes. This prelate had been expelled from his diocese by the party of the Armagnacs, but he was reinstated by Henry V., who, turning to him with a smile as they entered the cathedral, said:—"Now, Monseigneur Archevesque, we are quits, for you gave me my wife the other day, and I restore yours to you this day."²

While the desperate siege of Montereau proceeded, the queen of England, and her father and mother, with their courts and households, resided at Bray-sur-Seine. Here Henry paid frequent visits to his bride. After the tragedy of Montereau, the united courts removed to Corbeil, where queen Katherine was joined by her sister-in-law, Margaret duchess of Clarence, and by many noble ladies who had come from England to pay their duty to the bride of king Henry. She was with her mother and king Charles at the camp before Mehun. "But indeed," says Monstrelet, "it was a sorry sight to see the king of France bereft of all his usual state and pomp. They resided, with many ladies and damsels, about a month in a house king Henry had built for them near his tents, and at a distance from the town, that the roar of the cannon might not startle king Charles. Every day at sunrise," continues the Burgundian, "and at nightfall, ten clarions, and divers other instruments, were ordered by king Henry to play for an hour most melodiously before the door of the king of France." The malady of the unhappy father of Katherine was soothed by music.

¹ Martin's Chronicle.

² Monstrelet.

This was evidently the military band of Henry V., the first which is distinctly mentioned in chronicles. Henry was himself a performer on the harp from an early age. He likewise was a composer, delighting in church harmony, which he used to practise on the organ.¹ That he found similar tastes in his royal bride is evident from an item in the Issue rolls,² whereby it appears he sent to England to obtain new harps for Katherine and himself, in the October succeeding his wedlock:—"By the hands of William Mens-ton was paid 8*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for two new harps, purchased for king Henry and queen Katherine." If the reader is anxious to know who was the best harp-maker in London at this period, complete satisfaction can be given; for a previous document mentions another harp sent to Henry when in France, "purchased of John Bore, harp-maker, London; together with several dozen harp-chords, and a harp-case."

At the surrender of Melun, the vile mother of queen Katherine was proclaimed regent of France through the influence of her son-in-law, who considered queen Isabeau entirely devoted to her daughter's interest. This was a preparatory step to a visit which Henry intended to make to his own country, for the purpose of showing the English his beautiful bride, and performing the ceremonial of her coronation. The royal personages of France and England now approached Paris, in order that the king and queen of England might make their triumphal entry into that city; but Henry, not knowing how the Parisians might receive them, chose to precede his wife, and take possession of the city before he ventured to trust her within its walls. "Queen Katherine and her mother made their grand entry into Paris next day. Great magnificence was displayed at the arrival of the queen of England, but it would take up too much time to relate all the rich presents that were offered to her by the citizens of Paris. The streets and houses were hung with tapestry the whole of that day, and

¹ Elmham's Chronicle, p. 12. Likewise a French chronicler, quoted by colonel Johnes in his notes to Monstrelet; and Dr. Henry, vol. x. p. 227.

² Pages 363, 367.

wine was constantly running from brass cocks and in conduits through the squares, so that all persons might have it in abundance; and more rejoicings than tongue can tell were made in Paris for the peace and for the marriage of Katherine the Fair."¹

The miserably exhausted state of France prevented Katherine from receiving any solid sum as her fortune; but she had an income of forty thousand crowns, the usual revenue of the queens of France, settled on her at her marriage by her father, a few scanty instalments of which proved, in reality, the only property she ever derived from her own country. This circumstance gives an exemplification, by no means uncommon in life, of the manner in which exorbitancy in pecuniary demands often defeats its own ends. Had Henry V. required a more reasonable dowry with his bride, Katherine might have been reckoned as the richest of our queens, instead of being, with all her high-sounding expectations, in reality the poorest among them all. The royal pair spent their Christmas at Paris, but at the end of the festival Henry thought it best to pay some attention to the prayer of his faithful commons, who had lately begged "that he, with his gracious queen, would please to return to England, to comfort, support, and refresh them by their presence."² Accordingly, Henry set out with his queen on a winter journey through France, escorted by the duke of Bedford at the head of six thousand men. Queen Katherine arrived at Amiens on St. Vincent's day, and was lodged in the hotel of maître Robert le Jeune, bailiff of Amiens, and many costly presents were made to her by that magistrate.³

The royal pair embarked at Calais, and landed at Dover February 1st, "where," observes Monstrelet, "Katherine was received as if she had been an angel of God." The magnificent coronation of the queen took place as early after her landing as the 24th of February. She was led on foot from Westminster palace to the abbey between two bishops, and was crowned by the hands of archbishop Chicheley on the 24th of February, 1421. It is expressly men-

¹ Monstrelet.

² Parliamentary History, vol. ii. p. 165.

³ Monstrelet.

tioned that Katherine sat on the King's bench, at Westminster hall, by Henry's side at the coronation-feast.

"It is worth the noting," says old Raphael Holinshed, "to take a view of all the goodly order and reverend dutifulness exhibited, on all sides, towards the new queen. After the coronation was ended, queen Katherine was conveyed into the great hall of Westminster, and there sat at dinner. Upon her right hand sat, at the end of the table, the archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal Beaufort. Upon the left hand of the queen sat James I., king of Scotland,¹ under his canopy, who was served with messes in covered silver dishes, but after the aforesaid bishops. By the king of Scots sat the duchess of York² and the countess of Huntingdon. The countess of Kent sat under the table, at the queen's feet, holding a napkin. The earl of March, holding the queen's sceptre in his hand, kneeled on the steps of the dais at her right side; the earl-marshal, holding her other sceptre, knelt at her left. The duke of Gloucester was that day overseer of the feast, and stood before queen Katherine bare-headed. Sir Richard Neville was her cup-bearer; sir James Stuart, sewer; the lord Clifford, pantler, in the earl of Warwick's stead; the lord Grey of Ruthin was her naperer; and the lord Audley her almoner, instead of the earl of Cambridge."—"And ye shall understand," says alderman Fabyan, "that this feast was all of fish, for, being February 24th, Lent was entered upon, and nothing of meat was there, saving brawn served with mustard." Among the fish-dishes of the first course Fabyan mentions especially *dead* eels, stewed.

The table-ornaments, called subtleties, were contrived to express by their mottoes a political meaning. In the first course was an image of St. Katherine, the queen's patron

¹ The royal minstrel, James Stuart, who had been captive in England since his boyhood: he was given a careful education at Windsor by Henry IV., and wrote many beautiful poems, taking for his models Chaucer and Gower, whom he calls his "maistres dear." From the top of the Maiden's tower in Windsor castle he fell in love with Joanna Beaufort, half-niece to Henry V., whom he saw walking in the garden below. Queen Katherine's friendship gave a turn to his adverse fortunes.

² Widow to Edward duke of York.

saint, disputing with the doctors, holding a label in her right hand, on which was written *madame la reine*; and a pelican held an answer in her bill, to this effect:—

C'est la signe et du roy	This sign to the king
Parer tenez joy,	Great joy will bring,
Et tout sa gent	And all his people
Elle mette sa content.	She [madame the queen] will content.

The second course of this fish-banquet was jelly, colored with columbine flowers; white pottage, or cream of almonds; bream of the sea; conger; soles; cheven, or chub; barbel, with roach; smelt, fried; crayfish, or lobster; leche,¹ damasked with the king's motto or word, flourished,—UNE SANS PLUS; lamprey, fresh baked; *flampayne*, flourished with a scutcheon-royal, and therein three crowns of gold planted with fleurs-de-lis and flowers of camomile, all wrought of confections (confectionery), and a subtlety named a panter (panther), with an image of St. Katherine, having a wheel in her hand with this motto:—

La reyne ma fille,	The queen my daughter,
In cette ile,	In this island,
Per bon reason	With good reason
Aie renown.	Has renown.

The third course was likewise of fish. A leche, called 'the white leche,' flourished with hawthorn leaves and red haws; dates, in compost; mottled cream; carp, turbot, tench; perch, with gudgeon; fresh sturgeon, with whelks; porpoise, roasted (which Fabian, because the dish was not barbarous enough in itself, calls 'porporous'). Then there was *crevisse d'eau* (crab-fish), prawns, eels roasted with lamprey, and a march-pane garnished with divers figures of angels, among which was set an image of St. Barnabas holding this poesie, giving hopes of peace as well as that the royal wedlock would be happy:—

Il est ecrit,	It is written,
Pur voir et eil,	It may be seen and is,
Per mariage pure	In marriage pure
C'est guerre ne dure.	No strifes endure.

And lastly, there was a subtlety named 'a *tigre*,' looking in a mirror, and a man on horseback clean armed, holding a

¹ Strained jelly. The word 'leche' is still used in Suffolk for a strainer.

tiger's whelp in his hands, with this motto :—*Per force sans raison je prise cette beste* : 'By force of arms, and not by that of reason, have I captured this beast.' The small tiger and the motto meant an uncivil allusion to Katherine's young brother, the dauphin; the figure made show of throwing mirrors at the great tiger, which held in his paw this *reason* (label with motto) :—

Gile che mirrouir
Ma festa distour.

The sight of this mirror
Tames wild beasts of terror.

The only instance of active benevolence ever recorded of Katherine the Fair took place at this coronation-feast, when the queen publicly interceded with her monarch-bridegroom for the liberation of his royal guest and prisoner James I. of Scotland, then at table. This suit seems to have been granted, on condition that James should bear arms under Henry V.'s banner, for the purpose of completing the subjugation of France.¹ Katherine likewise took in hand the management of the love-affairs of the accomplished king of Scotland; and through her agency hopes were held out to the gallant James that, if he gave satisfaction to king Henry in the ensuing campaign, he need not despair of possessing the beautiful Joanna Beaufort, with whom he was so desperately enamoured. Stowe affirms that this lady was betrothed to king James before the festivals of Katherine's coronation ended. Katherine presented sir James Stuart with the gilt cup with which he served her at the coronation.²

¹ This was done, but it is certain that James made the ensuing campaign as a private knight; for his subjects were fighting for the dauphin, under the earl of Buchan, son to his usurping uncle, the duke of Albany. This Scotch army soon after gave to England the first reverse they had met in France, at Baugy, where—

"Swinton laid the lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet :"—

Sir John Swinton, of Swinton, unhorsed the duke of Clarence, and wounded him in the face; the earl of Buchan afterwards killed him with a blow of his truncheon, but to the gallant Swinton certainly belongs the chivalric part of the victory. The late Swinton, of Swinton, descendant of sir John, gave the spear which achieved this conquest to sir Walter Scott, and it is now to be seen at Abbotsford.

² Excerpta Historica, p. 278.

After the festivals had concluded, the queen was left by Henry V. in her palace of Westminster till Palm-Sunday; when she removed to Windsor, expecting to meet him, as he had promised to pass Easter with her at the castle. Henry, however, found it impossible to return from the north, whither he had gone on progress; he therefore sent for the queen to Leicester, where they celebrated the spring festival: they then continued the progress together, visiting the shrines of all northern saints. Henry was so superfluous in his devotions, and so stern in suppressing all the satirical writings of the Lollards against the clergy, that the Reformers gave him the *sobriquet* of the 'prince of the priests.'¹ The object of the king in this progress was to prepare his people for the extraordinary supplies he meant to request at the ensuing parliament. For this purpose, he harangued the corporations of every town through which he passed: and showing them his fair queen, as a proof of the progress he had made in the conquest of France, he explained to them, with great eloquence, what forces and funds it would take to complete it. Henry proceeded no farther northward than the shrine of St. John of Beverley. While he was offering to that popular saint, he left his queen at the royal castle of Pontefract,² that fearful fortress where her sister Isabella's first husband, Richard II., had met with his mysterious death, and where that sister's second husband, and her own cousin-german,—the poet duke of Orleans,—was then enduring a strict captivity. It may be inferred that queen Katherine was permitted to see this near relative, or Henry would scarcely have taken her to his place of abode. Katherine returned to Westminster in May, 1421, when the king met his parliament.

Soon after, the disastrous news arrived of the defeat and

¹ White Kennet; reign Henry V., vol. ii. p. 163.

² Ibid. In the elegant edition of Monstrelet's Chronicles, published by Smith, Fleet street, 1840, there is a beautiful wood-cut purporting to be a portrait of queen Katherine, copied from a sculpture on an old oak chest at York. The figure of the queen is noble and graceful, the costume perfectly agreeing with the times, excepting the amplitude of the draperies. The sculpture is a relic of this progress. It is, according to the Gentleman's Magazine, still at York minster.

death, at the fatal field of Baugy, of that stainless knight the king's best-beloved brother, Thomas duke of Clarence. Henry had not intended to leave England till after the birth of the heir, which the situation of his young queen led him to expect; but now, burning to avenge Clarence,¹ he hurried to France, June 10th, leaving his Katherine in the care of the duke of Bedford. He laid one especial command on his wife at parting, which was, not to let his heir be born at Windsor. Our chroniclers lead us to suppose that the king himself had examined the aspect of the planets according to the vain rules of art; for the expression always is, "that he prophesied² the calamities of Henry VI." Now, if it was a marvel that Saul was among the prophets, it would be one still greater to find one of the most martial of the Plantagenet kings assuming the prophet's mantle; unless, indeed, during his education at Oxford he had, among other trash then considered learning, acquired the art of casting horoscopes. Be this as it may, Henry, from some mysterious reason, deemed that destiny lowered darkly over the royal towers of Windsor during the month when he expected Katherine to bring forth her first-born.³ It is certain, however, that Katherine disobeyed her royal lord, either from want of belief in astrology, or because she chose that her child should first see the light in that stately fortress where his great and fortunate ancestor, Edward III., was born. On the 6th of December, 1421, the son of Katherine came into a world which only too truly proved most disastrous to him.

When the news was brought to Henry V. that Katherine had brought him an heir, he was prosecuting the siege of Meaux. He eagerly inquired "where the boy was born?" and being answered "at Windsor," the king repeated with a sigh to his chamberlain, lord Fitzhugh, the following oracular stave, which certainly does little honor to his talents as an impromptu versifier:—

¹ As the Scottish army had defeated Clarence, he hung every Scotchman he took in arms in France, under pretence that they were fighting against their king, James I., who followed the English banner as a private knight.

² Speel. Stowe. Holinshed.

³ Ibid.

"I, Henry, born at Monmouth,
 Shall small time reign, and much get;
 But Henry of Windsor shall long reign, and lose all.
 But as God will, so be it."¹

No regular English dower was at this time settled on Katherine, but it is evident that the revenues of the unfortunate queen-dowager were confiscated for her use, as her maids were paid from that source. Her damsels were Joanna Belknap, Joanna Troutbeck, and Joanna Coucy, besides Agnes, who has no surname. "These ladies," says Henry, "the demoiselles of our dear companion, are to receive ten 'livres' apiece out of the funds of queen *Johane*² (Joanna of Navarre). Guillemote, damsel of the bedchamber to his said dear companion, is to receive one hundred shillings from the moneys of queen Joanna." Not very honest of the valiant Henry, to pay his wife's servants with another person's money. These gifts are declared to be in consideration of the "costages and expenses the beloved demoiselles are incurring, by following the said dear queen and companion to meet me, king Henry, in France." Likewise an annuity of twenty livres³ per annum, "for that dear doctor of philosophy, maister Johan Boyers, because of his office of confessor to queen Katherine." The revenue of the unfortunate dowager was likewise taxed for the maintenance of Katherine's guest, Jaqueline of Hainault,⁴

¹ White Kennet. Trussel's Chronicle of Henry V., vol. i. p. 336. Most of the chroniclers who wrote during the latter part of Henry VI.'s reign to Henry VII.'s era, mention this singular piece of court gossip. If the saying was indeed prevalent from the commencement of the life of Henry VI., it must have fought more fatally against 'the red rose' than an army with banners. It is well worthy of observation, how completely these oracular sayings brought their own fulfilment by the peculiar bias they gave to the minds of men; hope was raised on one side and despair induced on the other, and thus predictions were fulfilled by natural causes.

² *Fœdera*, p. 204, vol. x. The deed is in Norman French. We think the word 'livres' means English pounds sterling.

³ *Fœdera*, vol. x. p. 134.

⁴ This princess had eloped from a bridegroom whom she hated, and had taken refuge at the court of Katherine, with whom she lived on great terms of intimacy. Jaqueline was in hopes that the pope would dissolve her forced marriage, and consent to her union with Katherine's handsome brother-in-law, Humphrey duke of Gloucester.

to the enormous amount of a hundred pounds per month. Henry directs the treasurer of his exchequer to pay to his dearly beloved cousin, *dame Jake*, duchess of Holland, such moneys from the profits of the dower of Joanna, late queen of England.

Before Katherine left England, her infant was baptized by the name of his father, the duchess Jaqueline standing godmother; the duke of Bedford and cardinal Beaufort were the other sponsors. Early in the same spring Katherine wrote her warlike lord a most loving letter, declaring that she earnestly longed to behold him once more. This epistle was answered by an invitation to join him in France.

KATHERINE OF VALOIS,

SURNAMED THE FAIR,

CONSORT OF HENRY V.

CHAPTER II.

Queen Katherine joins Henry V.—Her court at Paris—Death of Henry V.—Grief of the queen—She presides over the funeral—Arrives in England—Is at the expense of Henry V.'s tomb at Westminster abbey—Queen and her infant son (Henry VI.)—He travels to London on her lap—Her London residence—Infancy of Henry VI.—Katherine retires from public life—Attachment to Owen Tudor—He dances before her—Introduction of his kinsmen—Queen's remarks—Her ruby ring—Birth of second family—Death of her mother—Marriage discovered—Imprisonment—Illness—Penitence—Death—Burial—Epitaph—Her husband persecuted—His death—The grandson of Katherine (Henry VII.)—New epitaph—Katherine's body exhumed—Made a spectacle for three centuries—Pepys kisses her remains.

QUEEN KATHERINE crossed the sea, and landed at Harfleur on the 21st of May, 1422, escorted by the duke of Bedford and an army of twenty thousand men, destined to complete the conquest of her unhappy country. At the head of this mighty reinforcement she traversed France in royal state. Henry left Meaux, which he had just captured,¹ as soon as he heard of the landing of his queen, and came to Paris to receive her; on their arrival at the castle of Vincennes, she was welcomed by her parents and subjects as if she had been somewhat more than mortal. She had left her little infant in England, under the care of its uncle, the duke of Gloucester.²

Great rejoicings were made at Paris for the arrival of the queen of England and the birth of the heir of Henry. The royal party left Vincennes,³ and entered Paris in great magnificence, that day being Whitsun-eve, May 30th. Queen

¹ Stowe's Annals.

² Speed.

³ Monstrelet.

Katherine, with her train, were lodged at the Louvre, while her mother and king Charles took up their abode at the hôtel de St. Pol. "And on Whit-Sunday queen Katherine sat at table at the Louvre, gloriously appavelled, having her crown on her head. The English princes and nobles were partakers with the great lords of France at this feast, each seated according to his rank, while the tables were covered with the richest viands and wines. Queen Katherine next day held a great court, and all the Parisians went to see their princess and her lord sitting enthroned, crowned with their most precious diadems; but," continues Monstrelet, "as no meat or drink was offered to the populace, they went away much discontented. For when, of old, the kings of France kept open court, much good cheer was freely given to all comers. King Charles VI. had once been as courteous and liberal as any of his predecessors; but now he was seated at a table with his queen quite forsaken by his nobles, who all flocked to pay their court to his daughter and her husband, at which the common people grieved much." Katherine likewise gave great offence by having the 'ermine' carried before her coach, as if she had been sovereign of France.¹

The last year's harassing warfare had greatly injured the constitution of Henry V. He was ill when his queen arrived, yet he paid no regard to his failing health: he scarcely allowed himself a day's repose. But conquest, empire, and all worldly things were fast fleeting from the grasp of the warlike lord of Katherine the Fair. At Senlis he was seized with a mortal distemper. He struggled fiercely against its encroachments, for he daily expected to hear of a battle between his friend the duke of Burgundy and the dauphin, and hoped to assist his ally in person. He had even assumed his armor, and marched as far as Melun; but the strong hand of disease was too powerful even for the energies of his mighty mind. Sorely smitten with illness, he was obliged to give up his march; and the malady increasing every minute, he was forced to be carried back to Senlis in a litter. He had left his queen at

¹ Goodwin. It is difficult to guess what the ermine implied.

Senlis, but for greater security she had retired to her father's castle in the wood of Vincennes; thither the "mighty victor, mighty lord" was borne to her, helpless, on that litter which was almost a funeral couch to him.

In the castle of Vincennes, near Paris, which has so often been the theatre of the destinies of France, Katherine and her mother attended the last hours of Henry V.¹ He made a very penitential end, but was so little conscious of his blood-guiltiness, that when his confessor was reading the seven Psalms in the service for the dying, he stopped him when he came to the verse, "Build thou the walls of Jerusalem," with an earnest protestation "that, when he had completed his conquests in Europe, he always intended to undertake a crusade." When he had arranged his affairs, he asked his physicians "How long he had to live?" One of them replied, on his knees, "That, without a miracle, he could not survive two hours at the most."—"Comfort my dear wife," he said to the duke of Bedford, "the most afflicted creature living."² In a will he made on his death-bed, he leaves Katherine a gold sceptre. He expired on August 31, 1422. At the time of Henry's death, his fair widow had not attained her twenty-first year. Her affection was, as the dying hero observed to his brother, most violent, but it certainly proved in the end rather evanescent.

In person Henry V. was tall and agile, and so swift of foot that he could, with the aid of two of his lords, capture deer in the royal enclosures without the assistance of dogs. His portraits possess that distinctive character which proves personal resemblance: his features are regular, though very strongly marked; the perceptive brow denotes the great general; the eyes are majestic and overpowering; the nose well cut, but stern in the expression of the nostril; the

¹ Those who trace closely the locality of Katherine and her mother, will be convinced that they were with Henry at the Bois de Vincennes; for Monstrelet brings Henry to Katherine's care at Senlis, and affirms her mother was with the hero when he retired to die at Vincennes castle, then used as a residence by the royal family. Was it likely he would leave his wife at the camp? Besides, he points out the affliction of Katherine to his brother, and Katherine immediately appears, as chief mourner, in the funeral rites of her departed lord.

² Speed.

mouth wide, but closely pressed, and the haughty upper lip curls with no very benevolent expression. There is a great development of frontal brain in his portraits: they are all profiles, excepting that over the chantry at Westminster abbey, which has a wen on the right side of the neck. Henry was a learned prince, but he had the bad habit of borrowing books and never returning them. After his death, a petition was sent to the regency by the lady Westmoreland, his relative, praying that her *Chronicles of Jerusalem*, and the *Expedition of Godfrey of Boulogne*, borrowed of her by the late king, might be returned. The prior of Christchurch, likewise, sent in a most pitiful complaint that he had lent the works of St. Gregory to his dear lord, king Henry, who had never restored them to him, their rightful owner.

The funeral of Henry V. was arranged and conducted by queen Katherine with all the pomp of woe.¹ "His body was laid on a chariot drawn by four great horses. Just above the dead corpse they placed a figure made of boiled leather, representing his person as nigh as might be devised, painted curiously to the semblance of a living creature, on whose head was put an imperial diadem of gold and precious stones; on its body, a purple robe furred with ermine; in the right hand, a sceptre royal; in the left, an orb of gold, with a cross fixed thereon. And thus adorned, was this figure laid in a bed on the same chariot, with the visage uncovered towards the heavens; and the coverture of this bed was of red, beaten with gold; and besides, when the body should pass through any good town, a canopy of marvellous value was borne over it, by men of great worship. In this manner he was accompanied by the king of Scots, as chief mourner,² and by all the princes, lords, and knights of his house, in vestures of deep mourning. At a distance from the corpse of about two English miles followed the widow, queen Katherine, right honorably accompanied. The body rested at the church of St. Offian, perhaps St. Ostian,³ in Abbeville, where masses were sung by

¹ Stowe.

² Goodwin's *Life of Henry*.

³ MS. correction of Dr. Lingard, as there was no St. Offian. The cathedral at Abbeville is, however, St. Wolfran or Wolstan.

the queen's orders, for the repose of Henry's soul, from the dawn of morning till the close of night. The procession moved through Abbeville with increased pomp. The duke of Exeter, the earl of March, sir Louis Robsart the queen's knight, and many nobles, bore the banners of the saints. The hatchments were carried by twelve renowned captains; and around the bier-car rode four hundred men-at-arms in black armor, their horses barbed black, their lances held with the points downwards. A great company clothed in white, bearing wax-torches, lighted, encompassed the procession. The queen, with a mighty retinue, came after at a mile's distance." Thus she passed, keeping her husband's corpse in view, through Hesdin, Montrieul, and Boulogne, till they came to Calais, where, on the 12th of October, the privy council had ordered vessels to meet the queen, with ladies to attend her.¹

When the queen, after landing at Dover with the royal corpse, approached London, she was met by fifteen bishops in their pontifical habits, and by many abbots in their mitres and vestments, with a vast crowd of priests and people. The priests chanted, all the way from Blackbeath and through the streets of the city, hymns for their dead king. A general and picturesque illumination was effected, by each householder standing at his door with a torch in his hand. The princes of the royal family rode in mournful postures next the funeral car. The grief of the young queen greatly edified the people, and they were still more impressed by the barbarian magnificence of the tomb she raised to the memory of their royal hero, on which a Latin inscription expressed "that it was raised by his queen, Katherine." The famous silver-plated statue, with the head of solid silver gilt, was placed on the tomb of Henry V. at the expense of his widow.²

Directly after the obsequies of her husband, Katherine

¹ Minutes of Privy Council, vol. iii. p. 5. These documents tacitly confirm the assertion of Speed, that the little king Henry VI. was left in England; for no preparation is made for his reception, nor is the royal infant even mentioned in any of the arrangements for meeting his dead father and mourning mother at Dover, excepting that all orders are effected in his name.

² Goodwin. Stowe. Speed. Weever.

retired to Windsor castle,¹ to embrace her babe, and pass the first weeks of her widowhood. Her little child was eight months old on the day of his warlike father's death. When the parliament met, she removed to London, and passed through the city on a moving throne drawn by white horses, and surrounded by all the princes and nobles of England. The infant king was seated on her lap, "and those pretty hands," says one of our quaint chroniclers, "which could not yet feed himself, were made capable of wielding a sceptre; and he, who was beholden to nurses for milk, did distribute sustenance to the law and justice of his nation. The queen, with her infant on her knee, was enthroned among the lords, whom, by the chancellor, the little king saluted, and spoke to them at large his mind by means of another's tongue." The king conducted himself with extraordinary quietness and gravity, considering he had not yet attained the age of twelve months.

Henry did not always behave so orderly, as that curious annal, the London Chronicle, thus bears grave testimony:—² "This year (1423), upon Saturday the 13th of November, the king and his mother removed from Windsor to hold a parliament in London. At night the king and his mother the queen lodged at Staines, and upon the morrow, being Sunday, the king being borne towards his mother's car, he skreeked, he cried, he sprang, and would be carried no further; wherefore they bore him again to the inn, and there he abode the Sunday all day." The chronicler certainly means to insinuate that all this violence was because the royal babe, by a holy instinct, would not break the Sabbath by travelling, and therefore made this notable resistance, by shrieking and kicking when he was carried to his mother's car. In all probability he had been well amused at the inn at Staines, and did not wish to leave it. "On the Monday," continues the chronicler of London, "he was borne to his mother's car or chair, he being then glad and merry of cheer; and so they came to Kingston, and rested that night. On the Tuesday queen Katherine

¹ Speed.

² Chronicles of London, p. 111 (date 1423).

brought him to Kennington palace. On Wednesday he came to London, and, with glad semblance and merry cheer, on his mother's *barm*¹ [lap] in the car, rode through London to Westminster, and on the morrow was so brought into parliament."

Katherine left Westminster with her infant, and retired to Waltham palace, November 26th, and from thence to Hertford castle, where she kept her Christmas with her friend James I. of Scotland,² whom she soon after had the pleasure of seeing united, at St. Mary's, Southwark, to the lady he passionately loved, and whose happiness she had kindly promoted. Katherine's dower was not settled by act of parliament until the second year of her infant's reign. She appears to have been put in possession of all the ancient dower-palaces belonging to the queens of England, with the exception of Havering-Bower and Langley, where resided the queen-dowager, widow to Henry IV. "In the third year of the reign of Henry VI. was granted to his dearest mother Katherine all that *inn*, or *hospitium*, in the city of London, where his dear cousin the earl of March, lately deceased, used to reside; and that she may have possession of it during the minority of his dear cousin, Richard duke of York, on condition that she keeps in good repair all the buildings and gardens, and is at all charges concerning them." There is reason to suppose that this was Baynard's castle. This year, Katherine³ and her mother, Isabeau of Bavaria, were entreated, on the part of England and France, to act as mediators between Humphrey duke of Gloucester and Philip duke of Burgundy, who had challenged each other to mortal combat. Duke Humphrey insisted on retaining, as his wife, Jaqueline the heiress of Holland, who had formerly thrown herself on Katherine's protection. Katherine, being the friend of all the parties, succeeded in preventing the duel.⁴

¹ 'Barm' is an ancient word, signifying lap. An apron is by our early writers termed 'barm-cloth.'

² Chron. of London, 112 and 165.

³ Monstrelet.

⁴ The king's *moder* and his *aieule* are entreated by the English parliament to effect a peace between the dukes of Gloucester and Burgundy.—Parliamentary History, vol. ii. p. 197.

Two days before the opening of parliament in 1425, Katherine entered the city in a chair of state, with her child sitting on her knee. When they arrived at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral, the duke-protector lifted the infant king from his chair and set him on his feet, and then, with the duke of Exeter, led him between them up the stairs going into the choir; from whence the royal infant was carried to the high altar, where he kneeled for a time, a traverse having been prepared for him. It is expressly said, "that he looked sadly [seriously] about him." And then he was borne into the church-yard, and there set upon a fair courser, to the infinite delight of the people, and so conveyed, through Cheapside to St. George's bar, to his own manor of Kennington. At Kennington palace Katherine and her royal son reposed till the 30th of April, when they set out on a grand procession through the city to Westminster palace. The little king was held on a great white horse, and the people flocked in multitudes to see him, declaring he had the features of his father, and loading him with blessings. Being come to the palace, Katherine seated herself on the throne in the white hall, where the house of lords was held, with the infant sovereign on her lap.¹

Our warlike barons were not a little embarrassed by the mutations of this world, which had snatched from them a leader of singular energies, both as monarch and warrior, and, placing a little babe at their head, made them directors of a nursery. The chivalric earl of Warwick had the guardianship of the king's person at a very early age,—a fact illustrated by a beautiful contemporary drawing in the pictorial history of the earl.² He is represented holding the king, a most lovely infant of fourteen months old, in his arms, while he is showing him to the peers in parliament. One of the lords is presenting the infant monarch with the orb. The royal babe is curiously surveying it, and, with an arch look gently placing one dimpled hand upon the symbol of sovereignty, seems doubtful whether it is to be

¹ Parliamentary History, 191. Holinshed.

² See the preceding biography. Beauchamp Pictorial Chronicle.

treated with reverence, or chucked, like a common ball, into the midst of the august assembly. Another representation of the earl of Warwick gives us an idea of the costume of royal infants in the middle ages; for the limners of that age drew what they saw before them, and invented nothing. Warwick is delineated in the Rous roll,¹ holding his royal charge on his arm. The babe is about eighteen months old; he is attired in a little crimson velvet gown, and has on his head a velvet cap, turned up with a miniature crown; moreover, he holds a toy sceptre in his baby hand, which he looks much inclined to whisk about the head of the stout earl who is so amiably performing the office of a nursery-maid. It is to be presumed that the earl carried the little king on all state occasions, while his governess, dame Alice Boteler, and his nurse, Joan Astley, had possession of him in his hours of retirement. In a very naïvely-worded document, the privy council, writing as if the king were giving his directions to his governess himself, requests dame Alice "from time to time reasonably to chastise us, as the case may require, without being held accountable or molested for the same at any future time. The well-beloved dame Alice (being a very wise and expert person) is to teach us courtesy and *nurture* [good manners], and many things convenient for our royal person to learn."²

After these arrangements were effected, Katherine the Fair retires behind a cloud so mysterious that for thirteen years of her life we have no public document which tells of her actions; and the biographer is forced to wander in search of particulars into the pleasant but uncertain regions of tradition and private anecdote. Deep obscurity hangs over the birth and origin of Katherine's second husband,

¹ See the original in the Heralds' College.

² Many of the infant nobility were educated at the palace with their little sovereign, for provision is made by the privy council for their reception and the entertainment of their tutors. The king was taken out of feminine domination in his seventh year, and consigned wholly to the management of his governor, the earl of Warwick, who is "to teach us nurture [good manners], literature, and languages, and to chastise us from time to time according to his discretion." However, Henry, mild as he was, rebelled against the chastisement, and the privy council were forced to interfere.—Privy Council, vol. iii. 297.

Owen Tudor. Some historians declare that the father of Owen was a brewer at Beaumaris.¹ Nevertheless, he drew his line from a prince of North Wales, called Theodore; which, pronounced according to the Saxon tongue, was corrupted into Tudor, and even to the meaner sound of Tidder. There is an ancient house in the county of Anglesey, called Glengauny, still pointed out as the residence of Owen Tudor,² and the Welsh say that he possessed there property to the amount of three thousand pounds per annum. But this wealthy heritage is by no means consistent with the assertion of his countryman, Pennant, who has proved that Meredith, the father of Owen, was the fourth son of a younger son of the line of Tudor, and that he filled no higher office than that of *scutifer*, or shield-bearer, to a bishop of Bangor. When in this office, Meredith, either by design or accident, killed a man; and being outlawed, fled with his wife to the fastnesses of Snowdon, where Owen Glendower upheld the banner of defiance against the house of Lancaster. If young Owen were not born in this stronghold of freedom, he was probably baptized there, for a tradition declares that he was godson to the great chief Glendower. He was thus brought up from his cradle as a hardy, predatory soldier. The next fact regarding Owen is, that he certainly belonged to the brave Welsh band with whom Henry V. most prudently entered into amicable terms, on the death of the warlike Glendower. These hardy warriors, it is well known, under the command of Davy, 'the One-eyed,'³ did good service at Agincourt. Tradition says that young Owen Tudor aided his countrymen in repelling the fiery charge of Alençon, and that Henry V. made him, for his bravery, one of the squires of his body;⁴ hence his title of armiger.⁵ There is great reason to suppose that the brave and handsome Owen fought only as a common soldier in the Welsh band; but when once he had received the pre-

¹ Rapin.

² Boswell's Antiquities.

³ Davy Gam, brother-in-law to Glendower.

⁴ Stowe's Annals. These squires of the body guarded the person of the sovereign; they were probably the origin of the gentlemen-at-arms. Several of the Welch band of Gam were thus promoted.

⁵ Owen is entitled armiger or squire, in the *Fœdera*, but never knight.

ferment of squire of the body to Henry V., he certainly continued the same office about the person of the infant king, and hence his acquaintance with the queen-mother: in this station he is next found keeping guard on the royal child and his mother at Windsor castle.

Very soon after the death of Henry V. it appears that the handsome Welsh soldier attracted the attention of the queen-dowager of England; he did not certainly possess forty pounds per annum at this time; if he had, he must have taken up his knighthood. While Owen was on guard at Windsor on some festival, he was required to dance¹ before the queen, who sat on a low seat with all her ladies about her, which low seat certainly indicates that her son, the infant sovereign Henry VI., was present at the festival, and was enthroned in state. Owen began to dance, but making too elaborate a pirouette, he was not able to recover his balance, and fell into the queen's lap. Katherine's manner of excusing this awkwardness gave her ladies the first suspicion that she was not entirely insensible to the attractions of the brave Welshman, As her passion increased, and she indulged herself in greater intimacy with the object of it, those of her ladies who could take the liberty remonstrated with the queen, and represented "how much she lowered herself by paying any attention to a person who, though possessing some personal accomplishments and advantages, had no princely, nor even gentle alliances, but belonged to a barbarous clan of savages, reckoned inferior to the lowest English yeomen." Upon which the queen declared, "that being a Frenchwoman, she had not been aware that there was any difference of race in the British island." Afterwards, communicating these strictures to her lover, he held forth very eloquently concerning his high-born kin and princely descent, and the queen requested him to introduce some of his princely relatives at her court of Windsor castle. "Whereupon," says sir John Wynne, "he brought into her presence John ap Meredith and Howel ap Llewyllyn, his near cousins, men of the goodliest stature and personage, but wholly destitute of

¹ Stowe's Annals.

bringing up and nurture [education]; for when the queen had spoken to them in divers languages, and they were not able to answer her, she said,¹ ‘they were the goodliest dumb creatures she ever saw;’ a proof that Katherine knew several languages, but had no skill in Welsh.”

The precise time when Katherine’s love led her to espouse the Welsh soldier it is impossible to ascertain; the name of the priest who married them, or in what holy place their hands were united, no document exists to prove; and strange it is, that Henry VII., with all his elaborate boast of royal descent, should not have left some intimation of the time and place of the marriage of Katherine and Owen. All chroniclers of the Tudor era assert confidently that the marriage of the queen-mother and Owen Tudor was at least tacitly acknowledged in the sixth year of her son’s reign. Modern historians implicitly follow them, yet there was not a shadow of acknowledgment of the marriage; but in the sixth year of her son’s reign some suspicions arose in the mind of the protector, Humphrey of Gloucester, that the queen meant to degrade herself by an unsuitable alliance, and a severe statute was enacted, threatening with the heaviest penalties “any one who should dare to marry a queen-dowager, or any lady who held lands of the crown, without the consent of the king and his council.”² It is usually affirmed, “that the regency had ascertained that the queen was married when this law was enacted.” It is possible that such might be the case, but they had not assuredly discovered the object of her attachment; otherwise would they have suffered Owen to abide as an inmate of Katherine’s household till, at least, within the

¹ History of the Gwydyr Family.

² Sir Edward Coke is the authority that this statute was passed; “but it was never printed,” he says, nor does it appear to have been seen by him. The Parliamentary History, vol. ii. p. 211, expressly declares it is not on the rolls; it was probably struck off by the authority of Henry VII., because it tended to illegitimatize his father. Sir Harris Nicolas has shown, that in order to make the deception more complete, all the membranes or sections were falsely numbered! Sandford declares, that the clergy agreed to this bill only so far “as it contradicted not the laws of God and of the church, and that no deadly sin should be occasioned by it;” a clause which proves there was a suspicion that some marriage displeasing to the crown had already taken place.

last six months of her life?—a fact incontestably proved by the Minutes of the privy council.¹ He was clerk of her wardrobe, according to the assertion of a great historical antiquary. Soon after the prohibitory statute was passed, the queen brought an action against the bishop of Carlisle for some encroachment on her dower lands. Her cause was carried on in her own name, without the slightest allusion to any second husband.

An office like that borne by Owen Tudor was peculiarly liable to promote personal acquaintance between the queen and him: as clerk of the wardrobe, it was Owen's office not only to guard the queen's jewels from robbery, but to pay for, if not purchase, all materials for her dress.² Many serious consultations might have taken place on occasion of every new purchase or payment, as to the colors and style most becoming to the royal beauty, and compliments might be implied which the lowly lover could have no other opportunity of expressing. The only notice that occurs of Katherine from the third year of her infant's reign till 1436 is, that her son, then in his seventh year, by the advice of his governess, Alice Boteler, presented his mother, for a New-year's gift, with the ruby ring given him by his uncle, the duke of Bedford.³ Katherine's life of retirement enabled her to conceal her marriage for many years, and to give birth, without any very notorious scandal, to three sons successively. The eldest was born at the royal manor-house of Hadham: from the place of his birth he is called Edmund of Hadham. The second was Jasper of Hatfield, another of the royal residences. The third, Owen, first saw the light at some inconvenient season, when Katherine was forced to appear at the royal palace of Westminster. The babe was carried at once into the monastery, where he was reared, and afterwards professed a monk.

While Katherine was devoting herself to conjugal affec-

¹ Privy Council, edited by sir Harris Nicolas, vol. v. p. 47.

■ The clerks of the wardrobe bought jewels and cloth of gold for the queen or princesses.—See Richard Clifford's purchases for the lady Philippa, daughter of Henry IV., when she married Eric king of Sweden: Issue Rolls, pp. 303, 304.

■ Privy Council, vol. iii. p. 285.

tion and maternal duties, performed by stealth, her royal son was crowned, in his eighth year, king of England at Westminster with great pomp, in which his mother took no share. The next year he crossed the sea, in order to be crowned at Paris. It is natural to suppose that queen Katherine accompanied her son, and supported his claims on her native crown by her personal influence, but no traces are to be found of her presence. Her mother was alive in Paris, full of years, and, it must be added, of dishonors. The English princes and lords did not condescend to introduce their little king to the degraded woman, and the maternal grandmother of Henry VI. became first known to the son of her daughter by kissing her hand¹ and making a reverential courtesy to him at a *croissée* (window) of the hôtel de St. Pol; after which it was not considered decent to forbid the young king's request to visit her, and an interview took place between queen Isabeau and her grandson.

Time wore on, and one disaster to the English in France followed another. They evacuated Paris just three days before the wicked queen Isabeau died. There was scarcely a person found to bury this once powerful princess. Katherine, though in the prime of life, being but thirty-five, survived her wretched mother only one year.

A strong suspicion of the queen's connection with Tudor seems to have been first excited in the minds of Henry VI.'s guardians towards the end of the summer of 1436, at which time she either took refuge in the abbey of Bermondsey, or was sent there under some restraint. This event is supposed to have occurred just after the birth of her little daughter Margaret, who lived but a few days. Anxiety of mind threw the queen into declining health, and she remained very ill at Bermondsey during the autumn. "The high spirit of the duke of Gloucester," says one of our historians,² "could not brook her marriage; neither the

¹ Monstrelet.

² It was the more cruel and unjust of Gloucester to persecute and torment his sister-in-law for having married a man of unblemished character, since he himself had formed a most degrading alliance with Eleanora Cobham, who had not only lived with him on disreputable terms, but had previously borne an infamous character.

beauty of Tudor's person, nor his genealogy deduced from Cadwallader kings, could shield him or the queen from a sharp persecution as soon as the match was discovered." The children, to whom queen Katherine had previously given birth in secret, were torn from her by the orders of the council, and consigned to the keeping of a sister of the earl of Suffolk.¹ This cruelty perhaps hastened the death of the unfortunate queen. The pitying nuns who attended her declared she was a sincere penitent, and among other small sins she expressed the deepest contrition² for having disobeyed her royal husband Henry V., and perversely chosen the forbidden castle of Windsor as the birthplace of the heir of England. In her youth Katherine had evidently scorned the astrological oracle "that Henry of Windsor shall lose all that Henry of Monmouth had gained;" but now, although the late disasters in France and the lowering prospects in England were plainly the natural consequences of a thirty years' war, superstition seized on the mind that had formerly rejected it; and Katherine, weakened by sorrow and suffering, devoutly believed that her forbidden accouchement at Windsor castle was the reason of the ill fortune of her son, Henry VI., and duly repented of her supposed crime on her death-bed.

While languishing between life and death, Katherine made her will in terms which fully denote the deep depression of her spirits:—

"The last will of queen Katherine, made unto her sovereign lord, her son, upon her departing out of this world."³

"Right high and mighty prince, and my full [re]doubted lord, and full entirely beloved son, in due humble wise, with full hearty natural blessing, I commend me to your highness. To the which please to be certified, that before the silent and fearful conclusion of this long, grievous malady, in the which I have been long, and yet am, troubled and vexed by the visitation of God (to whom be thanking and laud in all his gifts), I purpose, by the grace of God, and under

¹ Abbess of Barking, Katherine de la Pole.

² Speed.

³ This document has, as far as we know, never before been printed. It is partially injured by the fire that damaged the Cottonian MSS. in the last century, but enough remains to be intelligible. Mr. Halliwell has kindly transcribed it in its exact language; the orthography alone has been altered in its introduction into this biography.—Cottonian MSS.; Tiberius, E viii. fol. 221.

your succor, protection, and comfort (in whom only, among all other earthly, stands all my trust), to ordain and dispose of my testament, both for my soul and my body.

"And I trust fully, and am right sure that, among all creatures earthly, ye best may, and will best tender and favor my will, in ordaining for my soul and body, in seeing that my debts be paid and my servants guerdoned, and *in tender and favorable fulfilling of mine intent*.¹ Wherefore, tenderly I beseech you, by the reverence of God, and upon my full, hearty blessing, that to my perpetual comfort and health of soul and body, of your abundant and special grace (in full remedy of all means that in any wise may *anneantise*² or deface the effect of my last purpose and intent) grant, at my humble prayer and request, to be my executor; and to depute and assign such persons to be under you of your servants, or of mine, or of both, as it shall like you to choose them, which I remit fully to your disposition and election. Beseeching you, also, at the reverence of our Lord God and the full entire blessing of me your mother, that, this done, ye tenderly and benignly grant my supplication and request, contained particularly in the articles ensuing.

"And if tender audience and favorable assent shall be given by so benign and merciful a lord and son to such a mother, being in [at] so piteous point of so grievous a malady, I remit to your full, high, wise, and noble discretion, and to the conscience of every creature that knoweth the laws of God and of nature, that if the mother should have more favor than a strange person, I remit [refer or appeal] to the same."

From the perusal of this solemn exhortation, a conclusion would naturally be drawn that it was the preface to the earnest request of Katherine for mercy to her husband, and nurture for her motherless infants; yet the articles or items which follow contain not the slightest allusion to them. All her anxiety seems to be centred,—firstly, in the payment of her creditors (without which she seems convinced that her soul will never get free); secondly, in obtaining many prayers and masses for her soul; and thirdly, in payments being made and rewards given to her servants. If Katherine, by this mysterious document, really made any provision for her helpless family, it is all comprised in the dark hints to her son of acting "according to his noble discretion and her intents;" her real intent, perhaps, had been confided to the young king in some inter-

¹ This is the only sentence which can be construed into an allusion to her family; here some intent, supposed to be known to the king, is implied,—a mysterious clause evidently distinct from the previously enumerated portions of the sentence,—viz., obituary and burial, paying her debts, and rewarding her servants.

² This word seems to mean 'annihilate.'

view which had taken place previously to her imprisonment. There is no enumeration of property in the items that follow, excepting the portion of income due at the day of her departing. She declares that her soul "shall pass as naked, as desolate, and as willing to be scourged, as the poorest soul God ever formed." This piteous exhortation to her son was written, or dictated, a few hours before her death; yet, even at her last gasp, she evidently dared not break regal etiquette so far as to name to her son her plebeian lord, or her young children. Whilst this pathetic document was in course of preparation, the dying queen received a token of remembrance from her son, king Henry, on New-year's day, consisting of a tablet of gold, weighing thirteen ounces, on which was a crucifix set with pearls and sapphires: it was bought of John Pattesby, goldsmith, and was sent to Katherine at Bermondsey. To use the poor queen's own pathetic words, "the silent and fearful conclusion of her long, grievous malady" took place on the 3d of January, 1437.

When the news was brought to the young sovereign of his mother's death, he was on his throne, presiding in parliament. Power was given to the poor queen's two persecutors, the cardinal of Winchester and Humphrey duke of Gloucester, to perform the office of executors.

Katherine was buried with all the pomp usual to her high station. Her body was removed to the church of her patroness, St. Katherine by the Tower, where it lay in state, February 18, 1437; it then rested at St. Paul's, and was finally honorably buried in Our Lady's chapel at Westminster abbey. Henry VI. piously erected an altar-tomb to her memory, on which was engraved a Latin epitaph, in all probability the same preserved in the pages of William of Worcester, of which the following is a translation:—

"Death, daring spoiler of the world, has laid
Within this tomb the noble clay that shined
Queen Katherine's soul; from the French king derived;
Of our fifth Henry, wife; of the sixth
Henry, mother:—as maid and widow both,
A perfect flower of modesty esteemed.
Here, happy England, brought she forth that king

On whose auspicious life thy weal depends,
 And reft of whom, thy bliss would soon decay.
 Joy of this land, and brightness of her own,
 Glory of mothers, to her people dear,
 A follower sincere of the true faith;
 Heaven and our earth combine alike to praise
 This woman, who adorns them both e'en now,—
 Earth, by her offspring; by her virtues heaven!
 In the fourteen hundred thirty-seventh year,
 First month's third day, her life drew to its close,
 And this queen's soul, beyond the starry sphere
 In heaven received, for aye reigns blissfully."¹

This original epitaph has hitherto escaped all modern historians; but it is very probable that, as it implied the fact that Katherine died a widow, and not a wife, it occasioned the demolition of the tomb under the reign of her grandson.

Owen Tudor had been put in Newgate when Katherine was sent to Bermondsey.² From thence he had escaped, and was at large at Daventry in the July following her death, when the king summoned him before his council, saying, "that he willed that Owen Tudor, the which 'dwelled' with his mother queen Katherine, should come into his presence." Owen refused to come unless he had a safe-conduct, "free to come and free to go." The council gave the king's verbal promise that he should depart unharmed. Owen vowed he would not venture himself within their reach without a written promise. This was granted, when he hastened to London and threw himself into the sanctuary at Westminster, where he remained many days, "eschewing," as a document of the privy council says, "to leave it, although many persons, out of friendship and fellowship, stirred him to come out thereof, and disport himself in the tavern at Westminster gate." Here, when on duty at Westminster palace, Owen had evidently been accustomed to resort, and, as a retired soldier, tell over, with boon companions, all his tales of Agincourt. He was right to resist the

¹ William of Worcester, p. 459. This historian was a contemporary. When the peculiar circumstances of Katherine's second wedlock are considered, the epitaph becomes of no little importance, for, instead of acknowledging, it tacitly denies her second marriage.

² All our old chroniclers agree on this point; it is evident that Owen broke out of Newgate twice.—See Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. ii. p. 492.

temptation of "disporting himself," for the council certainly meant to entrap him there. At last, he heard that the young king was "heavily informed of him," or was listening to serious charges against him. Upon which Owen suddenly appeared before the privy council, then sitting in the chapel chamber at Kennington palace, and defended himself with such manliness and spirit that the king set him at liberty.

Owen immediately retired into Wales; but the duke of Gloucester, with a base prevarication perfectly inconsistent with the high character bestowed on him in history, sent after him,¹ and, in despite of the double safe-conduct, had him consigned to the tender mercies of the earl of Suffolk in the dungeons of the royal castle of Wallingford, under pretence of having broken prison.² The lord constable of England, Beaumont, was paid twenty marks for the expenses he had incurred in catching and keeping Owen, his priest, and servant. The place where the privy council met to arrange this business is rather remarkable; it was transacted in the *secret chamber* belonging to cardinal Beaufort as bishop of Winchester, in the priory of St. Mary's Overy. There were present, in this secret conclave, "the lord cardinal, the lord chancellor, the earl of Suffolk, the treasurer, lord Hungerford, and John Stourton, knight."

It was found convenient to remand Owen back from Wallingford castle to Newgate, where, it may be remembered, his priest and servant were committed. No sooner were these three persons in Newgate once more, than its walls were found inefficient to detain them; they all made a second escape, after "wounding foully their gaoler," as an old MS. in the Harleian Collection declares. Owen laid his plans so successfully this second time of breaking out of Newgate, that he was not retaken, but fled with his faithful adherents to the fastnesses of North Wales, where he

¹ These curious links in the history of the unfortunate Katherine's partner are filled up from sir Harris Nicolas's *Minutes of the Privy Council*, vol. v. pp. 46-49.

² *Fœdera*, vol. x. p. 685. The order for his imprisonment there ends thus:—"And, moreover, we will that you send us the fourscore and nine pounds that you found on the said priest, which you have now in hand, the which you are to deliver up for our use to the treasurer and chamberlain of our exchequer."

waited for better times. It is, perhaps, not too much to infer that the priest thus connected with Owen was the person who secretly performed the marriage-ceremony between him and Katherine, and that the servant was witness to the wedlock. The London Chronicle vindicates the honor of the queen in words not very complimentary to her spouse:—"This year, one Owen, a man *ne*¹ of birth *ne* of livelihood, brake out of Newgate at searching time; the which Owen had privily wedded queen Katherine, and had three or four children by her, unknown to the common people till she was dead and buried."²

Katherine's eldest boys must have been very young at the time of her death, since they remained inmates of a nunnery, under the care of the abbess of Barking, till the year 1440. They were wholly neglected by the court; for, till the abbess supplicated most urgently, no money had been paid for the sustenance of these neglected little ones after the death of the mother.³ Soon after the abbess had drawn the attention of Henry VI. to the existence of the children of his unfortunate mother, he placed them under the care of discreet priests, to be brought up chastely and virtuously.⁴ The tutelage of the king himself had, at this time, ceased by the laws of England. If Katherine had survived till this period, she would have been differently treated, for more than one old historian asserts that Henry VI. never forgave his uncle Gloucester the harsh usage his mother had experienced. As soon as the young king attained his majority, he allowed Owen Tudor an annuity of 40*l.* per annum, "which, for certain causes him moving, he gave him out of his privy purse by especial grace."⁵

The eldest son of Katherine and Owen was married by the influence of Henry VI. to Margaret Beaufort, the heir-

¹ Neither.

² A chronicler in Leland's Collection uses nearly the same words: but Leland has appended a note, saying, "It was the pride of the king's uncles alone which sought to cast scorn on Owen's birth;" likewise, that "Owen escaped by aid of the priest."

³ *Fœdera*, vol. x. p. 828.

⁴ Blackman's Chronicle, printed at the end of Otterbourne's Chronicle.

⁵ See several payments of this annuity, 21st and 22d of Henry VI.'s reign, Issue Rolls, pp. 443-449.

ess of the house of Somerset. At the palace of Reading, his royal half-brother bestowed on him the title of Richmond. This was done amidst the rejoicings for the birth of Edward prince of Wales, and the festivities in celebration of the king's restoration to health and reason. Edmund took precedence of all other English peers. He died in his twentieth year, leaving an infant son, afterwards Henry VII. The next brother, Jasper Tudor, was created earl of Pembroke the same day that his brother received the title of Richmond.¹ The third son lived and died a monk at Westminster.

Owen Tudor himself was taken into some sort of favor, but never graced with any title, or owned by Henry VI. as his father-in-law; as may be plainly seen by a deed dated so late as 1460, just before the battle of Northampton, where the king declares, "that out of consideration of the good services of *that beloved squire*, our Owinus Tudyr, we for the future take him into our special grace, and make him park-keeper of our parks in Denbigh, Wales."² This was granted when the king was in a distressed state, and the old warrior, his father-in-law, had drawn his Agincourt sword in his cause. After the defeat and death of Richard duke of York, at Wakefield, a Lancastrian army, commanded by Jasper earl of Pembroke, with his father, Owen Tudor, pursued the earl of March, who, turning fiercely at bay, defeated them near Mortimer's cross. Jasper made a successful retreat, but his father, with true Welsh obstinacy, positively refused to quit the lost field; he was taken prisoner, and as he was the first victim on whom Edward had the opportunity of wreaking his vengeance for the death of York and Rutland, he ordered Owen Tudor's head to be smitten off in Hereford market-place, with two or three Lloyds and Howels, his kinsmen and comrades.³ Such was the end of the second husband of queen Katherine, who lost his life stoutly battling for the cause of Lancaster.⁴

¹ Milles's Catalogue of Honor.

Fœdera, vol. x. p. 435.

³ Stowe's Annals. Pennant.

⁴ "A report had previously existed," says Biondi, "that Owen had been put to death by Humphrey duke of Gloucester. The French traditions regarding

When Henry VII. ascended the throne of England, he caused the Lady chapel at Westminster abbey, with the tomb of queen Katherine, to be demolished, for the purpose of building a new and stately chapel. In place of the epitaph destroyed (which must, in its assertion that queen Katherine died widow to Henry V., have proved very embarrassing to the Tudors), the following hearse-verses were hung up, which were evidently written after Henry VII.'s accession:—¹

“Here lies queen Katherine closed in grave, the French king’s daughter fair,
And of thy kingdom, Charles the Sixth, the true undoubted heir.
Twice joyful wife in marriage,—matched to Henry the Fifth by name,
Because through her he nobled was, and shined in double fame.
The king of England by descent, and by queen Katherine’s right
The realm of France he did enjoy,—triumphant king of might.
A happy queen to Englishmen she came right grateful here,
And four days’ space they honored God, with lips and reverent fear.
Henry the Sixth this queen brought forth, with painful labor plight,
In whose empire France was then, and he an English wight;
Under no lucky planet born unto himself or throne,
But equal with his parents both in pure religion.
Of Owen Tudor, after this, thy next son Edmund was,
O Katherine! a renowned prince, that did in glory pass.
Henry the Seventh, a Britain pearl, a gem of England’s joy,
A peerless prince was Edmund’s son, a good and gracious *roy*;
Therefore ■ happy, wife this was, a happy mother pure,
Thrice happy child, but grand-dame she, more than thrice happy sure!”

Although Henry VII. had demolished the tomb of his grandmother, it is certain that he had not caused her remains to be exhumed, since he mentions her in his will as still interred in the chapel, and it is evident that he intended to restore her monument. “Specially as the body of our grand-dame, of right noble memory, queen Katherine, daughter of the king of France, is interred within our monastery of Westminster, and we propose shortly to translate thither the reliques of our uncle of blessed memory, Henry VI.: and whether we die within the realm or not, our body is to be buried in the said monastery,—that is to

Katherine are embodied in a flighty romance of the era of Louis XIV. They make Humphrey duke of Gloucester her disappointed lover and malignant persecutor; he is endowed with a hump, and is evidently confounded with the character of Richard III. when duke of Gloucester.

¹ Stowe’s London.

say, in the chapel where our said grand-dame lies buried." Jasper Tudor, her second son, left funds for masses to be sung in the monastery of Keynsham "for the soul of his father, and the soul of Katherine late queen of England, his mother." This was dated December 15, 1495: he died eleven days after.

When Henry VII. was buried the corpse of Katherine was disinterred; and as her ungracious descendant, Henry VIII., did not fulfil his father's intention of restoring her tomb, the bones of the unfortunate queen never found a final resting-place till the commencement of the present century. Owing to some accidental absorption of the embalming, the queen's corpse was found to be quite dry like a mummy, and in extraordinary preservation; it was therefore shown as a curiosity to persons visiting Westminster abbey for at least three centuries. Weever, in his *Funeral Monuments*, thus mentions its state in the time of Charles I.:—"Here lieth Katherine, queen of England, wife to Henry V., in the chest or coffin with a loose cover, to be seen and handled of any who much desire it; and who, by her own appointment, inflicted this penance on herself, in regard to her disobedience to her husband for being delivered of her son Henry VI. at Windsor, which place he forbade."

In the reign of Charles II. the poor queen was made a common spectacle, for that impertinent oddity, Pepys, journalizes, with infinite satisfaction, that he had "this day kissed a queen;" and, that he might make this boast, he had kissed the mummy of Katherine the Fair, shown for the extra charge of twopence to the curious in such horrors. Nearly half a century after Pepys had thus amused himself with kissing the relics of poor Katherine of Valois, the industrious Hearne, then busy editing *Elmham's Chronicle of Henry V.*, thus writes to his friend West:—"Queen Katherine was buried in Westminster abbey. I am told that part of her skeleton is now to be seen above ground, in a wooden chest in the abbey.¹ Were I in London, I would make it one part of my business to see it, and

¹ MS. letter, Hearne's Collection, fol. 56, Oct. 27, 1727.—Brit. Mus., Lansdowne, 778.

to get an account of the true reason of its lying in such a posture. The life of the hero I am printing gives occasion to mention it." Hearne got no satisfaction, so he returned vigorously to the charge about a fortnight afterwards. "I desire," said he, "you would think of the skeleton of queen Katherine, and let me know the true reason of its being above ground. I know not any effigies of her now preserved." The dean of Westminster ordered the poor corpse to be decently buried¹ in 1776; but he was privily disobeyed, because the same disgusting traffic was carried on in 1793, for Hutton reprobates it in his Tour through the Sights of London. This exordium probably drew the attention of the then dean of Westminster, for the wretched remains of Katherine the Fair have reposed since then, sheltered from public view, in some nook of the vaults in Westminster abbey.

¹ Knight's London.



MARGARET OF ANJOU.

MARGARET OF ANJOU,

QUEEN OF HENRY VI.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage and descent of Margaret—Her birth—Baptism—Misfortunes of her father—Conjugal heroism of her mother—Margaret betrothed in infancy—Charms and early promise—Her Italian education—First proposal of Henry VI.—Margaret courted by count de Nevers—Poverty of her parents—Fame of her beauty and talents—Henry VI. obtains her portrait—Secret negotiations—Treaty of Tours—Margaret married to king Henry at Nanci—Bridal fêtes and tournaments—The daisy her badge—Poverty of Henry VI.—Attendants—Progress of Margaret through France—Margaret's scanty equipment—Bridal wardrobe—Margaret embarks for England—Lands at Porchester—Falls sick at Southampton—Married to king Henry—Splendid pageants at London—Her coronation—Foreign followers—Friendship with cardinal Beaufort—Murder of the duke of Gloucester—Margaret endows Queen's college—Banishment and murder of Suffolk—Cade's rebellion—Revolt suppressed—Queen persecutes John Payn—She favors Somerset—Wars of the roses—Death of the queen's mother—King's aberration of mind—Birth of prince Edward—Queen exercises regal power—Loses it—King's recovery—Battle of St. Alban's.

THE history of Margaret of Anjou, from the cradle to the tomb, is a tissue of the most striking vicissitudes, and replete with events of more powerful interest than are to be found in the imaginary career of any heroine of romance; for the creations of fiction, however forcibly they may appeal to our imagination, fade into insignificance before the simple majesty of truth. When we consider the stormy grandeur of character of this last and most luckless of our Provençal queens, her beauty, her learning, her energetic talents, and the important position she occupied for more than a quarter of a century in the annals of this country, —first as the unconstitutional, but certainly supreme, director of the power of the crown, and lastly as the leader

and rallying point of the friends of Lancaster, it is remarkable that no complete and authentic biography of this princess has ever been given to the world.

René of Anjou, the father of Margaret, was the second son of Louis II., king of Sicily and Jerusalem, duke of Calabria and Anjou, and count of Provence, by Yolante of Arragon. In 1420, René was, in his thirteenth year, espoused to Isabella, the heiress of Lorraine, who was only ten years old at the period of her nuptials. This lady, who was the direct descendant of Charlemagne, in addition to her princely patrimony, brought the beauty, the high spirit, and the imperial blood of that illustrious line into the family of Anjou. Her youngest daughter, Margaret, was in all respects a genuine scion of the Carlovingian race; she also inherited her father's love of learning, and his taste for poetry and the arts. English historians place the date of Margaret's birth in 1425; but this is a palpable error, for her mother, who was scarcely fifteen at that time, did not give birth to her eldest child, John of Calabria, till 1426.¹ Then came prince Louis, followed by Nicolas and Yolante, twin-children, who were born October 2, 1428. After the decease of René and his sons, Yolante took the title of queen of Sicily, as the next heir; and this circumstance, as well as her marriage-settlement, sufficiently attests the fact that she was the elder sister of our Margaret,² since the dates of the birth of children having claims to a disputed succession are generally strictly authenticated by the records of their own country. Thus we see that Margaret of Anjou was four years younger than has been generally supposed. According to the best authorities,³ Margaret was born March 23, 1429, at Pont-à-Mousson, her mother's dower-palace, one of the grandest castles in Lorraine. She was baptized under the great crucifix in the cathedral of Toul, by the bishop of that diocese. Her sponsors were

¹ Wassaburg. Villeneuve. Chron. de Lorraine.

² Again, this fact is incontestably demonstrated by the deed in which Margaret yields the reversion of her father's inheritance to Louis XI., in case the heirs of her elder sister, Yolante, should fail.

³ Richard Wassaburg, a contemporary chronicler. M. de St. Marthe. Moreri. Limiers. Prevost. Villeneuve.

her uncle, Louis III. king of Naples, and Marguerite duchess of Lorraine, her maternal grandmother.

Margaret was yet in the arms of her father's faithful nurse, Theophanie,¹ by whom she was reared, when the fierce contest for the succession to Lorraine commenced between her father and her mother's uncle, Anthony of Vaudemonte, on the death of Charles duke of Lorraine.² She was scarcely two years old when her royal sire was defeated and made prisoner by his adversary, at the battle of Bulgneville. We learn from the chronicles of Lorraine, that the infant princess Margaret was her mother's companion during the agonizing hours of suspense in which she remained at Nanci, awaiting tidings of the issue of that disastrous fight. The event was too soon announced, by the arrival of the fugitives from the lost battle. "Alas!" exclaimed the duchess, clasping her little Margaret to her bosom, "where is René, my lord? He is taken—he is slain!"³—"Madame," they replied, "be not thus abandoned to grief. The duke is in good health, though disabled and prisoner to the Burgundians." But the duchess was inconsolable. The council of Lorraine regarded her with the deepest sympathy, for she was left with four helpless children, two boys and two girls, the most beautiful ever seen.

With her infant Margaret in her arms, and leading her other little ones with her, the duchess Isabella presented herself as a weeping suppliant at the throne of her nominal *suzerain*, Charles VII., to implore his succor for the deliv-

¹ The kind-hearted René raised a beautiful monument to this humble friend, who died in the year 1458, just as queen Margaret's troubles commenced. The good king had the effigy of his nurse carved, holding in her arms two children, himself and Queen Marie, the consort of Charles VII. of France. He added an epitaph of his own writing: the lines are very *naïve* and pleasing.—*Vie du Roi René*.

² This prince dying without male issue, the duchy of Lorraine was claimed by his brother, Anthony of Vaudemonte, on pretence that it was a fief too noble to fall to the spindle side. René of Anjou asserted the right of his consort to the succession, which had been renounced by her two elder sisters.—*Mezerai*.

³ "René," says the Lorraine Chronicle, "had fought like a lion, and was not overcome till he was blinded by the blood from a wound on the left brow, the scar of which he carried to the grave."

erance of her captive lord, or that he would, at least, use his mediation in behalf of the brother of his queen. Charles had no power at that time to assist any one: he was, indeed, listless and hopeless of ever regaining possession of his own rights. The interview between him and the duchess of Lorraine was destined to produce a singular effect on his future life and the fortunes of France. The disconsolate wife of René was attended by her favorite damsel, the beautiful and eloquent Agnes Sorelle, whom, when her own grief deprived her of utterance, she desired to plead for her with the king. Charles fell passionately in love with this fair advocate, who used her unbounded influence over his mind to rouse his slumbering energies for the deliverance of his subjugated realm. Meantime, while the grandmother of our little Margaret rallied the dispirited friends of René for the defence of Nanci, the duchess Isabella, the tenderest and most courageous of conjugal heroines, disappointed in the hopes she had built on the king of France, sought an interview with her hostile kinsman to solicit the release of her captive lord and a cessation from the horrors of civil strife. Moved by her pathetic eloquence, Antoine granted a truce of six months, dated August 1, 1431. Her supplications in behalf of René were fruitless, for he had been already given up to the duke of Burgundy, by whom he was consigned to a long imprisonment at Dijon at the top of a high tower, still in existence.¹ The only condition on which the sire of Margaret could obtain even a temporary release from his thralldom was at the price of bestowing his eldest daughter, Yolante, then in her ninth year, on the heir of his rival, the young Ferry, or Frederic, of Vaudemonte, with part of the

¹ Here, to dissipate the sorrow of his captivity, René employed himself in painting. The chapel of the castle of Dijon was enriched with beautiful miniatures, on painted glass, by the royal hand of the father of our Margaret of Anjou. It was this exertion of his talents that finally terminated his captivity, for Philip the Good was so much pleased with the sight of his own portrait, painted on glass by his interesting prisoner, that he sought an interview with him, clasped him in his arms, and, after expressing the greatest admiration for his talents, offered to mediate with Antoine de Vaudemonte for his liberation. This portrait, together with one of Jean sans Peur, the father of duke Philip, was placed in the window of the church of Chartreuse at Dijon, but was demolished at the French revolution of the Terror.

disputed lands of Lorraine for her portion.¹ The little Margaret was soon after betrothed to Pierre of Luxembourg, the son of count St. Pol, whose squire had cut René down at the battle of Bulgneville.² René being pledged to pay a heavy sum of money to the duke of Burgundy for his ransom, was obliged to give his two boys as his hostages, and to resign Yolante to her new mother-in-law; so that, of their four beautiful children, the infant Margaret was the only one who returned to Nanci with her parents. Such a meeting and such a parting as that of René with his family was never before witnessed, and the '*petite créature*' Margaret, as she is called by the chroniclers of Lorraine, is said to have testified the utmost sensibility on this occasion.³

The death of the virtuous Margaret of Bavaria, the grandmother of this princess, at the close of the year 1434, increased the affliction of her family. But a heavier trial awaited Margaret and her parents. King René, being unable to fulfil the conditions of his release, was compelled to deliver himself up to his captors. His imprisonment was shared by his eldest son, Jean of Calabria: the younger, Louis, was restored to the arms of his sorrowing mother and sister. In 1436, on the death of René's eldest brother, Louis king of Naples, the succession of his realms devolved on the royal captive, and his faithful consort Isabella prepared to assert his rights. Among the illustrious females of the fifteenth century, the mother of Margaret of Anjou holds a distinguished place, alike for her commanding talents, her great personal endowments, her courage, and conjugal tenderness. It was from this parent that Margaret inherited those energies which the sternest shocks of adversity were

¹ Chronicles of Lorraine. Mezerai.

■ Monstrelet tells us, that when a peace was at last concluded, through the mediation of the duke of Burgundy, between René and the count de Vaudemonte, it was agreed that the eldest son of the count should marry the eldest daughter of René, who was to give her annually six thousand francs, and a certain sum in ready money on the day of her marriage.—Chron. de Monstrelet, vol. i. p. 611. This is sufficient proof of the primogeniture of Yolante. And again, Monstrelet mentions, soon after, the proposal for an alliance between the son of the count de St. Pol and Margaret, whom he calls one of the younger daughters of the duke of Barr, René of Anjou.—Ibid., 613.

■ Villeneuve.

unable to subdue. With such a mother as Isabella of Lorraine, the patroness of Agnes Sorelle, and the contemporary of Joan of Arc, born and nurtured amidst scenes of civil warfare and domestic calamity, it is scarcely wonderful if the characteristics of Anjou's heroine partook of the temper of the times in which she was unhappily thrown.

While the queen of the Two Sicilies, as the consort of René of Anjou was now styled, was arranging her measures for asserting by force of arms the claims of her captive lord to the disputed succession of Naples, she took up her abode with Margaret and Louis at the château of Tarascon, on the banks of the Rhone. The Provençals, whose poetic feelings were passionately excited by the advent of the consort and lovely children of their captive prince, followed them in crowds wherever they appeared, singing songs in their praise, strewing flowers at their feet, presenting them with votive wreaths, and nightly kindling bonfires before the palace, to preserve them from infection. Nostradamus adds a very marvellous story of a number of witches and evil fairies, who intruded themselves among the loyal throngs that came to gaze on those very beautiful and excellent creatures, "the infanta¹ Marguerite and her brother."

The fearful visitation of the plague compelled the queen of the Sicilies to hurry her precious little ones from Tarascon. She embarked with them at Marseilles for Naples, where, however, the pestilence from which they had fled at Provence was raging. The royal strangers took up their abode at Capua, the ancient palace of the family of Anjou in Naples. Queen Isabella caused her captive husband to be proclaimed king of the Two Sicilies, at which ceremony little Margaret and her brother were seated by their royal mother in the triumphal chair of state, covered with velvet and embroidered with gold, in which this conjugal heroine was borne through the streets of Naples.

René was chiefly indebted for his deliverance from bondage to the exertions of his faithful consort. In the treaty for his liberation, the following remarkable article was pro-

¹ The old Provençal writers style our Margaret of Anjou 'the infanta.'

posed by the duke of Burgundy, which affords an indication that the English alliance was contemplated as early as 1453-36:—"And to cement the peace between the two powers, Margaret of Anjou, second daughter to the king René, shall espouse the young king of England." This was nine years before the marriage took place, the bride being but six years old; it appears a mere suggestion on the side of Burgundy,¹ without any sanction of the English, and was opposed by Charles VII. Margaret of Anjou remained at the Capua palace with her heroic mother till the year 1438, when René, having obtained his freedom, made his entry into Naples on a stately white charger, attended by his Provençal followers. After tenderly embracing Margaret and her mother, he conducted them to the elegant palace, finished with the utmost profusion of luxury by his voluptuous predecessor, Joanna II. Here, in the soft air of Italy, Margaret proceeded in her education under the care of her mother and her brother's learned tutor Antoine de Salle, author of some of the earliest romances of French literature, written, it is supposed, for the amusement of his royal pupil, "because," says Antoine, in his dedication, "you were always very fond, my prince, of hearing me tell you little tales."

In the year 1443, Margaret returned to Lorraine with her royal mother, having first experienced the grief of losing her brother, prince Louis, with whom she had been educated. Previous to that event, the contract of marriage with the count de St. Pol having been broken off, her hand was sought by the count de Nevers, nephew to the duke of Burgundy, and matters were so far advanced that a day was appointed for the articles to be signed; but when it was discovered that a clause had been inserted disinheriting the children that might be born of her elder sister Yolante and Ferry of Vaudemonte, Charles VII., whose consort, Mary of Anjou, was aunt to both princesses, would not permit the alliance to take place on such conditions. Count de St.

¹ Isabella duchess of Burgundy, was a princess of the Lancastrian blood, being the daughter of the king of Portugal, by Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt.

Pol renewed his suit after the death of prince Louis; but, according to Nostradamus, the idea of the more splendid alliance with the king of England prevented his acceptance. Anjou and Maine, king René's patrimony (inherited as the appanage of his ancestor, Charles of Anjou, younger brother of St. Louis), were occupied by the troops of England; so that he could scarcely be said to possess a single undisputed town or castle, and his family and himself were reduced to a state of penury, which their illustrious descent and lofty titles only rendered the more conspicuous. But, however painfully these adversities might be felt by his consort and children, René regarded the frowns of fortune with philosophical indifference:¹ he retired into Provence, and occupied himself with writing verses and composing music, for which he possessed no ordinary talents.² The precocious charms and talents of his second daughter, meantime, created a lively sensation at the court of her aunt, the queen of France, with whom she then lived. "There was no princess in Christendom," says Barante,³ "more accomplished than my lady Marguerite of Anjou. She was already renowned in France for her beauty and wit, and all the misfortunes of her father had only given her an opportunity of displaying her lofty spirit and courage." "The report of these charms," according to another learned but somewhat romantic French author, "first reached Henry VI. through the medium of a gentleman of Anjou, named Champchevrier, a prisoner at large (belong-

¹ So little resemblance was there in character between René and his energetic daughter Margaret, that it is related of him, that when the news of the loss of one of his kingdoms was brought to him while he was engaged in painting a partridge from nature, he paid no attention to the communication; nor would he see the messenger till he had given the finishing strokes to his design.

² René's original compositions in music have in this century been revived, to the delight of his native country, and, indeed, of Europe. He was the inventor of the opera ballet; and the drama of *La Tentation*, performed with much splendor at Paris in 1832, was originally composed by this prince. The wild story is his own, and the delightful melodies his composition, which have been merely tamed and regulated by modern art. This prince, adored for his beneficence by his people, who named him 'the Good,' was scorned by the destructive nobles of his era, as *fainéant* and feeble-minded.

³ The learned chronicler of the duke of Burgundy.

ing to sir John Falstolf), with whom king Henry was accustomed to converse occasionally; and he gave so eloquent a description of the rare endowments which nature had bestowed on the portionless daughter of the titular king of the Two Sicilies, that Henry despatched him to the court of Lorraine to procure a portrait of the young princess." This statement is quite consistent with Henry's proceedings in regard to the preliminaries for his alliance with a daughter of the count of Armagnac; for we find, by the curious correspondence between the two courts, that a painter named Hans was employed by the youthful monarch to paint the portraits of the three daughters of that prince, for his satisfaction. Henry was very explicit in his directions that the likenesses should be perfect, requiring that the young ladies "should be painted in their kirtles simple, and their visages like as ye see; and their stature and their beauty, the color of their skin and their countenances."¹ The commissioners "were to urge the artist to use great expedition, and to send the picture or 'ymagine' over to the king as quickly as possible, that he might make his choice between the three."²

Champchevrier, more successful in his mission than the reverend plenipotentiaries who had endeavored to negotiate the matrimonial treaty with the court of Armagnac, obtained a portrait of Margaret painted by one of the first artists in France, who was employed, our author adds, by the earl of Suffolk. This is not unlikely, for Suffolk was the ostensible instrument in this marriage; but the real person with whom the project for a union between Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou originated appears to have been no other than cardinal Beaufort, the great-uncle of the king.³ The education of Henry VI. having been super-

¹ Beekington's Journal, edited by sir Harris Nicolas, p. 9.

² There is much correspondence in Beekington's Journal as to these portraits, which were painted in oil on canvas. The count of Armagnac, who, it seems, was only amusing the English with negotiations he never intended to fulfil, states, "that one of the portraits is done, and the others shall be completed with all speed;" but they certainly never reached England.

³ Barante's Chronicles of the Dukes of Burgundy. Guthrie's folio History of England.

intended by the cardinal, he was fully aware of the want of energy and decision in his character, which rendered it desirable to provide him with a consort whose intellectual powers would be likely to supply his constitutional defects, and whose acquirements might render her a suitable companion for so learned and refined a prince.¹ In Margaret of Anjou all these requisites were united, with beauty, eloquence, and every attribute calculated to win unbounded influence over the plastic mind of the youthful sovereign. She was, moreover, at that tender and unreflective age at which she might be rendered a powerful auxiliary in the cardinal's political views. Under these circumstances, there can be little doubt from whom Champchevrier had received his cue, when he described to Henry, in such glowing colors, the charms and mental graces of the very princess to whom cardinal Beaufort wished to unite him.

Sir John Falstolf, not being in the secret, was greatly enraged at the departure of his prisoner without insuring the payment of his ransom, and employed the duke of Gloucester, with whom he enjoyed some credit, to write a letter to the king of France, explaining the circumstance, and entreating that he might be restored to him.² According to the laws of chivalry, no prince was justified in extending his protection to a captive who had forfeited his 'parole of honor;' therefore king Charles issued orders for the arrest of Champchevrier, who was taken on his way from the court of Lorraine towards England. He was brought before the king of France at Vincennes, and fully cleared himself from all imputations on his honor, by producing a safe-conduct to Lorraine signed by king Henry, and explaining the nature of the mission on which he had been employed by that prince. Charles VII. was highly amused at the information thus obtained of his nephew's love-affairs; and being struck with the great advantages that might result to himself and his harassed kingdom, if an alliance were actually to be formed between Henry and

¹ Barante's *Chronicles of the Dukes of Burgundy*. Guthrie's *folio History of England*.

² This letter is still in existence in the royal archives of France.—Prevost.

his fair kinswoman, he released Champchevrier, and enjoined him to return to the court of England without delay, and make use of every representation in his power to incline king Henry to choose the lady Margaret for his queen.

The reappearance of Champchevrier at Windsor, and his frequent conferences with the king, caused, it is added, suspicions as to the nature of the business on which he had been employed in the mind of the duke of Gloucester, who kept a jealous espionage on the actions of his royal nephew. These suspicions were confirmed when king Henry undertook himself to satisfy Sir John Falstolf for the ransom of his prisoner, and despatched him a second time on a secret mission to the court of Lorraine. Henry VI. was then in his four-and-twentieth year, beautiful in person, of a highly cultivated and refined mind, holy and pure in thought and deed, resisting with virtuous indignation the attempts of the unprincipled females of his court to entangle him in the snares of illicit passion,¹ yet pining for the sweet ties of conjugal love and sympathy. The loneliness of his condition, and "his earnest desire to live under the holy sacrament of marriage," are pathetically set forth by the bachelor-monarch in his curious instructions to the commissioners employed, two years before, to conduct the negotiations between him and the court of Armagnac.²

The choice of a consort for the young king was the deciding contest for political mastery between those fierce rival kinsmen, the duke of Gloucester and cardinal Beaufort. Gloucester's favorite project, of uniting his royal nephew with a princess of the house of Armagnac, was rendered abortive by Henry's determination not to commit himself in any way till he had seen the portraits of the ladies;³ and while the count of Armagnac, who was playing a double game with the court of France, delayed the artist's progress for diplomatic reasons, the lively transcript of the charms of his lovely kinswoman, Margaret of Anjou,

¹ When the ladies presented themselves before him immodestly attired, the young king turned away, with this primitive rebuke:—"Fie, fie! forsooth, ye be much to blame."

² Beckington's Journal, edited by sir Harris Nicolas, p. 7.

³ Ibid.

made an indelible impression on the heart of the youthful monarch, and he resolved to obtain her hand at any sacrifice. The sacrifice was, after all, much less than has been represented; and Henry VI., in his ardent desire to give peace to his exhausted realm, proved himself a more enlightened ruler than his renowned sire, who had deluged the continent with blood, and rendered the crown bankrupt, in the vain attempt to unite England and France. The national pride of the English prompted them to desire a continuance of the contest, but it was a contest no less ruinous now to England than to France; and cardinal Beaufort, with the other members of Henry's cabinet, being destitute of the means of maintaining the war, were only too happy to enter into amicable negotiations with France, to be cemented by a matrimonial alliance between king Henry and Margaret of Anjou, who, through her grandmother, Margaret of Bavaria, was nearly related both to Charles VII. and to Henry.

4 In January, 1344, the commissioners of England, France, and Burgundy were appointed to meet at Tours, to negotiate a truce with France, preparatory to a peace, the basis and cement of which were to be the marriage of the young king of England with the beautiful niece of the queen of France. Many historians are of opinion that the matrimonial treaty, with all its startling articles, had been privately settled between the courts of England, France, and Lorraine before the publication of the commission for negotiating the truce.¹ Suffolk, who was appointed the ambassador-extraordinary on this occasion, was so much alarmed at the responsibility he was likely to incur, that he actually presented a petition to the king, praying to be excused from the office that had been put upon him, nor could he be prevailed upon to accept it till he was secured from personal peril by an order from the king, under the great seal, enjoining him to undertake, without fear or scruple, the commission which had been given him.² Thus assured, Suffolk was, in an evil hour

¹ Guthrie. Barante. Speed.

² Rymer's *Fœdera*. It is remarkable that Suffolk, Molyns, and Wenlock, the commissioners in this treaty, all came to violent ends.

for himself and all parties concerned, persuaded to stand in the gap, by becoming the procurator of the most unpopular peace and fatal marriage that were ever negotiated by a prime-minister of England. As a preliminary, a truce for two years was signed, May 28, 1444.

Neither money nor lands were demanded for the dowry of the bride, whose charms and high endowments were allowed by the gallant ambassadors of England "to outweigh all the riches in the world."¹ When the proposal was made in form to the father of the young Margaret, he replied, in the spirit of a knight-errant, "That it would be inconsistent with his honor to bestow his daughter in marriage on the usurper of his hereditary dominions, Anjou and Maine;"² and he demanded the restoration of those provinces as an indispensable condition in the marriage-articles. This demand was backed by the king of France, and, after a little hesitation, ceded by king Henry and his council. The handsome and accomplished count de Nevers, who was a prince of the house of Burgundy, a soldier and a poet, was at the same time a candidate for the hand of the royal Provençal beauty, to whom he was passionately attached;³ and it is probable that the competition of this formidable rival, who was on the spot, withal, to push his suit in person, might have had some effect in influencing king Henry to a decision more lover-like than politic.

As soon as the conditions of the marriage were settled, Suffolk returned to bring the subject before parliament, where he had to encounter a stormy opposition from the duke of Gloucester and his party, who were equally hostile to a peace with France and a marriage with a daughter of the house of Anjou. Suffolk, however, only acted as the agent of cardinal Beaufort, who possessed an ascendancy not only in the council but with the parliament; and, above all, the inclinations of the royal bachelor being entirely on his side, his triumph over Gloucester was complete. Suffolk was dignified with the title of marquis, and invested with full powers to espouse the lady Margaret of Anjou, as the

¹ Speed. Rapin. Guthrie. Barante.

² Rapin.

³ Villeneuve.

proxy of his sovereign.¹ There is, in Rymer's *Fœdera*, a letter from the king, addressed to Suffolk as the grand seneschal of his household, dated October 28, 1444, in which he says:—"As you have lately, by the divine favor and grace, in our name and for us, engaged verbally the excellent, magnificent, and very bright Margareta, the serene daughter of the king of Sicily, and sworn that we shall contract matrimony with her, we consent and will that she be conducted to us over seas, from her country and friends, at our expense." Suffolk, accompanied by his lady, and a splendid train of the nobility, had sailed from England on this fatal mission some time before, and proceeded to Nanci. The king, queen, and the dauphiness of France, the dukes of Bretagne and Alençon, and, in short, all the most distinguished personages of the courts of France and Lorraine, were there assembled, to do honor to the espousals of the youthful Margaret.²

Historians vary as to the time and place of this ceremonial, but, according to the best authorities, it was solemnized in November, 1444, by Louis d'Harancourt, bishop of Toul, at Nanci, in St. Martin's church, where, in the presence of her illustrious parents, the royal family of France, and a concourse of nobles and ladies, the marquess of Suffolk espoused the lady Margaret in the name and as the proxy of his sovereign, Henry VI. of England.³ Drayton, in his poetical chronicle, after quaintly enumerating the rank and number of the distinguished guests at queen Margaret's espousals, thus elegantly alludes to the charms of the royal bride:—

"Whilst that only she,
Like to the rosy morning towards its rise,
Cheers all the church, as it doth cheer the skies."

King René indulged his passion for pageantry and courtly games at these nuptials to his heart's content. A tournament was proclaimed in honor of the young queen of England, at which throngs of princely knights and gallant warriors wore garlands of daisies in the lists, out of compliment

¹ Rymer's *Fœdera*. Guthrie. Parliamentary Rolls.

² Stowe. Monstrelet. Barante. Villeneuve.

■ Ibid.



NANCY.

to the royal bride of fifteen,¹ who had chosen this flower for her emblem. Among those who particularly distinguished themselves on this occasion were Charles of Anjou, the gallant uncle of the bride, and Pierre de Brezé, lord of Varenne and seneschal of Normandy, one of the commissioners who negotiated the marriage-treaty of the beautiful Margaret, in whose service, during the melancholy period of the wars of the roses, he afterwards performed such romantic exploits.² Charles VII. appeared in the lists more than once in honor of his fair kinswoman: he bore on his shield the serpent of the fairy Melusina. He tilted with the father of the royal bride, by whom, however, he was vanquished. The most distinguished renown was won by Margaret's forsaken spouse, the count St. Pol, who received the prize from the hands of her aunt, the queen of France, and her mother, the queen of Sicily.³ It is to be observed that Suffolk took no part in the jousts or games. Such exercises were, in fact, little suited to his grave years, which greatly outnumbered those of the father of the youthful bride, notwithstanding all that poets and romancing historians of later times have feigned on the subject of the imaginary passion of Margaret for the hoary proxy of her lord.

The bridal festivities lasted eight days, and the spot where the tournament was held is still called, in memory of that circumstance, the 'Place de Carrière.' All the noble ladies in Lorraine came from their gothic castles to be present at these fêtes, where the beauty and chivalry of France, England, and Burgundy were assembled.⁴ The long-delayed

¹ The following passage is in the original words of Richard Wassaburg, a contemporary of Margaret, who was personally known to him, and his testimony as to her age is of great importance:—"Madame Margaret d'Anjou, fille du roi René, estante en age quinze ans (car nous trouvons qu'elle fut née en l'an mil quatre cent vingt neuf), fiancée au Henri roi d'Angleterre."

² Barante. Monstrelet.

³ Wassaburg. Barante.

⁴ Agnes Sorelle, the all-powerful mistress of Charles VII., who had twelve years previously been maid of honor to queen Margaret's mother, made a conspicuous appearance at this tournament. She was called "the lady of Beauty," and on this occasion assumed the dress of an Amazon, wearing a suit of fanciful armor blazing with jewels, in which she came on the ground, mounted on a superb charger splendidly caparisoned. Such were the morals at the court of the last of the Provençal sovereigns, that the presence of "la belle Agnes," far

marriage of Margaret's elder sister with her cousin, Ferry of Vaudemonte, was completed at the same time, under the following romantic circumstances :—"Ferry, who was passionately enamoured of his beautiful *fiancée* Yolante, to whom he had been betrothed upwards of nine years, rendered desperate by the delays of her father (who never intended to allow her to fulfil her forced engagement with the son of his adversary), formed and executed a plan with a band of adventurous young chevaliers for carrying her off at the nuptial tournament of her young sister Margaret. King René was very angry at first, but was induced, by the mediation of the king and queen of France and the best of the royal company, to forgive the gallant trespass of the long-defrauded bridegroom, and a general reconciliation took place, in which all past rancors were forgotten, and the pageants and games were renewed with fresh spirit."¹

At the conclusion of the eight days' fête, Margaret was solemnly delivered to the marquess and marchioness of Suffolk, and took a mournful farewell of her weeping kindred and friends. "Never," say the chroniclers of her native land, "was a young princess more deeply loved in the bosom of her own family." Charles VII. of France, who regarded her with paternal interest, accompanied her two leagues from Nanci, clasped her at parting many times in his arms, and said, with his eyes full of tears :—"I seem to have done nothing for you, my niece, in placing you on one of the greatest thrones in Europe, for it is scarcely worthy of possessing you." Sobs stifled his voice,—Margaret could only reply with a torrent of tears: they parted, and saw each other no more. Charles returned to Nanci, with his eyes swollen with weeping.² A harder parting took place with her father, who went with her as far as Barr; there he commended her to God, but neither the father nor the daughter could add a farewell to each other, but turned away with full hearts, without uttering a single word.³

from being regarded as an insult to the virgin bride, in whose honor the tournament was held, or to her aunt the queen of France and the dauphiness, was considered to add the greatest *éclat* to the fêtes.—Barante.

¹ Villeneuve. Wassaburg.

² Barante. Monstrelet. Wassaburg.

■ Villeneuve.

These regrets, in which persons who were, by the etiquettes and restraints of royalty, taught to conceal every emotion of the heart so passionately indulged on this occasion, are evidences of the amiable and endearing qualities of the youthful Margaret, or her loss would not have been so deeply lamented when she was departing from a precarious and care-clouded home to fulfil a destiny most brilliant in its delusive splendor.

Margaret's eldest brother, John duke of Calabria, and the duke of Alençon, attended her on her route; but she travelled with her own train, as queen of England, under the protection of the marquess of Suffolk and his wife.¹ This lady, who was the grand-daughter and heiress of Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was also first cousin to cardinal Beaufort, and was, doubtless on that account, selected by him as the chaperon, or state-governess, of the virgin bride of Henry VI. It was probably through the influence of the marchioness of Suffolk that the young queen formed that inviolable bond of friendship with all the princes of the house of Beaufort which afterwards involved her in great unpopularity. The countess of Shrewsbury and the lady Emma de Scales were also in the personal retinue of the young queen. There were, besides, five barons and baronesses in attendance on her, who were paid for their services 4s. 6d. per day; seventeen knights, including her two carvers, at 2s. 6d. per day. Breknoke, the clerk of her comptroller's wages, and those of his coadjutor, John Everdon, were equal to those of the knights. Sixty-five squires received each 1s. 6d. per day; one hundred and seventy-four valets at 6d. per day; nineteen palfrey-men and sumpter-men, 4d. per day; and, in addition to those who received wages, many persons were attached to the suite who served gratuitously.² In anticipation of Margaret's

¹ Through the especial kindness and courtesy of the Rev. George C. Tomlinson, the learned vicar of Staughton, Huntingdonshire, in favoring us with various important extracts from the curious MS. accounts of the clerk of the comptroller of queen Margaret's household, called the Breknoke Computus, we are enabled to give many new and interesting facts connected with the bridal of this queen.

² Breknoke Computus.

arrival, king Henry wrote a quaint and earnest letter to the goldsmiths' company, "entreating them to do their *devoir* at the coming of his entirely well-beloved wife, the queen, whom he expected, through God's grace, to have with him in right brief time." This letter is dated November 30, 1444, but the advent of the royal bride was delayed nearly four months.

We are indebted to the Breknoke Computus for the following diary of the last three weeks of Margaret's journey to England:—"Pontoise, March the 18th. This day the lady Margaret, the queen, came with her family to supper at the expense of our lord the king. Cost, 12*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.*—Friday, 19th. The queen went to sup with the duke of York, at Mantes. Cost, 5*l.* 5*s.* 1*d.*—Saturday, 20th. To dine with the duke of York, at the same place. Cost, 4*l.* 7*s.* 5½*d.*" These were important days in the journal, not only of the bridal progress, but in the life of Margaret of Anjou,—her first introduction to the prince whose rival claims to her husband's throne proved in the end fatal to them both. The entertainment received by the royal bride must have been agreeable to her, as she repeated her visit. We gather from this entry that Margaret's acquaintance with the duke of York preceded her introduction to the king her husband. On the 20th of March she proceeded from Mantes to Vernon, where she slept. On the 23d she arrived at Rouen. There is an item of 4*s.* 9*d.* for fourteen pairs of shoes, bestowed by Margaret on various poor women on her journey from Mantes. At Rouen she remained a week, and there two curious entries occur. The first certifies the fact that the young queen made purchase of some articles of second-hand plate of a goldsmith of that town;¹ the second, that her want of money was so pressing that she was compelled to pawn divers vessels of mock

¹ To John Tabaude, goldsmith at Rouen, for taking out and removing the arms of Henry de Luxembourg, lately chancellor of France, from sundry silver vessels bought from him by the lady the queen, together with . . . of the afore-said silver vessels, and the polishing of the same. In reward given to him on the 12th day of March, 1445, by the hands of William Elmesley, valet of the jewels to the lord the king, 2*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*—Breknoke Computus.

silver to the duchess of Somerset,¹ to raise funds for some of the expenses of her journey.

Margaret left Rouen, and slept at Bokamshard monastery, March 31st. The next day she proceeded to Pountamdeur; she reached Hounfleet April 3d, where she remained several days. A small English vessel, called the 'Trinity,' of Colchester, on the 8th of the same month transported her and her suite to the port of Kiddecaws, where the 'Cokke John,' of Cherbourg, the ship appointed for her voyage, had been long waiting her arrival. The Breknoke Computus proves a payment of 5*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.* to the pilot attending in the 'Cokke John,' also to the purser of the same, 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, price of a large cable bought by him for the security of the said ship whilst riding at anchor near Kiddecaws, and of 9*l.* 7*s.* for making conveniences in the vessel,—viz., divers chambers and cabins, and a bridge for the ingress and egress of the lady queen. These ships had been in commission ever since the 5th of September, 1444.²

Margaret's long sojourn on the continent was caused by the necessity of the king summoning a new parliament, for the purpose of obtaining the needful supplies for his marriage. It met at Westminster, February 25, 1445. The king remained seated in his chair of state, while his chancellor, Stafford archbishop of Canterbury, explained the cause for which parliament was summoned in a species of political sermon, commencing with this text, "Justice and peace have kissed each other." He then proceeded to notify the suspension of hostilities in France, and the marriage between the king and Margaret, daughter of the king of Sicily; "by which two happy events he nothing doubted but, through God's grace, justice and peace should be firmly established throughout the realm."³ The parliament granted a half-fifteenth on all movable goods to the king, to defray

¹ In money paid to Thomas Dawson, Esq., in the service of the lady duchess of Somerset, coming from Rouen to London with divers vessels of *mock silver* belonging to the lady the queen, mortgaged to the said duchess for a certain sum of money advanced by her for the wages of divers mariners, etc. In reward to him for his expenses and safe carriage of the said vessels, etc., 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*—*Ibid.* This entry is cancelled in the original MS.

² They were paid off the 11th of April, 1445.

³ Parliamentary History.

the expenses of the late commission for the truce with France and his marriage; and was then prorogued till the 29th of April, to allow the necessary interval for the arrival of the new queen, and the solemnization of the royal nuptials.

There is a curious document in the *Fœdera*, in which the needy sovereign makes an assignment of part of his half-fifteenth, granted but not yet raised, to a certain knight, for the purchase of his jewel of St. George; and also as security for the sum of two thousand marks, "which," says Henry, "our beloved knight has now lent us in *prest* [ready] money, at the contemplation of the coming of our most best-beloved wife the queen now into our presence." Among other pitiable expedients to which the unfortunate sovereign was reduced in order to meet his bridal expenses, there is an order directing "that the remaining third part of one of the crown jewels, called the 'rich collar,' whereof two portions had already been pledged to his uncle cardinal Beaufort for two thousand marks, 'in the time,' as Henry pathetically observes, 'of our great necessity,' should be delivered to the said most worshipful father in God, and a patent made out securing to him the first two parts, and for the delivery of the third."¹ This jewel was never redeemed by the impoverished king, who was, in fact, compelled to pawn all his private jewels and household plate, to provide the equipages and other indispensable articles required for his marriage and the coronation of the young queen. Poverty was the plague which pursued Margaret all her life at her father's court, and was ready to receive her in Henry's palace.

The funds necessary for her reception having been at length obtained, the royal bride embarked with her train, as previously mentioned, April 8th, and on the following day landed at Porchester. She was so much indisposed with the voyage that Suffolk carried her from the boat to the shore in his arms. A terrible storm greeted Margaret of Anjou almost as soon as she set foot on shore; but the people, notwithstanding the thunder and lightning, ran in

¹ Rymer's *Fœdera*, from the Pell Roll, 23d of Henry VI.

crowds to look at her, and the men of Porchester courteously strewn their streets with rushes for her to pass over. She was conducted to a convent at Portsmouth, called Godde's House, where, having reposed a little, she entered the church, and there made her oblation of 6s. 8d. The following day, Saturday, the 10th, she was rowed to Southampton in great state. The sum of 1*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* was paid to seven foreign trumpeters "for playing on the decks of two Genoese galleys, as they passed our lady queen between Portsmouth and Southampton." At Southampton, as at Portsmouth, the young queen lodged in a religious hospital called Godde's House.¹ Here she was seized with a dangerous cutaneous malady, which, from king Henry's quaint and homely description of its symptoms in his letter to his chancellor, appears to have been no other than the small-pox.² This sickness "of his most dear and best-beloved wife the queen" is stated by Henry to be the cause why he could not keep the feast of St. George at Windsor castle.³ He had been waiting some days at Southwick to welcome his long-expected bride, and remained there in anxious suspense during the period of her alarming illness, till she was sufficiently recovered to join him there. "In the Breknoke Computus we have the following entry of money paid to master Francis, the physician who had attended the queen on her journey and voyage to England, for divers spices, confections, and powders, bought and provided by him for making medicines for the safe-keeping of the person of the said lady the queen, as well by land as by sea, by precept of the marquess of Suffolk at Southampton, on the 10th day of April, in the 23d year of the reign of the king 3*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.*" A very reasonable doctor's bill, our readers will allow, considering the rank and importance of the patient.

Our records bear witness of the fact that Margaret's bridal wardrobe was so scantily furnished that king Henry

¹ The house of this name at Portsmouth was founded by Peter de Rupibus, bishop of Winchester; whilst God's House at Southampton was founded by two merchants. Both were hospitals for sick travellers, 'from the humblest voyager to the monarch or his bride.'

² Preface to sir Harris Nicolas's *Acts of the Privy Council*, vol. i. p. 18.

■ *Ibid.*, p. 16.

was under the necessity of supplying her with array suitable to a queen of England before she could appear publicly in that character. As soon as she arrived at Southampton, indeed, an express was forwarded to London for an English dress-maker to wait on her, as we find from the following payment:—"To John Pole, valet, sent from Southampton to London, by command of the marquess of Suffolk, with three horses, for Margaret Chamberlayne, tyre-maker, to bring her into the presence of the lady queen, for divers affairs touching the said lady queen. For the expenses, going and coming, by gift of the queen, 1*l*."¹

The nuptials of Margaret of Anjou and Henry VI. were solemnized on the 22d of April, 1445, in Titchfield abbey.² The bridal ring had been made in the preceding January from a ring of gold, garnished with a fair ruby, which had formerly been presented to the king by his uncle, cardinal Beaufort, "with the which," he says, "we were sacré-d on the day of our coronation at Paris,"—a jewel of inauspicious omen.³ The beautiful young queen received from one of her new subjects, on the occasion of her bridal, a present—not of a lap-dog, but the more characteristic offering of a lion; and the following entry by Breknoke specifies the cost incurred by the addition of this royal pet to the charges of the household:—"To John Fouke and Peryn Galyman, for the food and keeping of a lion, presented to the lady the queen at Titchfield, together with the carriage of the same lion from thence to the Tower of London; for the expenses thereof, and of the said lion, 2*l*. 5*s*. 3*d*."

Margaret had completed her fifteenth year exactly one month before her marriage with king Henry; and, notwithstanding the dissatisfaction of the nation at her want of dower, their contempt for the indigence of her father, and the prejudice created by her close connection with the royal family of France, her youth, her beauty, and noble presence

¹ Breknoke Computus.

² Stowe. Hall.

³ There is in the same document a curious inventory of rings and ouches, with other jewels, which the king bestowed as New-year's gifts on his uncles and nobles, who were in far better condition to make presents to their impoverished sovereign than he to them, in honor of his nuptials.—Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. xi. p. 75.

procured her an enthusiastic welcome wherever she appeared. The people pressed in crowds to gaze upon her, and all the nobility and chivalry of England wore her emblem-flower, the daisy,¹ in their caps and bonnets of estate, when they came, with their retainers and servants clad in sumptuous liveries, in all the pomp and pride of feudality, to meet and welcome the royal bride on her Londonward progress. Drayton alludes to this picturesque compliment in the following couplet:—

“Of either sex, who doth not now delight
To wear the daisy for queen Marguerite?”

King Henry, in compliment to his lovely and beloved consort, caused her emblem-flower to be enamelled and engraved on his plate.²

By no one was Margaret treated with more peculiar marks of respect on her bridal progress than by the duke of Gloucester, who, as if to atone for his opposition to her marriage with his royal nephew, came to meet her at Blackheath, with five hundred men wearing his livery and badge, to do her honor,³ and so conducted her to his palace at Greenwich, where she was refreshed. Great preparations had been made in London and its vicinity for the reception of the young queen. Triumphal arches were erected across the road through which she was to pass, and “many costly pageants were made ready,” says Fabyan, “of divers old histories, to her great comfort, and that of such as came with her.”—“On the 28th of May, queen Margaret was met at Blackheath by an equestrian procession, consisting of the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs of the city of London, in scarlet, and the crafts of the same, all riding on horseback, in blue gowns, with embroidered sleeves and red hoods, who conveyed her with her train through Southwark, and so on

¹ Drayton's Chronicle. Stowe likewise says, “Her badge was the daisy flower.”

² Among the recently published records of the royal jewels, we find these entries:—“*Item*, one salt-cellar of gold, and cover, enamelled with the arms of the king and the flowers called ‘marguerites,’ the boss garnished with one balass, given by the lord king to queen Margaret. Likewise a pitcher or jug of gold, the foot garnished with a sapphire, given by the king to queen Margaret.”

³ Stowe's Annals.

to the city of London, which was then beautified with pageants of divers histories and other shows of welcome, marvellous costly and sumptuous, of which I can only name a few. At the bridge-foot towards Southwark was a pageant of Peace and Plenty; and at every street-corner, in allusion to the text of the parliamentary sermon, two puppets, in a moving pageant called Justice and Peace, were made to kiss each other. Noah's ship (the ark) upon the bridge, with verses in English. At Leadenhall, Madame Grace, the chancellor of God. At the inn in Cornhill, St. Margaret. At the great conduit in Cheapside, the five Wise and Foolish Virgins. At the cross in the Cheap, the Heavenly Jerusalem, with verses. At Paul's gate, the General Resurrection and Judgment, with verses accordingly, all made by John Lydgate."¹

Margaret was crowned at Westminster, May 30th, with a degree of royal splendor little suited to the exhausted treasury of her enamoured consort; but, doubtless, to the no small satisfaction of the faithful steward, squire, and minstrels of her father, who came to witness the coronation of their princess, and report the same in their own land. A few notices of the grants bestowed on those hungry Anjevins and Italians are to be found in the Issue rolls.² In

¹ Stowe.

² "To John d'Escose, an esquire of the king of Sicily, who, as the subject of the queen's father, left his own occupations abroad, and came in the queen's retinue to witness the ceremony of her coronation, in money paid to him, 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* To five minstrels of the king of Sicily, who lately came to England to witness the state and grand solemnity on the day of the queen's coronation, and to make a report thereof, 10*l.* each. To two minstrels of the duke of Milan, who came on the same errand, to report the same to the princes and people of their country; the king, by the advice of his council, to each of the said minstrels paid five marks. To John de Serrencourt, king René's steward, who came to witness queen Margaret's coronation and report the same, thirty-three marks."—Issue Rolls, 452. King Henry's bounties on this occasion were certainly not confined to the queen's foreign followers. "He granted to William Adams, the master of the vessel which conveyed his beloved consort queen Margaret safely to England, an annuity of twenty-one marks for life, as a reward for that good and acceptable service." He also granted "a hundred pounds, to be paid out of the customs on wool and skins at Southampton, to his secretary William Andrews, for his services during his attendance on the queen in foreign parts."—Rymer's *Fœdera*.

addition to all the splendid pageantry in honor of Margaret's bridal and coronation, a tournament was held at Westminster, which lasted three days, and was brilliantly attended. The lists occupied the whole space between Palace-yard and the Sanctuary.¹

A few weeks after the coronation of Margaret of Anjou, an embassy of congratulation arrived from her uncle the king of France, and another from her father, to Henry VI.² "July 16th, the king gave them audience at Westminster palace, seated in a very high chair of state, called a 'sallette,' covered with tapestry of blue diaper, the livery of Henry V. He was dressed in a long robe of vermillion cloth of gold, which swept the ground; and was attended by his uncle the duke of Gloucester, Suffolk, and other peers. When the ambassadors delivered their credentials, the king raised his hat a little from his head; and when they had addressed their speech to him on the blessings of peace, and the love and good-will borne him by his uncle of France, he again raised his hat from his head, and said several times, 'St. John, thanks! great thanks to St. John!' He then told them, by the marquess of Suffolk, 'That he did not hold them as strangers, as they belonged to the household of his uncle of France, whom, of all persons in the world, after the queen his wife, he loved the best.' The following day after the arrival of M. de Presigny, he gave them an audience in his privy chamber. The king was then dressed in a long robe of black velvet. The real object of this embassy was to extend the two years' truce into a permanent peace. They introduced the subject by great professions of love and amity of the king of France to his nephew, and apologies for the long delay of the queen's arrival. They added, 'that they now came to inquire after her health, and to wish them both much joy and a long-continued posterity, and that perpetual amity might be established between the kindred royalty of France and England.' Henry repeated (probably translated) what was

¹ Chronicle of London.

² From the ambassador's reports, 1445, *Bibliothèque du Roi*, copied by sir Cuthbert Sharpe, through whose kindness I have been favored with this extract.

said to his nobles with a countenance full of satisfaction, and bade Suffolk tell the ambassadors, 'That he had great joy in hearing news of the high and mighty king his uncle, whom he loved better than any person in the world, excepting the queen his wife, and that he desired the continuance of peace beyond anything on earth;' to which all present responded 'Amen.' Henry then called the ambassadors close to him, and conversed with them familiarly. Suffolk repeated that the king loved his uncle of France the second best in the world; on which Henry exclaimed, in English, 'St. John, yes!'

Extensive repairs and improvements had been made in all the royal palaces previously to Margaret's arrival. This was very necessary, for so many years had elapsed since a queen-consort had held her state in England, that those portions of the abodes of royalty, known by the name of 'the queen's lodgings,' were absolutely desolated and unfit for her reception till a considerable outlay had been expended upon them. The royal residences at the Tower, Westminster, Eltham, and Shene, in particular, were restored to their pristine splendor, in honor of the new queen.¹ For the two first years of Margaret of Anjou's union with Henry VI. cardinal Beaufort was the supreme director of the power of the crown. King Henry, new to the delights of female society, was intoxicated with the charms, the wit, and graceful manners of his youthful bride, of whom an elegant French historian thus speaks:—"England had never seen a queen more worthy of a throne than Margaret of Anjou. No woman surpassed her in beauty, and few men equalled her in courage. It seemed as if she had been formed by Heaven to supply to her royal husband the qualities which he required in order to become a great king."² Another chronicler, quoted by Stowe, says, "This woman excelled all others, as well in

¹ Acts of the Privy Council, by sir H. Nicolas, vol. vi. p. 32. The poverty of Henry VI.'s exchequer at this period is deplorably evidenced by the piteous supplication of William Cleve, chaplain to the king and clerk of the works, "for money to pay the poor laborers their weekly wages," which, he states, "he has the utmost pain and difficulty to purvey."

² Orleans.

beauty and favor as in art and policy, and was in courage inferior to none."

These brilliant characteristics were yet in the germ, when Margaret of Anjou was unfortunately called to share the throne of England at a period of life when her judgment was immature, and the perilous endowments of wit, genius, and lively perceptiveness were more likely to create enemies than to secure friends. She had been deeply piqued and offended at the opposition the duke of Gloucester had made to her marriage, and, with the petulance of a spoiled child, she took every occasion of mortifying him by a foolish display of her unbounded influence over the king, and her regard for cardinal Beaufort and the duke of Suffolk, his sworn foes. To cardinal Beaufort, indeed, she was indebted for her elevation to the pride and power of royalty, and, with all the devotion of a young heart, she resigned herself wholly to his direction. Independently of political considerations, cardinal Beaufort was exceedingly fond of Margaret, who was a frequent visitor at his house in Waltham forest, where there was a state chamber magnificently fitted up for her sole use, called 'the queen's chamber,' with hangings of cloth of gold of Damascus. These the cardinal afterwards bequeathed to queen Margaret.¹ The great riches of this ambitious prelate enabled him to administer from time to time, in a very acceptable manner, to the necessities of the royal pair; and the flattering attention with which he treated the young queen so completely won her confidence, that, under his direction, the talents and fascinations of this accomplished girl became the powerful spells through which he obtained unbounded ascendancy over the councils of his royal nephew.

It was in the second year of Margaret's marriage that the memorable parliament of February, 1447, was summoned

¹ "I bequeath to my lady the queen, 'lectum blodium de panno aureo de Damasco,' which hung in her chamber in my mansion of Waltham, in which my said lady the queen lay when she was at the said manor. *Item*, I bequeath to my lord the king my dish or plate of gold for spices, and my cup of gold enamelled with images. *Item*, I bequeath to Thomas Barnaby, page to my lady the queen, 20*l.* and a cup of silver gilt."—Codicil to cardinal Beaufort's will, quoted in Cassan's *Lives of the Bishops of Winchester*.

to meet at Bury, the ministers of king Henry having business to accomplish which they dared not venture in the vicinity of the metropolis. This was the destruction of the duke of Gloucester, the darling of the people, and the heir-presumptive to the throne. Gloucester, probably with a view to counteract the queenly influence, had shown an alarming inclination to make common cause with the duke of York. This prince had been lately superseded in his office of regent of France by his enemy the duke of Somerset, cardinal Beaufort's nephew. By some historians it has been supposed that it was to avert a coalition so perilous to the government of king Henry that the crooked politicians, of whom his cabinet was composed, devised their plans for ridding themselves of their formidable opponent.¹ The king and queen proceeded to Bury with their court, and all the commonalty of Suffolk were summoned to attend the king there, in their most defensible array; a proof that some danger to the royal person was apprehended. The parliament met, February 10th, in the refectory of St. Edmund's abbey. On the first day business proceeded smoothly; a speaker was chosen, and an exchange of queen Margaret's revenues of 4666*l.* 13*s.* out of the customs, for certain lands and hereditaments settled on her for life, was confirmed.² On the second day of the session, all England was astonished by the arrest of the duke of Gloucester on a charge of high treason.³ He was committed to close custody under a strong guard. "What evidence the king had of his uncle's guilt," says Whethampstede, "we know not, but nothing could persuade him of his innocence."

Seventeen days after his arrest, the duke of Gloucester was found dead in his bed, but without any marks of violence on his person.⁴ His body was produced in both houses of parliament, and exposed to public view for several days; but these measures failed to remove the suspicions

¹ Carte. Guthrie.

² Parliamentary History.

■ He was arrested by John viscount Beaumont, seneschal of the queen's manors.

⁴ Lingard. Fabian says six, and Stowe twenty-four, days after his arrest. Rapin and Hall assert that he was found dead on the following morning.

which so sudden a death, under such circumstances, naturally excited throughout England. No actual proof, however, exists that he was murdered, and Whethampstede, a contemporary and warm partisan of Gloucester, states, "that he died of an illness that seized him on his arrest:" so does William of Worcester, and no writer of that period attempts to implicate the queen as a party concerned in that transaction. Rapin, indeed, suffers his prejudices against Margaret to betray him into the following unauthenticated assertions as to her share in the supposed murder. After stating that Henry's ministers had resolved to compass the destruction of the duke of Gloucester, he says:—"The queen, who was of a bold and enterprising genius, was the person who first encouraged this resolution,—at least the historians insinuate as much, if they have not said it." Who these historians are Rapin has not thought proper to inform his readers; but, in the same conclusive strain of reasoning, he proceeds to say, "And, indeed, the ministry would never have ventured upon such an action without having her at their head."

A responsible leader, in sooth, would a girl of queen Margaret's age have made in a business of that kind, if, indeed, cardinal Beaufort, who had treasured up the accumulated rancors of six-and-twenty years of unquenchable hatred against Gloucester, and before she was born had threatened to decide their deadly quarrel "by setting England on a field,"¹ would have asked her sanction for wreaking his long-cherished vengeance on his adversary. Did Rapin remember that these ministers, of whom cardinal Beaufort was the master-spirit, were the same people who, three years before Margaret of Anjou set her foot in England, had devised and successfully carried into effect the subtlest plot that ever was imagined against the duchess of Gloucester?² And could *they* have required the prompting and ad-

¹ See cardinal Beaufort's letter to the duke of Bedford, 1426, in the old Chronicles and Parliamentary History, where there is a curious account of the quarrels between Beaufort and Gloucester.

² The accusation and disgrace of Eleanor Cobham, duchess of Gloucester, are too familiar to every reader to require recapitulation. Beaufort, Suffolk, and the archbishop of Canterbury were her judges. Many persons, and even school

vice of a girl of seventeen to work out their scheme of vengeance on the duke, of which that blow was the sure prelude? Within eight weeks after the death of Gloucester, cardinal Beaufort was summoned to his great account, leaving the court to struggle with the storm he had conjured up, bereft of the support of his talents, his experience, and his all-powerful wealth.

King Henry, absorbed in his studies and heavenward contemplations, shrunk from the toils and cares of empire, and bestowed more attention on the regulations of his newly-founded college at Eton than on the government of his kingdom; and Margaret, in her eighteenth year, found the executive power of the crown of England left to her principal direction. Alas! for any female on whom so fearful a responsibility devolves ere the difficult lessons of self-government have been learned, or the youthful heart, in its first confiding freshness, taught the necessity of restraint and concealment! Margaret of Anjou had doubtless acted with the best intentions when, on her first arrival in England, instead of allying herself with foreign advisers or female confidantes, she resigned herself to the guidance of her royal husband's favorite uncle and counsellor, a man of cardinal Beaufort's venerable years and reputation for wisdom. At his death she naturally, unacquainted as she was with the manners, customs, and prejudices of her consort's subjects, continued her confidence to the cabinet he had formed, at the head of which was her first English friend and acquaintance, the duke of Suffolk.

Shakspeare has greatly misled his readers with regard to Suffolk and Margaret of Anjou, by representing her first as his prisoner, and, after her marriage with the king, as his paramour. The one she certainly never was, and the great disparity in their ages renders the other very unlikely. Suffolk, at the period when his acquaintance with the royal beauty, then just fourteen, commenced at her father's court, far from being the gallant, gay Lothario that poetry and

histories, misled by Shakspeare, are fully persuaded that Margaret of Anjou (then a child in Lorraine) effected the disgrace and ruin of the duchess of Gloucester.

romance have portrayed, was a gray-haired soldier-statesman, who had served thirty-four years in the French campaigns before he became a member of Henry VI.'s cabinet. He must, therefore, have been on the shady side of fifty when he acted as his sovereign's proxy at the nuptials of Margaret of Anjou. Suffolk, be it remembered too, was a married man, devotedly attached to his wife, who held the principal place of honor about the person of the queen; and even after his death his duchess continued to retain her post and influence in the court of Margaret, where she appears to have been almost as unpopular as her unfortunate lord, for her name stands the second in the list of those whom the parliament, in 1451, petitioned the king to banish from his household and realm;¹ a request that was not complied with by the sovereign, as the queen would not consent to be deprived of the company and services of her first English friend. Suffolk was, after all, most probably indebted to his duchess for the credit he enjoyed with their royal mistress.

It was no enviable season for queen Margaret and the unpopular minister by whom her marriage had been negotiated, when the expiration of the truce with France left the government of her royal husband the alternative of fulfilling the conditions of the treaty on which it was based, or renewing the war without the means of supporting the honor of England. Not even that consummate politician cardinal Beaufort had ventured to declare to the parliament the secret article by which Maine, the key of Normandy, was to be restored to the house of Anjou; and now the responsibility of that article fell on Suffolk and the queen. Most unfortunate it was for Margaret that her own family were the parties who received the benefits of these sacrifices, for which her misjudging interference in the government at this crisis rendered *her* accountable, though they had been solemnly guaranteed by king Henry and his council at the treaty of Tours, before she was even affianced to him. Bellicose as the character of Margaret of Anjou became in after-years, when the stormy temper of the times,

¹ Parliamentary Rolls.

and the nature of the circumstances with which she had to contend, kindled all the energies of her spirit into Amazonian fierceness, not even her meek and saintly consort labored more earnestly, at this period, than herself to preserve that peace of which her own strong sense taught her England was in such need.

During the brief interval that preceded the ruinous war into which the government of England was soon after forced, Margaret commenced the foundation of Queen's college, Cambridge. This college was dedicated to the honor of Almighty God by the royal foundress, and devoted by her to the increase of learning and virtue, under the tutelary auspices of St. Margaret, her patroness, and St. Bernard. The first stone was laid by sir John (afterwards lord) Wenlock, in behalf of, and as deputy for, queen Margaret, with this inscription in Latin:—"The Lord shall be a refuge to our sovereign lady, queen Margaret, and this stone shall be for a token of the same."¹

Margaret also sought to turn the attention of the people to manufactures in woollen and silk; but the temper of the times suited not the calm tenor of peaceful employments. A spirit of adventurous enterprise had been nourished during the French wars, and, from the princes of the blood-royal to the peasantry, there was a thirsting for fighting-fields, and a covetous desire of appropriating the spoils of plundered towns and castles pervading all classes. The very misery of the people of England rendered them combative, and eager to exchange the monotony of reluctant and ill-paid labor for the excitement of war. It was no easy matter to convert the men who had fought at Agincourt,

¹ This college was involved in the misfortunes of its foundress, but was preserved by the care of Andrew Ducket, a Carmelite friar, who for forty years held the office of provost. Queen Margaret made over to her college possessions to the amount of 200*l.*, which, though no mean sum in those days, was but a slender endowment. But her liberal designs were not frustrated: what she began was continued and completed by Elizabeth, consort to king Edward IV. The usual similarity between the armorial bearings of founders and of their foundations is observable in the arms of Queen's college. The only difference between the arms of Margaret, as given in Willement's *Regal Heraldry*, and those of the college as now borne is, that the college arms are surrounded by a *bordure vert*.

or their sons, into tillers of the soil or weavers of woollen cloths. As for the silk manufactures, they were chiefly carried on by a company of females who went by the name of "the silk women," and were regarded with jealous displeasure by the London mercers, who petitioned the king against the establishment of this industrious sisterhood as an infringement on their manly rights and privileges.

In the commencement of the year 1449, Charles VII. renewed hostilities with England, and in the course of two years re-conquered most of the towns in Normandy. The details of the losses and disasters of the English forces under the command of the duke of Somerset belong rather to general history than to the life of queen Margaret, although they had a fatal influence on her fortunes by rendering her an object of suspicion and ill-will to the nation, —causing the name of Frenchwoman to be applied to her as a term of reproach by those who well knew the art of appealing to the prejudices and exciting the passions of the vulgar against her. The partisans of the duke of York failed not to attribute all the losses in France and Normandy to the misgovernment of the queen; insinuating, "that the king was fitter for a cloister than a throne, and had, in a manner, deposed himself by leaving the affairs of his kingdom in the hands of a woman, who merely used his name to conceal her usurpation, since, according to the laws of England, a queen-consort hath no power, but title only."¹ Queen Margaret, willing to procure the absence of the duke of York at any price, blindly increased his political power by investing him with the government of Ireland. York had left a strong party in England, at the head of which were those powerful nobles Richard Neville, earl of Salisbury, and his son the earl of Warwick, the brother and nephew of his duchess. These were the great political opponents of the queen, whom they ventured not publicly to attack otherwise than by directing the voice of the people against the measures of the court, and attributing the disastrous state of the country to the treasonable practices of her favorite minister.

¹ Parliamentary History.

Suffolk boldly stood up in the house of lords and complained that "he had been traduced by public report; and demanded of his enemies, if they had aught to lay to his charge, that they should specify his crimes."¹ He adverted to the services his family and himself had performed for their country, and stated, "that his father and three of his brethren had been slain in France; that he had himself served in the wars thirty-four years, and, being but a knight when he was taken prisoner,² he had paid 20,000 crowns for his ransom; that he had been of the order of the Garter thirty years, and a councillor of the king fifteen years, and had been seventeen years in the wars without returning home; and, asking God's mercy as he had been true to the king and realm, he required his purgation."³

It is scarcely possible to imagine anything more frivolous than the series of articles which were exhibited against the luckless premier. In the first of these he is charged with "having intended to marry his son John to Margaret Beaufort, the heiress of the late John duke of Somerset, with the design of murdering and destroying the king, and then declaring her to be the heiress of the crown for lack of heirs of the king's body."⁴ This most absurd accusation is in itself a refutation of all the scandalous imputations which modern historians have cast upon the friendship between the duke of Suffolk and queen Margaret, since her ruin must have been comprehended in the murder and destruction of the king. Margaret was, at that period, only nineteen; and, though childless as yet, there was a possibility of her having many children, as she was considered one of the finest women in the world. It was, perhaps, this very article

¹ Rolls of Parliament.

² This event happened in 1429, the same year Margaret of Anjou was born, when the Maid of Orleans took Jargeau by storm. Suffolk was the governor of the town, and when great part of the garrison was slain, being hard pressed to surrender by William Renaud, the following colloquy passed between them in the breach:—"Are you a gentleman?" demanded Suffolk, finding it impossible to escape. "I am," replied Renaud. "But are you a knight?" rejoined the earl. "I am not," answered Renaud. "Kneel down, then," said Suffolk, "that I may make you one, for I cannot otherwise yield to you." This was accordingly done, and affords a rich characteristic of the age of chivalry.

³ Parliamentary Rolls, 28th of Henry VI., No. 17.

⁴ Ibid.

which first gave the aspiring family of Beaufort an eye to the succession to the throne, in the event of a failure of the royal Plantagenet line of Lancaster. The accusation was treated with infinite contempt by Suffolk, and his replies to the other articles being such as to baffle his enemies, they, at the end of three weeks, exhibited eighteen fresh charges against him; but it is to be observed that neither in these, nor in the previous catalogue of misdemeanors, is there the slightest allusion to queen Margaret, nor is her name mentioned in any record or contemporary chronicle in connection with Suffolk,—not even in the satirical anonymous verses that were circulated on the arrest and imprisonment of that unpopular minister.¹ Yet Rapin and other modern writers have not scrupled to assert, “that queen Margaret, in her anxiety to preserve her favorite, caused the parliament, on his arrest, to be prorogued to Leicester, where he attended king Henry and herself, and appeared publicly in his place as prime-minister.” Now, the incontestable evidence of the records of parliament prove that the parliament was summoned to meet at Leicester, September, 1449, five months before the arrest of Suffolk; but the peers and commons, taking warning by the events of the parliament that sat at Bury St. Edmund’s, refused to meet anywhere but at Westminster.² Therefore the writs were reissued, commanding them to meet at Westminster, November 6th. The same day they were prorogued to London, on account of the plague; adjourned from London again to Westminster, December 4th; and, on the 17th, adjourned till January 22d³ at Westminster, where Suffolk, as we have seen, in a fatal hour for himself, introduced the discussion of which the commons took advantage to obtain his arrest.

These records prove that Suffolk was never released from his imprisonment, after he was once committed to the Tower, till after his sentence of banishment for five years was pronounced, March 17th, by king Henry, who resorted to that temporizing expedient in the vain hope of preserving him

■ For specimens of these political squibs of the fifteenth century, see *Excerpta Historica*, pp. 160-162, and 279.

■ Rolls of Parliament, 28th of Henry VI.

■ Parliamentary History.

from the fury of his enemies.¹ The parliament then sitting at Westminster was prorogued March 30th, and ordered to meet at Leicester, April 29th, the day before Suffolk embarked to fulfil his evil destiny. Two thousand persons had previously assembled in St. Giles's fields to intercept him on his discharge from the Tower, March 18th. They surprised his servants, but Suffolk succeeded in escaping to Ipswich, where, after arranging his affairs, he wrote that beautiful and pathetic letter to his son, which affords such touching evidence of his loyalty to his sovereign and his devotion to his beloved wife. He sailed from Ipswich, April 30th, with two small vessels, and sent a pinnace before him to inquire whether he might be permitted to land at Calais; but the pinnace was captured by a squadron of men-of-war, and immediately the 'Nicolas,' of the Tower,² bore down upon the duke's vessels. He was ordered on board, and received with the ominous salutation of "Welcome, traitor!"³ He underwent a mock trial from the sailors, by whom he was condemned to suffer death. On the second morning after his capture a small boat came alongside, in which were a block, a rusty sword, and an executioner. They lowered the duke into it, telling him "he should die like a knight," and at the fifth stroke his head was struck off, and was left with the severed body on Dover sands, where they were found

¹ Rolls of Parliament, 28th of Henry VI.

² It is a memorable fact that this vessel, thus acting in defiance of the crown (as, indeed, did the whole squadron by which the exiled duke was pursued), was part of the royal navy placed at the disposal of the confederate peers by Henry Holland, the young duke of Exeter, heir-presumptive to the royal house of Lancaster by the legitimate female line. He had lately succeeded his father in the office of high-admiral, and this was the lawless use he made of its power. He did not anticipate the hour when his own corpse would be left on the sands of the same coast. The death of the elder Exeter is commemorated in the political poem (before alluded to as among the Cottonian MSS.) with those of the dukes of Bedford, Gloucester, and Exeter. These Lancastrian princes are personified by their respective badges:—"The root is dead," Bedford; whose device was the root of a tree. "The swan is gone," Gloucester; whose device was a swan. "The fiery cresset hath lost his light;" this alludes to the high-admiral, Exeter, whose picturesque device was the badge of the Admiralty,—a flaming cresset or fire-basket raised on a pole, being a sort of signal along the coast, serving for light-houses.—See *Excerpta Historica*, p. 161.

■ Lingard, vol. i. p. 135.

by his chaplain, and received honorable interment in the collegiate church of Wingfield, in Suffolk.

The consummation of this tragedy, far from calming the feverish state of excitement to which the public mind had been stimulated, was only the first sign and token of the scenes of blood and horror that were in store for England. Pestilence had aggravated the woes of a starving and disaffected population, and the inflammatory representations of political incendiaries acting upon the misery of the lower classes caused the terrific outbreak of national frenzy which, immediately after this event, manifested itself in the rebellion under Jack Cade. It was to suppress this formidable insurrection that Henry VI. prepared for his first essay in arms, by setting up his standard and going in person to attack Cade and his rabble rout, who were encamped on Blackheath in formidable array. At the news of the sovereign's approach at the head of fifteen thousand men, the hot valor of the captain of the great assembly of Kent and his followers received an immediate check, and they fled to Sevenoaks. Queen Margaret accompanied her lord on this expedition; but so little of the warlike spirit for which she was afterwards so fatally renowned did she manifest at this crisis that, when king Henry would have followed up his success by pursuing the insurgents to their retreat, her feminine terrors and anxiety for his safety prevailed upon him not to imperil his person by going any farther.¹ He therefore, in compliance with her entreaties, gave up the command of his army to sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother William, and returned to London with her.²

Never did Margaret commit a greater error than by thus allowing her tenderness for her royal husband to betray him into conduct so unbecoming the son of the conqueror of France and Normandy. The rebels, attributing the weakness of the king to fear, took courage, rallied, and defeated the royalists, who, with their two generals, were cut to pieces. The victors then returned to Blackheath, and when the archbishop of Canterbury and the duke of Buckingham were despatched from the court to treat with them, they

¹ Guthrie.

² Ibid.

found Cade dressed in a suit of gilded armor (the spoils of sir Humphrey Stafford), encompassed by his victorious troops, and giving himself the airs of a sovereign. He positively refused to treat with any one but the king himself,—nor with him unless he would come to the Blackheath in person and grant all their demands.

When this answer was returned to the king and queen, together with the news that the rebels were ready to march to London, they were thrown into such alarm that, leaving the Tower under the command of the lord Scales and the valiant sir Matthew Gough, they fled to Kenilworth castle.¹ We fear this cowardly proceeding must be attributed to the same fond weakness on the part of queen Margaret which influenced the retreat of the king from Blackheath; and it is to be observed that till she became a mother, and the rights of her child were at stake, no trait of fierce or warlike propensities was ever manifested by her. On the 2d of July, the rebels, who had previously taken up their quarters at Southwark, entered London, when Cade smote his staff on London stone, with these memorable words:—"Now is Mortimer lord of London!"²

The proceedings of this motley company of reformers and their punchinello leader in London belong to general history; and it may suffice here to notice that the pacific influence of two churchmen, the archbishop of Canterbury and Waynflete bishop of Winchester, succeeded in calming a storm which had, in its brief but terrific progress, shaken the throne, deluged the capital of England with blood, and threatened to subvert law, social order, and the sacred rights of property. The worthy prelates prevailed on the insurgents to lay down their arms by affixing king Henry's seal to a general pardon, to which Cade was the only exception.³

¹ Guthrie. Stowe.

² Cade pretended to be sir John Mortimer. See the Life of Joanna of Navarre.

³ Cade, finding himself abandoned by his followers, seized a small vessel in the river and set sail for Rochester, where the vessel and cargo were stopped by the officers of government. Cade made his escape, but was slain in a garden at Heyfield, by Alexander Iden, the sheriff of Kent, who received the benefit of the reward that had been offered for his head,—viz., 1000*l*.

An infringement of these conditions was most improperly attempted by queen Margaret on her return to London with king Henry. The fact is evidenced in a private letter from John Payn, an esquire in the service of sir John Falstolf, who, after pitifully detailing the manner "in which he had been despoiled and maltreated by the rebels, and how he had been carried off by them sorely against his will, and exposed to the peril of the battle of the bridge," adds, "and after that *hurling* was over, the bishop of Rochester impeached me to queen Margaret; and so I was arrested, and was in the Marshalsea, in right great *duress* and fear of my life. They would have had me impeach my master, sir John Falstolf, of treason; and because I would not, had me up at Westminster, and there would have sent me to the gaol-house at Windsor. But two cousins of my wife's and mine, who were yeomen of the crown, went to king Henry, and got grace for me."¹ Margaret's desire to implicate sir John Falstolf probably had reference to his previous conduct with regard to her countryman Champchevrier, no less than to the suspicions she entertained of his loyalty. Subsequent events, however, prove that the queen had correct information as to Falstolf's practices against the government, for he became one of the most zealous partisans of the house of York.

Margaret and Henry returned to the metropolis about the 10th of July, 1450, and the disclosures of some of Cade's accomplices in the late insurrection left no doubt on the mind of the queen that the duke of York had been the instigator of the revolt. This conviction was confirmed by the return of that prince, without permission, from his government in Ireland. He was attended on his road to London by a retinue of four thousand men, to the great terror of the court. York, having extorted from the king a promise to summon a parliament, withdrew to his castle of Fotheringay.² The return of the duke of Somerset at this crisis inspired the timid sovereign with some degree of political courage, and Margaret transferred to him the confidence she had formerly reposed in his uncle, cardinal

¹ Sir John Fenn's Collection of the Paston Letters.

² Lingard.

Beaufort. Their near relationship to the king, by whom the ties of kindred were very powerfully felt and acknowledged, sanctioned the queen in the close friendship which, from first to last, subsisted between her and the Beaufort princes of the house of Lancaster. Unfortunately, however, the unpopularity in which the disasters in France and Normandy had involved Somerset soon extended to herself, when it was perceived that he was shielded by court favor from the fury of the commons and the jealousy of the peers. He was impeached by parliament, and committed to the Tower; but immediately the short and stormy session was over, he was released, and promoted to the high office formerly enjoyed by Suffolk. He has been said to owe his elevation entirely to the influence of the queen; but he appears to have been the especial favorite of his royal kinsman, king Henry.

The violent temper of Somerset was the means of precipitating the direful collision of the rival factions, whose strife for twenty years deluged England with kindred blood. According to historical tradition, those fatal badges of the contending houses of York and Lancaster, "the pale and purple rose," were assumed to distinguish the rival factions during the memorable dispute between Somerset and the earl of Warwick in the Temple gardens, when Somerset, to collect the suffrages of the by-standers, plucked a red rose, and Warwick a white rose, and each called upon every man present to declare his party, by taking a rose of the color chosen by him whose cause he favored. This was the prologue to that great national tragedy which ended in the extinction of the royal line and name of Plantagenet. That enlightened statesman-historian, Philip de Comines, who was well acquainted with queen Margaret, attributes all the misfortunes that afterwards befell her, and the overthrow of the house of Lancaster, to her rash interposition in the feud between Somerset and Warwick, in which she indicated her preference for the former in a way that never was forgiven by Warwick. "The queen had acted much more prudently," says Comines, "in endeavoring to have adjusted the dispute between them, than to have said, 'I am

of this party, and I will maintain it.' " And so it proved by the event. It is probable that the red rose was originally worn by Margaret as a compliment to Somerset, in token that she espoused his cause; and that his great political opponent, the duke of York, assumed the white as a symbol of hostility to him and his adherents.¹ Rosettes of white and crimson ribbon, or even of paper among the common soldiers, were worn as the substitutes of these ill-omened flowers by the partisans of the royal claimants of the throne during the struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster, poetically called, from these badges, the "war of the roses." About this time that powerful Scotch chief, William earl of Douglas, visited the English court on his return from a pilgrimage to Rome, and was hospitably entertained by king Henry. Margaret, perceiving the gathering of the storm which menaced the throne of Lancaster, endeavored to conciliate the friendship of this nobleman, who could command at least a third of the realm of Scotland; and she so dealt with him that he promised to bring an army to strengthen king Henry's cause in the event of his being unable to maintain himself against the duke of York. Douglas found the entertainment he received at the English court so agreeable that he prolonged his stay there so as to excite the jealousy of his own sovereign, James II., who issued a peremptory mandate for his return, and deprived him of his post of lieutenant of the kingdom. Margaret made him the bearer of a letter to the queen of Scotland, Mary of Gueldres, to whom she was related,—a letter which, it is supposed, explained matters satisfactorily to that princess, who interceded with

¹ Shakspeare, in his spirited version of the scene in the Temple gardens, errs in chronology by placing it prior to the marriage of the king and Margaret of Anjou. He also uses a poetical license in representing Richard duke of York as the leading character engaged in the dispute, while Warwick, merely acting as his second, says, "I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet." Suffolk, who had been dead some months when the veritable dispute occurred, is made to exclaim, "I pluck this red rose with young Somerset." These badges were only revived; for Edmund earl of Lancaster, the brother of Edward I., had, as Camden declares, red roses emblazoned on his tomb in Westminster abbey, and Edward the Black Prince wears a coronet of white roses in his portrait, drawn in Richard II.'s missal in the Harleian Collection.

king James for his pardon. James granted it, but deprived him of all his employments, and not long after stabbed him with his own hand; so that Margaret reaped no advantage from the treaty she had entered into with the stout earl.¹

The duke of York having assumed a very formidable position in the state, even that of an armed dictator to the sovereign, Margaret united with Somerset in persuading Henry that the time for concessions and temporizing measures was past, and that his best policy now would be to crush rebellion in its nest, by marching to attack his foe. In pursuance of this advice, king Henry took the field in person, February 16, 1452, and advanced towards the Welsh border. York, instead of standing his ground, took a circuitous route towards the metropolis, and encamped on Burnt heath, in Kent. The king, a few hours afterwards, took up his post about four miles distant. The tenderness of Henry's heart, and his scruples at the idea of shedding his people's blood, led him to negotiate when he ought to have fought. York demanded that his old adversary, Somerset, should be placed under arrest, preparatory to an arraignment for his misdemeanors. Henry conceded this point by the advice of his prelates: York then disbanded his army, and came unattended to confer with his sovereign in his tent.² Somerset, meantime, having represented to the queen the impolicy of sacrificing a faithful friend to purchase a deceitful reconciliation with an audacious foe, obtained his liberation by her orders. By Margaret's contrivance, Somerset was concealed behind the arras of the royal pavilion, as a secret witness of the conference between his adversary and the king.

York, who imagined the minister was safely bestowed in the Tower, assured the king "that he had been induced to take up arms on account of Somerset alone, in order that he might be brought to condign punishment." On this, Somerset, unable to restrain his choler, rushed from his hiding-place, and defied York, charging him to his face with designs on the crown.³ York fiercely retorted on Somerset, upbraided

¹ Lives of the Douglasses, by Home of Godscroft.

² Guthrie.

³ Speed. Rapin. Hall.

ing him with his misgovernment in France and the loss of Normandy, and finished by reproaching Henry with a violation of his royal word. Henry, who does not appear to have been aware of the proximity of his premier, remained speechless and amazed during this stormy scene, which was closed by the arrest of the duke of York as he quitted the tent. According to most historians, this was done by the order of the queen.¹ Henry, however, would not permit him to be harmed,² and he was released, on condition of swearing a solemn oath of fealty to the king in St. Paul's cathedral, March 10th; after which he was permitted to retire to his castle of Wigmores, where his son, the earl of March, afterwards king Edward IV., was raising an army for his rescue.

Queen Margaret, having gained her point in retaining Somerset at the head of the government, was, in consequence, subject to aspersions from the other party derogatory to her reputation. Somerset was, like his predecessor Suffolk, a man in the decline of life, the father of sons older than the queen, and so devotedly attached to his own wife that he had sacrificed his honor to his tenderness for her person during his disastrous regency in France.³ But what is there of falsehood that the demon of party will not invent to vilify its victims? or of improbability that the vulgar will not believe and circulate, especially if in the shape of scandal on royalty? During the deceitful calm that for a brief interval succeeded the late tempest, Margaret turned her attention to foreign affairs; and, through her influence, the renowned Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, was despatched, with such forces as could be raised, to the assistance of the English party in Guienne. The aged hero achieved some brilliant successes in the first instance; but it was impossible for the queen, struggling as she was with the mighty faction that opposed her in parliament, to support a war against the overwhelming force of France. Talbot was borne down by numbers, and slain in his eightieth year: his brave adherents were cut to pieces.

In the valiant Talbot Margaret lost one of her most devoted friends,—one of the few out of the many warrior

¹ Speed. Rapin. Hall.

² Hall. Stowe. Rapin.

³ Hall.

peers of England, at that rude era, who possessed a mind sufficiently cultivated to appreciate the learning and accomplishments of the fair Provençal queen. The magnificent illuminated manuscript volume which he presented to her is a surviving monument of his exquisite taste in the fine arts, while his dedicatory lines, addressed to his royal patroness, contain a delicate testimonial of his opinion of her talents and acquirements. He requests her "to explain to his sovereign anything that may appear difficult to understand in the book; for," says he, "though you speak English so well, you have not forgotten your French." The illuminated title-page represents the queen seated by Henry VI., with her hand locked in his, as, surrounded by their court, she receives the volume from the hands of Talbot.¹ The state-hall in which they are assembled is worthy of attention. An arras of gold and colors, displaying the royal arms in numerous checkers, is stretched from pillar to pillar, and forms the background of the royal seat, which is a broad, low divan covered with cloth, placed in a rich oriel; the vaulted ceiling is groined, and painted blue, with gold stars; the clustered windows are long and lancet-shaped, but the tops of the lancets are rounded. Probably the scene represented was the presence-chamber in the Tower or Westminster palace. Margaret wears a royal crown; her hair, of a pale golden color, flows gracefully from under her diadem, and falls in profusion down her back and shoulders and over her regal mantle, which is pale purple, fastened round the bust with bands of gold and gems. The dress beneath the mantle is the furred *cote-hardi*, precisely the same as in our engraving. She is exquisitely lovely, and very majestic, in this carefully finished portrait, which does not represent her older than in her twentieth year. The portrait illustrative of this biography is taken from the painted glass of the cathedral of Angiers, and represents her at a different period of life.²

¹ As this mighty warrior died in 1453, Margaret's portrait must have been limned some time before that period. This magnificent folio is still in the finest preservation, in the British Museum: King's MSS.

² It has been engraved in Montfaucon, together with that of her sister Yolante and her brother John of Calabria. Tradition attributes them to the pencil of her father, king René.

To return to the Shrewsbury manuscript. Talbot, with his dog¹ in attendance, is kneeling before queen Margaret, presenting his book. The title-page of the magnificent volume is redolent of Margaret's emblem-flower. Daisies are seen growing in the garden of the palace; daisies, with their little red buttons, are arranged in profusion up the side of the title-page; daisies swarm in clusters round her armorial bearings, and flourish in the margins of every page. Among other embellishments may likewise be noted a crowned M., the queen's initial, surrounded by the Garter and its motto. The queen's ladies are seen behind the royal seat, attired in heart-shaped caps,—graceful modifications of the monstrous horned head-tire of the preceding half-century: they were formed of a stuffed roll, wreathed with gold and gems, and fixed in a fanciful turban-shape over a close caul of gold cloth or net-work brought to a point, low in front and rising behind the head. Henry's nobles are clothed in full surtouts, like the beef-eaters' dresses, but of whole colors, and trimmed with fur. The artists employed by the earl of Shrewsbury in the splendid illuminations of this volume have complimented Margaret by portraying the queen Olympias with *her* features, and arrayed in her royal robes. The kirtle of the Macedonian queen is also powdered with Margaret's emblem-flower,—the daisy. At the end of the volume is an allegorical piece, representing queen Margaret and the principal ladies of her court as the Virtues. Margaret, wearing her diadem and purple robe, is characterized as Faith; king Henry as Honor. To form a correct idea of the exquisite delicacy of the illumination as a work of art, it is necessary to examine the frontispiece through a strong magnifying-glass, when a thousand minute details, unnoticed before, become apparent. The rings on the queen's fingers, her bracelets and carcanet, display many-colored gems with which they are enriched, and the elegance of the goldsmith's work, and every separate hair of the sable edging to her robe, becomes visible.

The death of the chivalric veteran by whom Margaret had been held in such especial honor, and who was regarded

¹ The cognizance of the Talbots.

by England as the greatest captain of the age, was a severe blow to the court, and a national calamity which was mourned by all classes of the people. At this gloomy period, when the ill success that attended the arms of England abroad increased the clamors of the enemies of the government at home, queen Margaret, for the first time, afforded a prospect of bringing an heir to the throne. But, however evil the times might be, the hopes of paternity were received with rapture by the long-childless king, who bestowed on Richard Tunstal, his squire of the body, whose office it was, according to the formal etiquette of the middle ages, to announce publicly to him, for the information of the court, this important circumstance, an annuity of forty marks from the duchy of Lancaster; ¹ "because," continues the royal grant, "the said Richard Tunstal, Esq., made unto us the first comfortable relation and notice that our most dearly beloved wife, the queen, was *enceinte*, to our most singular consolation, and to all true liege people's great joy and comfort." At the commencement of this year, 1453, the king and queen were at Greenwich, for an entry in Margaret's wardrobe-book of that date bears record of a payment of 25*l.* 9*s.* to Richard Bulstrode, apparently the master of the revels, for wages and rewards to tailors and painters for stuffs and works for a 'disguising' (some sort of masque or pageant), made before the king and queen at their manor of Pleasaunce, at the feast of Christmas." ² The same authority proves that the queen was at costs for a painted window in the chapel of St. Mary of Pity, Westminster palace, embellished with portraits of the king and herself, kneeling, and offering to the Virgin Mary; there were the king and queen's armorial bearings, flourished with flowers, and the queen's motto was introduced: what it was is not mentioned. ³

A few months before the birth of her child, Margaret had to mourn over the death of her beloved mother, the high-minded and heroic Isabella of Lorraine, who died February

¹ Parl. Rolls, vol. v. p. 318.

² In the chancery of the duchy of Lancaster.—Vide extracts, printed in Wood's Letters of Illustrious Ladies.

³ Ibid.

28, 1453, aged only forty-three.¹ Margaret's mourning weeds were blue, probably of that deep, dark, melancholy tint which has recently been called French black.² The loss of a mother—of such a mother, too, as Isabella of Lorraine could not have been otherwise than keenly felt by Margaret, who had, in childhood and early youth, shared and solaced so many of her trying adversities. But a heavier calamity than even the death of that dearly beloved parent oppressed the royal matron as the dreaded hour of peril and anguish drew near, from which the consorts of monarchs are no more exempted than the wives of peasants. When Margaret was in the eighth month of her pregnancy, and the political horizon became daily more gloomy, in anticipation of an event more feared than wished by the majority of the people, king Henry was seized with one of those alarming attacks of malady to which his grandfather, Charles VI. of France, was subject. The agitating character of public events, and the difficulties with which the court had had to contend for the last four years, had been too much for a prince of acute sensibility, and who had, moreover, hereditary tendency to inflammation of the brain. For a time both mind and body sank under the accumulated pressure, and he remained in a state that left little hope for his life, and none for his reason. Margaret had doubtless been long aware of the dark shadow that impended over her royal lord, and felt the strong necessity of thinking and acting for him, at seasons when his judgment could not be trusted to form decisions for himself on any matter of importance. She has been blamed for encouraging him to spend his time in pursuits fitter for the

¹ Isabella, queen of Sicily, died in the arms of her daughter Yolante and her son-in-law Ferry of Vaudemonte, by whom she had been tenderly watched in her long and painful illness, while Margaret, her youngest and best beloved, was detained by many cares in England. Isabella was succeeded in the duchy of Lorraine by her heir, John of Calabria. King René married, secondly, Jeanne de Laval, who was at that time courted by Margaret's former lover, the count de Nevers: she preferred king René. She was of so grave a character that she was never known to laugh but once: it was at a pageant devised by her husband, —namely, a boat filled with water-pipes, which played on every side, and completely drenched those spectators who did not use some agility in getting out of the way.—Villeneuve.

² Arundel MS., No. xxvi. p. 30.

cloister than the throne ; but, considering the circumstances of his case, her conjugal tenderness and prudence in directing his attention to tranquil and sedative amusements, instead of perplexing him with the turmoils and strong excitement of politics, are worthy of commendation. King Henry was at Clarendon when he was first seized with his dangerous malady, but after a few days he was, by slow degrees, conveyed to his palace at Westminster.

The reins of empire had now fallen into Margaret's hands, at a time when she was destitute of any efficient counsellor to assist her in supporting their weight. She had only the alternative of grasping them with an energy suitable to the emergency of the crisis, or resigning them to the formidable rival of her husband's title,—the duke of York. She was in ill-health at this time, oppressed with care and sorrow ; but she felt the strong necessity of struggling against the feebleness of her sex, and the sufferings incidental to her situation ; rallying all the powers of her mind, for the sake of her unfortunate husband and his unborn heir, she assembled a council of prelates and nobles, and conducted the affairs of the realm with singular prudence and moderation, considering the difficulty of her position. So rigid was her economy and self-denial at this period, that for the feeding and maintenance of her whole household she only expended the sum of 7*l.* per day,¹ while the sums she disbursed in charities and other benefactions during that year amounted to more than she bestowed on her own personal adornment. Out of her scanty privy purse she munificently portioned one of her damsels, probably Elizabeth Woodville, in marriage, with 200*l.*² To three esquires of her household, who suffered with heavy infirmities by Divine visitation, the queen gave 6*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* ; and when she was at Newmarket (this must have been before the king's illness), she gave to two men, whose stable was burnt down, as much as 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* One of her solemn days of offering was at the obits of Henry V. and Katherine of Valois, her husband's father and mother.³

¹ Extracts from queen Margaret's Wardrobe-book, 1452-53, preserved in the chancery of the duchy of Lancaster.

■ Ibid.

■ Ibid.

The poverty of the crown, and the frugal management of the queen in regard to her civil list, is evidenced by the scantiness of the salaries accorded by Margaret, at this epoch, to her officers of state and privy councillors. Witness the following examples:—

"To John viscount Beaumont, seneschal of her manors . . .	£66 13 9
To Laurence Booth, her chancellor	53 0 0
To William Cotton, her receiver	70 10 0
* * * * *	
To Thos. Scales, for his diligent and daily attendance in our council.	10 0 0"

The next payment is to a person of great importance; one, indeed, who claimed to be treated as a prince of the royal house of Lancaster, and who, at that time, occupied the post of prime-minister, and was, in consequence, stigmatized as "the queen's favorite." Her liberality to him was not such as to warrant a belief in the scandalous reports of the other party, that a personal intimacy subsisted between queen Margaret and this unpopular kinsman of her lord, as the following statement of his salary will testify:—

"To our dearest cousin, Edmund duke of Somerset, for his good and laudable counsel in urgent business, an an- nuity of	£66 13 4"
--	-----------

Pitiful as this stipend—allowing for the full difference in the value of money in those days—was for the principal minister of a state-cabinet, the Lorraine chronicler complains that it was made one of the pretences of the Yorkists for their cruel calumnies against the queen.

From the previous authority we find that—

"John Wenlock, knight of the queen's chamber, had per annum 40*l*.

Her knights of the board, forty marks each yearly.

Ismania lady of Scales, Isabella lady Gray (Elizabeth Woodville), lady Margaret Ross, lady Isabella Dacre, and lady Isabella Butler are mentioned ■ being in immediate attendance on her person.

Likewise ten little damsels, and two chamber-women."

[The ladies appear to have served her for love, as no mention is made of money paid to them.]

"Queen Margaret's herbman, 100*s*. per annum.

Her twenty-seven armor-bearers, or squires, 143*l*. 4*s*. 3*d*. in all.

Her twenty-seven valets, 28*l*. 15*s*. 6*d*.

The queen had a clerk of the closet, or private secretary."¹

¹ Extracts from queen Margaret's Wardrobe-book, 1452-53.

These entries afford some idea of the household of queen Margaret at that momentous period of her life when about to become for the first time a mother. That event took place on the 13th of October, 1453, when she gave birth, in Westminster palace, to a prince, whom Speed pathetically designates "the child of sorrow and infelicity."

A writ of summons, under the privy seal, was issued to the ladies of the highest rank in England, to attend queen Margaret at the ceremony of her purification, or churching, which took place at the palace of Westminster on the 18th of November, in the thirty-second of the reign of Henry VI. The ladies summoned were the duchesses of Bedford, York, Norfolk the elder, Norfolk the younger, Buckingham, Somerset the elder, Somerset the younger, Exeter the elder, Exeter the younger, and Suffolk, with eight countesses, among whom may be noted the countess of Warwick, besides a viscountess and seventeen baronesses.¹ There is also an entry in the Pell rolls of the sum of 55*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* paid to Margaret the queen for a richly embroidered christening-mantle used at the baptism of the prince; also for twenty yards of russet cloth of gold to array the font, and five hundred and forty brown sable backs, for trimming her own churching-robe. As the royal infant was born on St. Edward's day, queen Margaret, in the hope of propitiating the people, bestowed that name, so dear to England, on her son. This fair boy, as he is called in chronicle, was baptized by Waynflete bishop of Winchester. Cardinal Kemp, archbishop of Canterbury, the duke of Somerset, and the duchess of Buckingham were his sponsors.²

King Henry, meantime, continued in a state of the deepest mental aberration, the only person in his own palace unconscious of the consummation of the hopes of paternity, the anticipation of which he had, a few months before, greeted with transports of joy. His anxious consort caused him to be removed to Windsor castle, to try the effect of

¹ MSS. of sir Matthew Hale, left by him to the Society of Lincoln's inn: 75 Selden Collec. See Catalogue published by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, p. 277.

² The monks of Westminster were remunerated by the crown for the tapers provided by them for the christening of the infant prince.

change of air and profound quiet for the restoration of his health and sanity, but his malady continued unabated. The melancholy state of her royal husband was the more distressing to queen Margaret, because the political agitators who were endeavoring to undermine the throne of Lancaster took advantage of her being thus deprived of his protection and countenance to stigmatize the birth of the prince by insinuating that he was a supposititious child. Now, as Margaret of Anjou was only in her twenty-fourth year, and the king just thirty-three at the birth of this infant, there could be no just cause to doubt of his deriving his existence from them; and the attempts to throw suspicion on the fact emanated, like the calumnies on the birth of the youngest son of James II. and his queen, from the political emissaries of the disappointed heirs-presumptive to the throne. Richard duke of York, who had tacitly occupied that position, was determined not to be superseded in the royal succession by the son whom queen Margaret had borne to king Henry at this inauspicious juncture, after nine years of barren wedlock; and it is palpably evident for what object his partisans endeavored to poison the minds of the people against his infant rival, by circulating reports that it was either the fruit of an amour between the queen and her unpopular minister, Somerset, or some low-born child whom she had cunningly imposed upon the nation as her own, in order to get the whole power of the crown into her own hands, as queen-regent during the king's illness, or queen-mother in the event of his death. It was sometimes asserted, by way of variation to these slanders, that the infant of whom the queen was brought to bed had died, and had been replaced by another of the vilest parentage, picked up in the streets, to defraud the rightful heir of the crown. It had been a custom from remote antiquity, both in England and France, for the sovereign, on the birth of his eldest son, to solemnly recognize the infant's claims to his paternity, by taking him in his arms and blessing him, and then presenting him to his nobles as his veritable offspring and their future lord. This patriarchal ceremonial of state king Henry had not, as yet, been able to perform, not

having had a single lucid interval since the birth of the prince; and it was in consequence asserted, by the parties most interested in taking advantage of the domestic calamity in the royal family, not that the king could not recognize the infant for his heir, but that "he would not." Nor were these sayings confined to the gossip of old wives over their ale, for the earl of Warwick publicly proclaimed at St. Paul's cross that the child who was called Edward of Lancaster and 'the prince' was the offspring of adultery or fraud, and not the lawful issue of the king, who had never acknowledged him for his son, and never would.¹

Margaret's indignation at these assertions acting on her naturally impetuous temperament, would not allow her to wait patiently the chances of the king's recovery for her justification; but, as if she expected that her integrity would be manifested by God's especial grace, she made a solemn appeal to the paternal instincts of the royal lunatic, by introducing his unknown infant into his presence, and urging him to bestow his benediction upon it, fondly imagining, no doubt, that at the sight of that fair boy the mysterious voice of nature would assert its powerful influence on Henry's gentle heart, and so rouse a momentary glimpse of light and recollection into the darkened chambers of the brain. The scene which took place when the child was brought to Windsor for this purpose is thus quaintly but touchingly related in a contemporary letter addressed to the duke of Norfolk by some person in the royal household, who was apparently an eye-witness of what he describes:—

"At the prince's coming to Windsor, the duke of Buckingham took him in his arms and presented him to the king in goodly wise, beseeching the king to *bliss* it, and the king gave no manner answer. Natheless, the duke abode still with the prince in his arms by the king; and when he could no manner answer have, the queen came in and took the prince in her arms, and presented him in the like form that the duke had done, desiring 'that he should bliss it!' But all their labor was in vain, for they departed thence without any answer or countenance, saving that only once he looked on the prince, and cast down his een again, without any more."²

¹ George Chastellain, Chronicle of the Dukes of Burgundy.

² MS. Letter of Intelligence, January, 1454: edited by sir Fred. Madden.—Archæologia, vol. xxix. p. 305.

What a subject for an historical painting that scene so simply told, which, without describing, implies the various passions that agitated the presence-chamber, the hushed attention of peers, prelates, and councillors of state, when the royal wife and mother—she who was not only the partner of Henry's throne, but, till this fearful cloud came over his faculties, sole queen of Henry's heart—essays her influence, and woos his blessing for the lovely boy she offers with impassioned tenderness to his paternal embrace; and after her importunity has succeeded in attracting a momentary attention to the infant in her arms, sees the unconscious eye of frenzy sullenly withdrawn. This frightful abstraction, this utter forgetfulness of the dearest objects of his affection, while it afforded the saddest and most conclusive proof of the hopeless character of the king's malady, was peculiarly distressing to the queen; for as holy Henry was invested by the more venerative portion of his subjects with the attributes of a saint and prophet, it was asserted that he had manifested not merely reason in madness, but a miraculous power of discrimination by tacitly refusing to sanction the affiliation of the luckless babe.

The death of cardinal Kemp, who filled the important offices in church and state of archbishop of Canterbury and lord chancellor, and had assisted Margaret in the government, increased her troubles, and her claiming to appoint a successor being resisted by the duke of York's party brought matters to a crisis. As a preparatory measure for depriving Margaret of the regency, the duke of York caused a motion to be carried in the house of lords for sending a deputation from their body to ascertain the real state of the king, by inquiring his pleasure touching the appointments left vacant by the death of the cardinal.¹ The commissioners proceeded to Windsor. They were admitted into his chamber, and declared their errand; but the king made no reply, and appeared to have lost all consciousness of the things of this world. His reason must at that time have been under a total eclipse. On the 25th of March, 1454, the committee reported to the parliament, "that they had

¹ Parliamentary History.

been to wait upon the king at Windsor, and after three interviews with him, and earnest solicitation, they could by no means obtain an answer, or token of answer, from him."¹

When the situation of the king was made known to his peers of parliament, they, on the 27th of March, appointed the duke of York "protector and defender of the king during the king's pleasure, or until such time as Edward the prince should come to age of discretion."² An intention was thus manifested of preserving the rights of the reigning family, by securing the reunion of this office for an infant not six months old. Patents, bearing the name of the king's letters-patent, were read in the parliament on the 3d of April, granting to the infant prince the same allowance that was made for his royal father in the first year of his reign, with the yearly fee of two thousand marks only, besides allowances for learning to ride and other manly exercises, "provided the same grant be in no ways prejudicial to any grant made to Margaret queen of England." King Henry, though incapable at that time of business, is made, by similar instruments, to create his son Edward prince of Wales and earl of Chester. This was confirmed by the hands of all the lords, and by the commons in parliament.³ By the same authority queen Margaret received the grant of 1000*l.* per annum for life, out of the customs and subsidies on wools at the port of Southampton, besides sundry manors and hereditaments in the counties of Northampton, Southampton, and Oxfordshire, which were confirmed to her by this parliament.⁴ These concessions to the queen and her infant boy were probably granted to induce her to acquiesce in the appointment of the duke of York to the office of protector. A medical commission of five physicians and surgeons was appointed by the duke of York and his council to attend on the person of the king, and to watch over his health.⁵

¹ Parliamentary Rolls. Acts of the Privy Council.

² Parliamentary Hist. Rymer's *Fœdera*.

³ Parliamentary History.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ Rymer's *Fœdera*. The date of this commission is April 6th, and empowers those beloved masters, John Arundel, John Faceby, and William Hacliff, physicians, and Robert Warreyn and William Marschall, surgeons, to administer to the

Margaret, meantime, engrossed between the first sweet cares of a mother and the melancholy duty of watching over the fluctuations of her royal husband's afflicting malady,¹ remained personally passive amidst these great political changes. Her party, however, were in a state of activity, and claimed for her no less rights than those usually allowed to the queen-consorts of France during the minority of an heir. Her demands are thus quaintly particularized in the sequel of the curious letter to the duke of Norfolk before quoted:—

*"Item, the queen hath made a bill [list] of five articles, whereof the first is, that she desireth to have the whole rule of this land; the second, that she may make [or appoint] the chancellor, treasurer, the privy seal, and all other offices of this land, with sheriffs, and all that the king should make; the third, that she may give all the bishoprics of this land, and all other benefices belonging to the king's gift; the fourth is, that she may have sufficient livelihood assigned her for the king, the prince, and herself; but as for the fifth article, I cannot yet know what it is."*²

Indeed, in the clauses laid in the queen's name before the privy council, she (in her ignorance of the English constitution) insisted on little less than absolute power as queen-regent during the incapacity of her husband and the minority of her son. This requisition was rejected; soon after (and doubtless connected with this movement) the arrest of the duke of Somerset took place, by the order of the protector

king, at their discretion, electuaries, potions, and syrups, confections and laxative medicines, in any form that may be thought best: baths, fomentations, embrocations, unctions, plasters, shavings of the head, scarifications, and a variety of other inflictions in the way of medical treatment. John Faceby was the favorite physician, who had attended king Henry all his life. The king granted a pension of 100*l.* per annum to him at the time of his marriage with queen Margaret, as the reward of his faithful services. From the same authority we find the court-dress of the king's physician was a green cloth robe and miniver cap.

¹ There is in the Patent rolls of this year an order under the privy seal, dated November 12th, granting to a physician of the name of William Hately, in consideration of his faithful services to king Henry, and at the earnest desire of queen Margaret, an annuity for life. This physician's name is not included in the medical junta who had been appointed by the authority of the duke of York's council to attend on the sovereign, but was probably introduced by the anxious solicitude of the queen; and as Henry's convalescence took place about this time, we can have little doubt of his being indebted to the skill of William Hately for his cure.

² Edited by sir F. Madden, in vol. xxix. p. 305, of the *Archæologia*.

York, in the queen's presence-chamber. Margaret resented this insult greatly, but was unable to do anything openly for the protection of her friends. York proceeded to depose Somerset from his office of captain of Calais, and by letters-patent issued in the king's name bestowed it on himself.

Henry VI. began to amend in November: by the ensuing Christmas he was so much recovered that on St. John's day he sent his almoner to Canterbury with his offering, and his secretary to make his oblation at the shrine of St. Edward.¹ From the testimony of a contemporary witness, who describes the state of the king at this period, Henry appears to have been like a person just awakened from a long dream when reason and convalescence returned. It was then that the infant heir of England, whom his entirely beloved consort queen Margaret had borne to him during the dark season of his mental malady, was presented to him,—a goodly boy of fifteen months old, whose cherub lips had, perhaps, been taught to lisp the paternal name. The particulars of Henry's long-delayed recognition of his infant son are thus quaintly related in one of the Paston letters, and form a pleasing sequel to the account of his gloomy silence when the precious stranger was introduced to his notice a year before:—² "On Monday at noon the queen came to him, and brought my lord prince with her: and then he asked, 'What the prince's name was?' and the queen told him 'Edward;' and then he held up his hands, and thanked God thereof. And he said he never knew him till that time, nor wist what was said to him, nor wist where he had been whilst he had been sick, till now; and he asked who were the god-fathers? and the queen told him, and he was well apaid [content]. And she told him the cardinal was dead,³ and he said he never knew of it till this time; then he said, 'One of the wisest lords in this land was dead.' And my lord of Winchester [bishop] and my lord of St. John of Jerusalem were with him the morrow after Twelfth-day, and he did speak to them as well as ever he did; and when they came out they wept for joy. And he saith he is in charity with all the world, and so he would all the lords

¹ Paston Letters, vol. i. p. 80.

² Ibid., p. 230.

³ Cardinal Kemp.

were. And now he saith matins of Our Lady, and even-song, and heareth his mass devoutly."

Margaret took prompt measures for Henry's restoration to the sovereign authority, by causing him to be conveyed, though still very weak, to the house of lords, where he dissolved the parliament,¹ and the duke of Somerset was immediately released and reinstated in his former post. The triumph of the queen and her party was short-lived. The duke of York retired to the marches of Wales, raised an army, by the assistance of his powerful friends and kinsmen, Salisbury and Warwick, and marched towards London, with the intention of surprising the king there. All the troops that could be mustered by the exertions of the queen and Somerset scarcely amounted to two thousand men.² On the 21st of May the royal army were stationed at Watford, and the next day the king took up his headquarters at St. Alban's. The royal standard was erected in St. Peter's street. The duke of York and his men were encamped at Heyfield.

King Henry was not deficient in personal courage, but his holy nature revolted from being the cause of bloodshed, and he sent a message to the duke of York to ask "wherefore he came in hostile array against him?" York replied that "He would not lay down his arms unless the duke of Somerset were dismissed from king Henry's councils and delivered up to justice." Henry for once in his life manifested something of the fiery temperament of a Plantagenet when this answer was reported to him by the agents of the duke of York; for with a loud imprecation—the only one he was ever known to utter—he declared that "He would deliver up his crown as soon as he would the duke of Somerset, or the least soldier in his army; and that he would treat as a traitor every man who should presume to fight against him in the field."³ The earl of Warwick, who commanded York's vanguard, commenced the attack by breaking down the garden-wall which stood between the Key and the Chequer in Hollowell street,⁴ and led his men on through the gardens, shouting, "A Warwick! a Warwick!"

¹ Parliamentary History.

² Ibid.

³ Guthrie.

⁴ Ibid.

The battle lasted but an hour. The king's army, made up almost all of gentlemen, was inferior in numbers, and pent up in the town. They fought desperately, and a dreadful slaughter ensued in the narrow streets. The king, who stood under his own standard, was wounded in the neck with an arrow at the commencement of the fight. He remained till he was left *solus* under his royal banner, when he walked very coolly into a baker's shop close by,¹ where York immediately visited him, and bending his knee, bade him "rejoice, for the traitor Somerset was slain." Henry replied, "For God's sake, stop the slaughter of my subjects!" York then took the wounded king by the hand, and led him first to the shrine of St. Alban's, and then to his apartments in the abbey.² When the slaughter, according to his entreaty, was stopped, Henry consented to accompany the victor to London on the following day, May 24th.

¹ Newcome's History of St. Alban's Abbey, p. 357.

² Lingard, vol. v. p. 200.

MARGARET OF ANJOU,

QUEEN OF HENRY VI.

CHAPTER II.

Queen retires to Greenwich—News of defeat at St. Alban's—Her despair—She is censured in parliament—Queen's secret council at Greenwich—King restored—Queen in power—Goes to Coventry—Her popularity there—Brief pacification—The "dissimulated love-day"—Old enmities renewed—Her hatred to Warwick—She breaks peace—Early promise of the prince—His badge—Lancastrian muster—Queen witnesses the battle of Blore heath—Her forces worsted—Her precipitate flight—Her successful campaign at Ludlow—Triumph of the Red rose—Queen's Norfolk progress—Defeat at Northampton—Her retreat—Falls into the hands of plunderers—Escapes with her son—Captivity of the king—Queen embarks with her son for Scotland—Sympathy of the Scotch—Visited by the queen-mother of Scotland and the young king—His Scotch establishment—Margaret obtains succors—She returns to England—Wins the battle of Wakefield—Her victory at St. Alban's—Frees king Henry—Offends the Londoners—Earl of March enters London—Queen retreats to York—Lancastrians defeated at Ferrybridge and Towton—King and queen retire to Alnwick—Cross the Scotch border—Successful negotiations at the Scotch court—Pecuniary distress of Margaret and Henry—Margaret pawns her gold cup—Resentment of the queen-mother—Selfish policy of Louis XI.—Margaret pawns Calais—Her champion, Pierre de Brezé.

QUEEN MARGARET, on the approach of York's army, had retired with her ladies and the infant prince to Greenwich, where she remained in a state of agonized suspense during the battle of St. Alban's. The news of the fatal blow the royal cause had received, by the slaughter of her brave friends and the captivity of the king her husband, plunged her into a sort of stupor of despair, in which she remained for many hours.¹ Her chamberlain, sir John Wenlock, whom she had advanced to great honors and loaded with benefits, took that opportunity of forsaking her, and strengthening the party of her foe. He was chosen

¹ Prevost.

speaker of the Yorkist parliament, which king Henry had been compelled to summon.¹ The king's wound was dangerous, and the alarm and excitement he had undergone brought on a relapse of his malady; so that, when the parliament assembled at Westminster, July 4th, he was declared incapable of attending to public business, and the duke of York was commissioned to govern in his name.²

It was in this parliament, made up of her enemies, that queen Margaret was for the first time publicly censured for her interference in affairs of state, it being there resolved, "that the government, as it was managed by the queen, the duke of Somerset, and their friends, had been of late a great oppression and injustice to the people."³ The king was petitioned to appoint the duke of York protector or defender of the realm, "because of his indisposition; and *sith* he would not come down to them, that his commons might have knowledge of him." Henry, being then in the duke of York's power, was not permitted to reject this petition; but it was repeated and urged upon him many times before he would accede to it.⁴

As soon as the duke of York got the executive power of the crown into his hands, he resigned the custody of the king's person to the queen, and enjoined her to withdraw with him and the infant prince to Hertford castle,⁵ without fail.⁶ Margaret was not in a condition to resist this arrangement, but soon after found means to return to the palace of Greenwich with these helpless but precious objects of her care, and appeared entirely absorbed in the anxious duties of a wife and mother. "It seemed," says one of her French biographers, "by her conduct at this period, as if she deemed nothing on earth worthy of her attention but the

¹ Parliamentary History.

² Guthrie. Rapin. Parliamentary Hist.

³ Rapin.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ The rights of prince Edward were still recognized, and the reversion of the protectorate secured to him when he came of age. It was enacted, also, that the young prince should be at diet and sojourn in the king's court till the age of fourteen years; allowing yearly to the prince, towards his wardrobe and wages, ten thousand marks until the age of eight years; and from the age of eight till fourteen years, twenty thousand marks yearly.—Rolls of Parliament.

⁶ Paston Papers.

state of her husband's health and the education of her son, who was a child of early promise."¹ Meantime, however, she strengthened the party of the Red rose, by holding frequent secret conferences, in her retreat at Greenwich, with the surviving princes of the Lancastrian family and the half-brothers of king Henry, the young gallant Tudors, who were nearly allied in blood to herself.² She had gathered round her, withal, a band of ardent and courageous young nobles and gentlemen whose fathers were slain at St. Alban's, and who were panting to avenge their parents' blood.

Having thus prepared herself, Margaret remained no longer passive than the arrival of the eagerly anticipated moment when the king's recovery warranted her in presenting him before his parliament. A great meeting of her adherents was previously convened at Greenwich,³ unknown to the duke of York, in which the preliminary steps for this design were arranged; and on the 24th of February, 1456, king Henry entered the house of lords, in the absence of the duke of York and the leading members of his faction, and declared, "That being now, by the blessing of God, in good health, he did not think his kingdom was in any need of a protector,⁴ and requested permission to resume the reins of empire." The parliament, being taken by surprise at the unexpected appearance of their sovereign among them, and the collected and dignified manner in which he addressed them, immediately acceded to his desire. The same day an order was sent by king Henry to the duke of York, demanding the resignation of his office. York, Salisbury, and Warwick were fairly checkmated by this bold move of the queen, and retired into the country. Margaret then caused the heir of the late duke of Somerset, Henry Beaufort, to take the office of prime-minister: the king confided the seals to his beloved friend Waynflete, bishop of Winchester. Henry's health being still in a perilous state, queen Margaret took great pains to amuse him with everything that was likely to have a soothing influence, and to keep him in a tranquil frame of mind.⁵ There

¹ Prevost.

■ Public Acts. Rapin.

² Guthrie.⁵ Guthrie's folio History of England.

■ Speed. Hall.

is, in Rymer's *Fœdera*, an order in council, stating "that the presence of minstrels was a great solace to the king in his sick state, and therefore the bailiffs and sheriffs of his counties were required to seek for beautiful boys who possessed musical powers, to be instructed in the art of minstrelsy and music for his service in his court, and to receive good wages." Henry was also amused and comforted by receiving daily requests from his nobles, and others of his subjects, for leave to go on pilgrimages to various shrines in foreign parts, to pray for the re-establishment of his health;¹ and, not unfrequently, he was beguiled with hopes that his bankrupt exchequer was about to be replenished with inexhaustible funds, by one or other of the learned alchemists who were constantly at work in the royal laboratory.²

The regal authority was, at this period, exercised in his name by queen Margaret and her council, with great wisdom and ability; yet the impetuosity of her temper betrayed her into the great imprudence of attempting to interfere with the jurisdiction of the Londoners, by sending the dukes of Buckingham and Exeter with the royal commission into the city, for the purpose of trying the parties concerned in a riot in which several persons had been slain; but the populace raised a tumult, and would not permit the dukes to hold a court. The queen took the alarm, and not considering the person of the king safe in London, removed him to Shene, where she left him under the care of his brother Jasper, while she visited Chester,³ and other towns in the midland counties. The civic records of Bristol prove that she came to that city also, with a great company of the nobility, and was well and honorably received. Her object was to ascertain how the country gentry stood affected to the cause of the crown. Having every reason to confide in the loyal feelings of that portion of their subjects, Margaret decided on bringing the king in royal prog-

¹ Guthrie's folio History of England. John Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, called "the good duke," actually performed his vow, and offered his petitions at the holy sepulchre for the restoration of his sovereign's health.—Paston Papers.

² Rymer's *Fœdera*.

³ Paston Papers.

ress through the midland counties, and keeping court for a time at Coventry. Nothing could exceed the enthusiastic welcome with which the king, queen, and infant prince of Wales were received by the wealthy burgesses of that ancient city. On their arrival, Margaret was complimented with a variety of pageants, in which patriarchs, evangelists, and saints obligingly united with the pagan heroes of classic lore in offering their congratulations to her on having borne an heir to England, and they all finished by tendering their friendly aid against all adversaries.¹

There are curious original portraits of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou, wrought in tapestry, still preserved in St. Mary's hall at Coventry, probably the work of a contemporary artist in that species of manufacture, which, we need scarcely remind our readers, is not very favorable for the delineation of female beauty, but highly valuable as affording a faithful copy of the costume and general characteristics of the personages represented. Margaret appears engaged in prayer; her figure is whole-length; her hands rest on an open missal, which is before her on a table covered with blue cloth; her head-dress is a hood richly bordered with pear-pearls, which hang round her face; on the summit of the hood is a crown of fleurs-de-lis, which bends to the shape of the hood at the back of the head; behind the hood hangs a veil, figured and fringed with drops shaped like pears. On the temples, and in front of the hood, are three oval-shaped gems of great size; she wears a rich collar necklace, composed of round pearls and pendant pear-pearls. Her dress is cut square on the bust; the sleeves are straight at the shoulders, but gradually widen into great fulness, and are turned up with ermine: this style is called the *rebras* sleeve.²

¹ Sharp's Antiquities of Coventry.

² The Coventry tapestry likewise presents a figure of Henry VI. kneeling; cardinal Beaufort kneels behind the king, and there are seventeen of the English nobility standing in attendance on the royal pair. The figures are the size of life. This noble historical relic is thirty feet in length and ten feet in height. William Staunton, Esq., of Longbridge house, near Warwick, has had the figures of Margaret and Henry engraved, and has kindly favored us with a copy of the print, and with his own description of the present state of the tapestry.

The maternal tenderness of Margaret, and the courageous manner in which she had upheld the rights of her royal husband and devoted herself to the care of his health, her brilliant talents, her eloquence and majestic beauty, produced a powerful effect on the minds of all whose hearts the rancor of party had not steeled against her influence. The favorable impression made by Margaret in that district was never forgotten; and Coventry, where she held her court, was ever after so devoted to her service that it went by the name of queen Margaret's *safe harbor*. York, Salisbury, and Warwick were summoned to attend the council at Coventry; but these lords, mistrusting the queen and Somerset, retired to three remote stations,—York to his demesnes on the marches, where he had the state and power of a sovereign; Salisbury to his castle of Middleham, in Yorkshire; and Warwick to his government of Calais, of which he, unfortunately for the cause of Lancaster, retained possession.¹

The French and Scotch availed themselves of the internal troubles of the realm to attack England this year. The Yorkists took advantage of the aggressions of her countrymen to work upon the strong national prejudices, which were more powerfully felt at that era, perhaps, than at any other period, to excite the ill-will of the people against the queen;² as if Margaret could have preferred the interests of her aunt's husband to her own, the father of the child whom she loved with such proud and passionate fondness. So alarming, indeed, did the conduct of France appear to Margaret at this crisis, that she was the first to suggest the expediency of a reconciliation between the court and the adverse party of York and Warwick, that the whole strength of the realm might be employed against foreign invaders. York and Warwick, by whom Margaret was equally hated and mistrusted, paid little attention to her pacific overtures; but when king Henry, in the simplicity and sincerity of his heart, wrote with his own hand a pathetic representation of the evils resulting from this protracted strife, and protested, upon the word of a Christian and a king, that no

¹ Hall. Speed.

² Rapin.

vengeance should be inflicted on any individual for past offences against the crown, they felt it was impossible to doubt the honor and honesty of his intentions.¹

A general congress or pacification between the belligerent lords was then resolved upon. To the lord mayor of London, sir Godfrey Boleyn, was assigned the arduous office of guardian of the public tranquillity on this extraordinary occasion; and for this purpose ten thousand of the citizens were armed, and patrolled the streets day and night as a national guard, to prevent the plunder and bloodshed that were only too likely to arise from quarrels between the followers of the hostile peers. On the 15th of January, 1458, the earl of Salisbury, with five hundred men, arrived, and took up his quarters at his own mansion at Cold-Harbor. The duke of York, with four hundred, lodged at Baynard's castle. The earl of Warwick arrived from Calais in February, with a pompous retinue of six hundred men in scarlet coats. The dukes of Somerset and Exeter, with eight hundred followers, lodged without Temple bar, in and about Holborn, and other places in the suburbs. The earl of Northumberland, and his kinsman, lord Egremont, maintained the feudal state of the Percys² by bringing fifteen hundred followers, being more numerous than any of the other adherents of the Red rose.³ How such a congress ever came to anything in the shape of an amicable treaty must ever remain among the most marvellous of historic records. Two whole months were spent in fierce debates and angry recriminations before the mediations of the archbishop of Canterbury and the other prelates produced the desired effect. The king was easily satisfied, requiring nothing more than a renewal of homage, in which the names of queen Margaret and her son, Edward prince of Wales, were to be included; but the lords demanded pecuniary compensation of each other for the damage they had sustained, not only in the plundering of their respective castles and estates, but for the loss of kinsmen.⁴

¹ Hall. Stowe. Holinshed.

² Stowe. Hall. Rapin.

³ Stowe. Hall. Holinshed.

⁴ The duke of York actually consented to pay the widow of his great enemy,

The king and queen, who had not considered it prudent to trust their persons before among the armed negotiators of the peace, made a public entry into London, and took up their abode, March 27th, in the bishop's palace, which was a central position. The feast of the Annunciation was appointed as a day of public thanksgiving for this pacification, when Henry and Margaret, wearing their crowns and royal robes and attended by all the peers and prelates, walked in solemn procession to St. Paul's cathedral. In token of the sincerity of their reconciliation, the leading members of the lately adverse factions walked hand in hand together, being paired according to the degree of deadly animosity that had previously divided them. The duke of Somerset, coupled with the earl of Salisbury, his ancient foe, headed the procession, followed by the duke of Exeter and the earl of Warwick, in unwonted fellowship. Then, behind the king, who walked alone, came the duke of York, leading queen Margaret by the hand, apparently on the most loving terms with each other. The delight of the citizens of London at this auspicious pageant manifested itself not only in acclamations, bonfires, and other signs and tokens of popular rejoicings, but called forth some of the halting lyrical effusions of their bards in commemoration.¹ No sooner was "this dissimulated love-day," as Fabyan calls it, over, than York withdrew to the marches, Salisbury to Yorkshire, and Warwick to his government of Calais.² He was at that time lord admiral by patent, and thus the whole naval force of England was at the duke of York's command.

The animosity between the queen and Warwick was not

Edmund duke of Somerset, 5000*l.*, to console her for the loss of her husband, slain at St. Alban's; this sum to be divided among her younger children. Warwick and Salisbury paid two thousand marks to the younger sons of lord Clifford.

¹ Here is a specimen:—

"Our sovereign lord God keep alway,
And the queen and archbishop of Canterbury,
And other that have labored to make this love-day,—
O God preserve them! we pray heartily,
And London for them full diligently:
Rejoice, England, in concord and unities!"

—Cottonian MSS., *Vespasian*, B xvi. p. 111, 5.

² Rapin. Public Acts.

of a political nature alone, but was marked with all the bitter and vindictive feelings of private hatred. It was possible for Margaret to assume an appearance of regard for York, but she never could mask her antipathy to Warwick, from whose lips had first proceeded scandalous imputations on her honor,—an injury no woman can be expected to forgive, much less a queen. Warwick complained of the rigor with which the queen caused an inquiry to be pushed against him, for a recent act of piracy he had committed by plundering the Lubeck fleet on the high seas: he accused her of insincerity in the recent act of reconciliation, and of having little regard for the glory of the English arms. These expressions, being repeated in the city, caused a seditious tumult against the queen, in which her attorney-general was killed: and the governors of Furnival's, Clifford's, and Barnard's inns, with Taylor (the alderman of the ward in which the fray took place), were committed to prison. This was followed by a personal attack on Warwick by the royal servants, as he was returning from the council at Westminster palace.¹ Warwick construed this riot into a premeditated plot devised by the queen for his destruction. Margaret retaliated the charge, by accusing him of causing a tumult at the palace; and, according to Fabian, she actually procured an order in council for him to be arrested and committed to the Tower. This fracas, whether originating in design or accident, occurred in a fatal hour for the queen, by affording a plausible excuse to the great triumvirs of the adverse party, York, Salisbury, and Warwick, for drawing the sword once more against the house of Lancaster, which was never again sheathed till it

¹ According to Fabian, the dispute commenced while Warwick was in the council-chamber, and originated in an assault made by one of the king's servants on a person belonging to his retinue. Stowe and Polydore Vergil assert that Warwick's man was the aggressor, who severely wounded the king's servant; whereupon the *black guard* (as the scullions, cooks, and kitchen band were called), armed with clubs, spits, and cleavers, rushed forth to revenge their comrade. In the midst of this fray the council broke up, and Warwick coming forth to take barge, was immediately assailed by the culinary champions of the palace; and so fierce an attack was made upon his person, that it was with difficulty he fought his way to the barge with his retinue, many of whom were severely maimed and wounded.

had drunk the life-blood of those nearest and dearest to Margaret,—her husband and her son.

King Henry, leaving his queen to struggle with the storm she had raised, retired to pass that Easter at the abbey of St. Alban's. At his departure, having nought else to bestow, he ordered his best robe to be given to the prior. His treasurer heard the command with consternation, well knowing the poverty of the royal wardrobe was such that Henry had no other garment suitable for state occasions, nor the means of providing one at his need; so, stepping up to the prior, he offered to redeem the robe for fifty marks. Henry unwillingly complied with this prudent arrangement, but he charged the prior to follow him to London for the money, which he made the reluctant treasurer disburse in his presence. The following June, 1459, the court departed from the metropolis. Queen Margaret took the king in progress through the counties of Warwick, Stafford, and Cheshire, under the pretence of benefiting his health by change of air and sylvan sports. Her real object was to display in that district the beauty and engaging manners of their son, the young prince of Wales, then in his sixth year, a child of singular promise, for whom she engaged the favor of all the nobles and gentlemen in those loyal counties by causing him to distribute little silver swans, as his badge, wherever he came, and to all who pressed to look upon him. Margaret displayed peculiar tact in adopting, for her boy, the well-remembered device which had distinguished his renowned ancestor Edward III., whose name he bore. So well were her impassioned pleadings in his behalf seconded by the loveliness and winning behavior of the princely child, that ten thousand men wore his livery at the battle of Blore heath.

King Henry was then at Coleshill, in Warwickshire; and Margaret, fearing for his safety, sent lord Audley to intercept the earl of Salisbury, then on his march from Middleham castle, with a reinforcement of four or five thousand Yorkists. Margaret sternly bade Audley bring Salisbury before her, dead or alive. Audley posted himself on Blore heath at the head of ten thousand Cheshiresmen, distin-

guished by the red rosette of Lancaster, and their leaders by the silver swans worn on their breasts in honor of Edward prince of Wales. Nearly three thousand of the flower of Cheshire, cavaliers and yeomen, perished with Audley their leader. When Margaret, who witnessed the conflict from the tower of Muccleston church, beheld the fall of Audley's banner, she fled to Eccleshall castle.¹ King Henry, who was dangerously ill at Coleshill, lay stretched on a pallet during the battle, and the only token of consciousness he gave was, that when his people were removing him, he asked in a feeble voice, "Who had got the day?" Salisbury, through this victory, was enabled to form a junction with the duke of York's army; and it was expected that the duke, who now boldly asserted his title to the crown, would speedily attain the object to which all his actions for the last twelve years had tended.

The energies of queen Margaret's mind increased with the perils and difficulties with which the cause of her royal husband was beset. She had for the first time in her life looked upon a battle, and though it was the disastrous defeat of Blore heath, far from being dismayed or regarding it as the death-blow to the hopes of Lancaster, it appears to have had the effect of rousing a dormant faculty within her soul,—the courage and enterprise of a military leader. Hitherto she had fought her enemies from the cabinet; now she had caught the fierce excitement of her combative nobles, and kindled with the desire of asserting the rights of her husband and her son in battle-fields. It must be remembered that this martial fever was one of the epidemics of the times in which Margaret of Anjou lived, that the warlike blood of Charlemagne was thrilling in her veins, and, moreover, that she was the countrywoman, and was born the contemporary, of Joan of Arc, who had proved herself a more successful general against the English than all the princes and chivalry of France. Having fallen back to Coventry, she there made a general rally of the friends of Lancaster, and succeeded in getting together an efficient army once more; and before the end of October, finding

¹ Pennant.

the king sufficiently recovered to take the field in person, she prevailed with him to march to Ludlow, where the duke of York and his adherents were assembled in warlike array.

So greatly had the popularity of king Henry increased, in consequence of his appearance in the provinces, that the duke of York, to his astonishment and confusion, found his own vassals so little disposed to fight against the anointed sovereign, that he thought proper to circulate a report of the king's death, and caused a solemn mass for the repose of his soul to be sung in his camp at Ludeford,—supposing that he might by this *ruse* deprive his adversaries of the sacred shield of Henry's name. But the sturdy marchers showed not a whit more inclination to attack the queen, or impugn the title of the infant son of Henry, than they had done to draw the sword against himself. Margaret, having good information of what was passing in the enemy's camp, caused a pardon to be proclaimed in the king's name to all who would return to their allegiance. This was, in the first instance, treated with contempt by the Yorkist leaders, who replied, "They knew better than to rely on such a staff of reed, or buckler of glass, as the promises of the king under his present guidance."¹ Urged by his energetic consort, Henry then advanced within a mile of Ludlow. The duke of York, relying on Henry's conscientious antipathy to fighting, endeavored to play over the same game he had, under similar circumstances, done at Burnt heath, by addressing a letter to him full of protestations of his loyal and good intentions, and praying his sovereign to redress the grievances of the people by eschewing his evil counsellors. But Henry, while under the immediate influence of Margaret's master-mind, showed he was not now to be trifled with, and therefore answered the letter of the insurgents by marching up to the gates of Ludlow, where the royal pardon was again proclaimed. This being followed by the submission or desertion of many of the Yorkist soldiers, the duke, with his second son, Edmund earl of Rutland, fled to Ireland; and the earls of Salisbury and

¹ Speed.

Warwick, with the heir of York, Edward earl of March, sailed for Calais, leaving the duchess of York to defend the castle as she could. She and her two youngest sons were made prisoners by the king, who sacked and plundered the town and castle of Ludlow to the bare walls.¹ Such was the result of the first campaign that was shared by the queen, and, if we are to credit the assertions of all historians, directed by her counsels.

The signal victory having been happily achieved without bloodshed, Margaret returned in triumph, with her royal spouse, to her trusty friends at Coventry, where Henry summoned a parliament to meet, November 20th. King Henry appears to have been more offended at the mass that was said for his soul in the camp of his enemies than at any of their less innocent acts of treason. It is mentioned with peculiar acrimony, in the bill of attainder passed against York and his party by this parliament, as the very climax of their villanies. For the security of Margaret and the young prince, a new and solemn oath of allegiance was framed and sworn to by the peers and prelates of this parliament, in which each liegeman, after engaging to do his true *devoir* to king Henry, added these words:—"Also to the weal, surety, and preserving of the person of the most high and benign princess Margaret the queen, my sovereign lady, and of her most high and noble estate, she being your wife; and also to the weal, surety, and honor of the person of the right high and mighty prince Edward, your first-born son."² The king, by the authority of the same parliament, granted to queen Margaret the manor of Cosham, with the appurtenances, in Wilts, and 20*l.* yearly out of the aulnage of cloth in London, in exchange for the manor of Havering-Bower, which had been settled on her.³

The triumph of the royal cause was brief; Calais and the naval power of England were at the command of Warwick, and from that quarter the portentous storm-clouds began once more to threaten.⁴ Margaret was, at this period, personally engaged in courting popularity among the aristoc-

¹ Guthrie. Speed.

■ Parliamentary History.

■ Ibid.

⁴ Lingard, vol. v. ch. xi. p. 213.

raey of Norfolk. Dame Margaret Paston describes some of her proceedings, while in Norfolk, in a familiar epistle to her husband, which is too rich a specimen of the manners of the times, and of the arts used by the queen to ingratiate herself individually with the ladies of Norfolk, to be omitted.

LETTER FROM MARGARET PASTON.

"As for tidings, the queen came into this town on Tuesday last, past afternoon, and abode there till it was Thursday three o'clock; and she sent after my cousin Elizabeth Clere, by Sharinham, to come to her, and she durst not disobey her commandment, and came to her. And when she came into the queen's presence, the queen made right much of her, and desired her to have a husband, the which ye shall know of hereafter; but, as for that, he is never the nearer than before. The queen was right well pleased with her answer, and reported her of the best wise, and saith, 'By her troth she saw no *jantylwoman*, since she came into Norfolk, that she liked better than she doth her.' When the queen was here, I borrowed my cousin Elizabeth Clere's device [necklace], for I durst not for shame go with my beads amongst so many fresh gentlewomen [fashionably dressed ladies] as here were at that time.

"Norwich, Friday before St. George."¹

How vigilant and unremitting a scrutiny Margaret kept upon the conduct of the nobility and gentry at this period, and how minute and particular was the information she contrived to obtain of all their actions, and even of the proceedings of their servants, may be gathered from the following extract from a contemporary letter, addressed to sir John Paston:—

"I beseech you to remember, that I have aforetime been accused unto the king's highness and the queen's for owing my poor good-will and service unto my lord of York and others, etc., whereof I suppose that sir Thomas Bingham is remembered that I brought him once from my lady (duchess of Norfolk) a purse, and five marks (3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) therein; and to sir Philip Wentworth another, and an hundred shillings therein, for their good-will and advice therein to my

¹ Fenn, the editor of the Paston Papers, dates this letter, from conjecture, in 1452, but adds, that "Margaret of Anjou, alarmed at the approach of Edward earl of March towards London with a great power, endeavored to make what friends she could, and, amongst other places on her journeys for that purpose, visited Norwich, Jasper and Edmund, the king's brothers, attending her. Her familiarity and obliging address pleased the Norfolk gentry." Now, as Edward earl of March was a child in 1452, it must have been when he appeared in hostile array against king Henry, June, 1460, just before the battle of Northampton, that Margaret was seeking to strengthen her husband's cause in Norfolk.—Paston Papers, vol. i. p. 377.

lady, and all of us that were appealed for that case. Notwithstanding the king wrote to my lord,¹ by the means of the duke of Somerset, 'that we should be avoided from him,' and within this two years we were, in like wise, labored against to the queen, so that she wrote to my lord to avoid us, saying, 'that the king and she could, nor might, in no ways be assured of him and my lady, as long as we were about him; and much other things, as may be sufficiently proved by the queen's writing, under her own signet and sign manual, which I showed to the lord of Canterbury and other lords.' ■

Meantime, the band of veterans which Warwick had brought from Calais had swelled into a puissance, whose numbers have been variously reported by historians from twenty-five thousand to forty thousand men. With this force he and his military *élève*, Edward earl of March, triumphantly entered London, July 2, 1460, the citizens throwing open the gates for their admittance. On the 9th of the same month they measured swords with the royal army at Northampton. So ardently devoted to her service did queen Margaret find the chivalry whom she had arrayed beneath the banner of the Red rose to defend the rights of her husband and her son, that, imagining herself secure of victory, she induced the king to quit the town of Coventry, and crossing the river Nene, to encamp with his army in the plain between Harsington and Sandiford.³ The fiery heir of York then advanced his father's banner, and attacked the host of Lancaster, at seven in the morning, with one of his tremendous charges. The battle lasted but two hours, and was decided by the treachery of lord Grey de Ruthyn, who admitted the Yorkists into the heart of the royal camp. "Ten thousand tall Englishmen," says Hall, "were slain or

¹ John Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, in whose household the writer, R. Southwell, had an appointment.

² The letter addressed by queen Margaret to the duchess of Norfolk on this occasion has been vainly sought for by the Rev. Mr. Tierney, the historian of Arundel, among the archives of the Howard family. Some strange fatality, indeed, appears to have attended the correspondence of this remarkable woman, since, of the many private letters written by her, not even a copy of one appears to have been preserved. Sir Henry Ellis is of opinion that none of Margaret's letters are in existence, and certainly no success has at present attended the friendly efforts of M. Michelet, the president of the Historical Society of Paris, or any other of the learned antiquaries of the age who have generously endeavored to facilitate our object, by searching the royal archives at Paris, and the MS. collections of Rouen and Lorraine, for documents of the kind.

³ Hall. Lingard.

drowned in attempting to repass the river, and king Henry himself, left all lonely and disconsolate, was taken prisoner."

The dukes of Somerset and Buckingham were the leaders of the royal army. Buckingham was slain in the battle, where also fell another staunch friend of Margaret and the cause of the Red rose, John Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, a son not unworthy of his renowned sire,—“Talbot, our good dogge,” as he was called in the quaint but significant parlance of his party. Somerset escaped to fulfil a darker destiny. Queen Margaret was not herself in the battle, but, with her boy, the infant hope of Lancaster, was posted at a short distance from the scene of action, on a spot whence she could command a prospect of the field and communicate with her generals. When, however, she witnessed the treachery of lord Grey, and the headlong rush of her disordered troops to repass the river they had crossed that morning so full of hope and ardor, the pride and courage of the heroine yielded to maternal terror; and, forgetful of every other consideration but the preservation of her boy, she fled precipitately with him and a few faithful followers towards the bishopric of Durham. But Durham was no place of refuge for the queen, who had previously incurred the ill-will of the citizens by some arbitrary measure or imprudent burst of temper.

William of Worcester relates that queen Margaret and the prince of Wales were actually captured, while flying from Eggeshall to Chester, by John Cleger, one of lord Stanley's servants, and spoiled of all her jewels; but while they were rifling her baggage, of which her attendants had charge, she seized an opportunity of escaping with the prince. On the road she was joined by the duke of Somerset, and, after a thousand perils, succeeded in reaching Harlech castle, an almost impregnable fortress in North Wales, where she was honorably received and manfully protected by Dafyd ap Jeuan ap Einion, a Welsh chieftain, who, in stature and courage, resembled one of the doughty Cambrian giants of metrical romance.¹ In this rocky fastness, which appeared as if formed by nature for the shelter of the royal fugitives,

¹ Notes to the Warkworth Chronicle, by J. O. Halliwell, Esq. Pennant.

they remained safe from the vindictive pursuit of their foes, while the unfortunate king was conducted to London by those whom the fortunes of war had rendered the arbiters of his fate. He was treated with external marks of respect by the victors, but was compelled by them to summon a parliament for the purpose of sanctioning their proceedings and reprobating those of his faithful friends. During the interval before it met at Westminster, and while all parties remained in uncertainty as to what had become of the queen and the prince of Wales, Henry was removed for a short time to Eltham, and permitted to recreate himself with hunting and field-sports, in which, notwithstanding his mild and studious character, Henry VI. appears to have taken much pleasure. He was under the charge of the earl of March, who kept a watch over him.¹

The duke of York, having received the news of the signal triumph of his party, entered London, October 10th, at the head of a retinue of five hundred horsemen, with a sword of state borne before him; and, riding straight to Westminster, he passed through the hall into the house of lords, advanced to the regal canopy, and laid his hand upon the throne, with a gesture and look implying that he only waited for an invitation to take possession of it. But a dead silence prevailed, even among his own partisans, which was at length broken by the archbishop of Canterbury, asking him, "if he would be pleased to visit the king?"² who was in the queen's suite of apartments, those belonging to the sovereign having been appropriated to the duke of York's use.³ "I know of no one in this realm who ought not, rather, to visit me," was the haughty rejoinder of the duke. With these words he angrily left the house. The peers by whom these rival claims were to be decided had, to a man, sworn their liegemen's oaths to king Henry, and to him they actually propounded the question as to which had the legal claim to the crown, himself or his cousin Richard duke of York? Henry, though a captive in the power of his rival, replied in these words:—"My father was king; his father was also king: I have worn the crown forty years, from

¹ Paston Papers.² Lingard.³ Lingard. Hall. Rapin.

my cradle; you have all sworn fealty to me as your sovereign, and your fathers have done the like to my father and grandfather. How, then, can my right be disputed?"¹ He agreed, nevertheless, to recognize the duke of York as his successor, on which condition the crown was guaranteed to himself during the rest of his life. Henry was next compelled, by those who had the custody of his person, to give the regal sanction to a peremptory mandate for the return of his consort and son to the metropolis, attaching no milder term than that of high treason to a wilful disobedience of this injunction.

Margaret was a fugitive, without an army, without allies, kindred, or money, when she received this summons, together with the intelligence that the rights of her boy had been passively surrendered by his unfortunate sire to the hostile princes of the line of York. Tidings that would have overwhelmed any other female with despair had the effect of rousing all the energies of her nature into that resistless determination of purpose which for a time redeemed the cause of Lancaster from ruin. The king of Scotland was the son of a Lancastrian princess: she resolved on trying the efficacy of a personal application to that monarch for assistance in this emergency. Having caused a report to be circulated that she was raising forces in France, Margaret quitted her rocky eyrie among the wilds of Snowdon, where her beauty, her courage, and the touching circumstances under which she appeared had created among her loyal Welsh adherents an interest not unlike that which is occasionally felt for the distressed queens of tragedy and romance. The popular Welsh song, *Farwel iti Peggy ban*,² is said to have been the effusion of the bards of that district on the occasion of her departure.

The communication between Wales and Scotland was facilitated for Margaret by the proximity of Harlech castle to the Menai, on which it is supposed she embarked with her son and a few trusty followers.³ She landed in Scotland

¹ Blackman, p. 303. Lingard. Hall.

² Notes to the Warkworth Chronicle, by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

³ Pennant.

safely with her boy, but found the whole country filled with mourning on account of the loss of their king, James II., her energetic ally, who was slain by the bursting of one of his own cannon at the siege of Roxburgh castle. His queen, Mary of Gueldres, a princess of a kindred spirit to the royal heroine of the Red rose, had continued the siege, taken the castle, and was then at Edinburgh, assisting at the successive solemnities of the funeral of her deceased lord and the coronation of her little son, James III. Margaret and her boy were very differently situated from the victorious queen-mother of Scotland and that royal minor, to whom they came in their destitution and sore distress as fugitives and suppliants. They excited, however, universal sympathy at Dumfries, and were so well received that Margaret determined to take up her abode at the monastic college of Lincluden, near that city, where she was hospitably entertained by James Lindsay, the provost, who was keeper of the privy seal to the queen-mother of Scotland. Part of the venerable pile where Margaret of Anjou and her company found an asylum at this crisis is still in existence, picturesquely situated where the water of Cluden empties itself into the Nith. From Lincluden the fugitive English queen despatched letters to the king and the queen-regent of Scotland, announcing her arrival in that realm, and craving hospitality and succor in her distress. Nothing could be more friendly and consoling than the manner in which the royal widow of Scotland, who was nearly related both by blood and marriage to the house of Lancaster, responded to the appeal of her unfortunate guest, whom she treated in all respects as her equal.¹ She came in state, with the young king her son, to welcome her and the prince of Wales, and cheered her with promises of assistance. A conference between the two queens and their counsellors took place at Lincluden, and lasted twelve days.² The Exchequer records of Scotland bear witness that this conference was not a dry one, for there is an entry of charges "for three pipes of French white wine, sent to the college

¹ Chronicle of Auchinlech. History of Galway. Records of Scotland.

² Ibid.

of Lincluden, and drank at the time the queen was there with the queen and prince of England.”¹

The conferences at Lincluden terminated very satisfactorily for Margaret, who obtained both the loan of money and the promise of troops. While the armament was preparing, she was kindly entertained by her friend the Scottish queen, whom she accompanied to Falkland, and other of the royal residences of that realm. The following notices connected with her visit to Scotland are preserved in the Exchequer rolls, 27th of August, 1460 :—

“ Payment made to Duncan Dundas, for the expenses of Margaret of England staying with our lady the queen, incurred by bringing her to the parts of Scotland, by order of the keeper of the privy seal, of the sum *xviii. xiiis.*; and for the wages of two grooms of the prince of England abiding in Falkland, for the keeping of the horses of the said prince thirteen days, each of them receiving eight pennies a day, and amounting in the whole to *xviss. viiid.*”²

The royal child for whom this equestrian establishment was provided at the expense of the court of Scotland had not completed his seventh year. Not all the respect and consideration, however, with which herself and her boy were treated in that hospitable realm could tempt queen Margaret to prolong her stay an hour longer than was necessary to place her at the head of an army. She then crossed the Scottish border, unfurled the banner of the Red rose, and, strengthened by all the chivalry of Northumberland, Cumberland, Lancashire, and Westmoreland, presented herself at the gates of York, before the leaders of the White rose party were fully aware that she was in England. At York she convened a council of the lords of her party, and declared her determination of marching directly to London, for the purpose of delivering her captive lord king Henry from the hands of his enemies; and the resolution was unanimously adopted.³

The duke of York, who had by no means anticipated this

¹ Computum or charges of Donald Maclellan of Gyrlstone, steward of Kirkcudbright, from 11th of July, 1460, to 7th of March the same year.—Excerpts from the Scotch exchequer rolls, kindly communicated by John Riddell, Esq.

² Also communicated by John Riddell, Esq., to whom my acknowledgments are gratefully offered.

³ William of Worcester.

prompt and bold response to the proclamation he had enforced his royal captive to send to the fugitive queen, left London with the earl of Salisbury, at the head of such forces as could be hastily collected, to check the fierce career of the lioness whom they had rashly roused from her slumberous stupor of despair. On Christmas-eve the duke reached his strong castle of Sandal, where, with five thousand men, he determined to await the arrival of his son Edward, who was raising the border forces.

Before this could be effected, queen Margaret advanced to Wakefield, and, appearing under the walls of Sandal castle, defied the duke to meet her in the field day after day, and used so many provoking taunts on "his want of courage in suffering himself to be tamely braved by a woman,"¹ that York, who certainly had had little reason to form a very lofty idea of Margaret's skill as a military leader, determined to come forth and do battle with her. Sir Davy Hall, his old servant, represented to him "that the queen was at the head of eighteen thousand men, at the lowest computation, and advised him to keep within his castle, and defend it till the arrival of his son with the border forces." The duke, disdaining this prudent counsel, indignantly replied:—"Ah, Davy, Davy! hast thou loved me so long, and wouldst thou have me dishonored? Thou never sawest me keep fortress when I was regent in Normandy, where the dauphin himself with his puissance came to besiege me, but like a man, and not like a bird in a cage, I issued and fought with mine enemies,—to their loss ever, I thank God! And if I have not kept myself within walls for fear of a great and strong prince, nor hid my face from any man living, wouldest thou that I, for dread of a scolding woman, whose only weapons are her tongue and her nails, should incarcerate myself and shut my gates? Then all men might of me wonder, and report to my dishonor, that a woman hath made me a dastard, whom no man could ever yet prove a coward."² The duke concluded by declaring his intention to advance his banner in the name of God and

¹ Hall, p. 250

² Hall's Chronicle; sir Davy Hall was the historian's grandfather.

St. George; then with his brother-in-law, the earl of Salisbury, he issued from his stronghold and set his battle in array, in the hope of driving his female adversary from the field.¹

Margaret had drawn up her puissance in three bodies. The central force was commanded by Somerset, under her directions; but it is by no means certain that she played the Amazon by fighting in person, on this or any other occasion. The other two squadrons were ambushed to the right and left, under the orders of the earl of Wiltshire and lord Clifford: and as soon as York had entered the plain, and was engaged by the vanguard, they closed him in on either side, "like," says Hall, "a fish in a net, or a deer in a buck-stall; so that in less than half an hour he, manfully fighting, was slain, and his army discomfited." Two thousand of the Yorkists lay dead on the field, and the ruthless Clifford, on his return from the pursuit, in which he had slain the young earl of Rutland in cold blood on Wakefield bridge, severed the head of the duke of York from his lifeless body, crowned it with paper, and presented it to queen Margaret on the point of a lance, with these words:—"Madame, your war is done. Here is your king's ransom."² The Lancastrian peers who surrounded the queen raised a burst of acclamation, not unmixed with laughter, as they directed the attention of their royal mistress to the ghastly witness of their triumph. Margaret at first shuddered, turned pale, and averted her eyes, as if affrighted by the horrid spectacle thus unexpectedly offered to her gaze; but the instinctive emotions of woman's nature were quickly superseded by feelings of vindictive pleasure, and when she was urged to look again upon "this king without a kingdom," who had endeavored to wrest the crown of England from her husband and her son, she looked and laughed,—laughed long and violently, and then commanded the head of her fallen foe to be placed over the gates of York.³ She likewise ordered the earl of Salisbury, who was among the prisoners, to be led to the scaffold the following day, and caused his head to be placed by that of his friend and brother-in-law,

¹ Hall's Chronicle.

² Hall.

³ Prevost.

the duke of York.¹ In the blindness of her presumption, when issuing these orders, she bade the ministers of her vengeance "take care that room were left between the heads of York and Salisbury for those of the earls of March and Warwick, which she intended should soon keep them company."

The demons of war were now let loose in all their destroying fury, and the leaders of the rival parties emulated each other in deeds of blood and horror. Edward earl of March won a battle at Mortimer's cross, February 1st, which was followed by a sanguinary execution, in reprisal for his brother's murder and the outrage offered to his father's remains. Queen Margaret, however, pushed on impetuously to the metropolis, with the intention of rescuing her captive lord from the thralldom in which he had been held ever since the battle of Northampton. It must have been at this time she published two remarkable manifestoes, addressed to the English people:—

"BY THE QUEEN,

"Right trusty and well-beloved, we greet you heartily well.

"And whereas the late duke of *N—* [York], of extreme malice long hid under color, imagining by many ways the destruction of my lord's good grace (Henry VI.), whom God of his mercy ever preserve! hath now late, upon an untrue pretence, feigned a title to my lord's crown and royal estate (contrary to his allegiance, and divers solemn oaths of his own), and fully purposed to have deposed him of his regality, *ne* had been [but for] the said unchangeable and true dispositions of you and other his true liege-men: for the which your worshipful dispositions we thank you as heartily as we can. And howbeit the said untrue, *unsad* [unsteady], and unadvised person, of very pure malice disposed to continue in his *cruelness*, to the utter undoing (if he might) of us and of our said lord's son and ours, the prince (which, of God's mercy, he shall not have the power to perform, by the help of you and all other my lord's faithful disposed subjects) hath thrown among you, as we be certainly informed, divers untrue and feigned matters and surmises; and in especial, that we and my lord's said son and ours should newly draw towards you with an uncivil power of strangers, disposed to rob and despoil you of your goods and *havours*; we will that ye shall know for

¹ Hall. Lingard. Monstrelet says that Salisbury was massacred by the common people, who were excited to break into his prison, and put him to death irregularly.

■ Harleian, 543, 48 V, 14. This manifesto, in which the queen's personal feelings are much mingled, is a rough draft in the original, with the letter N, for *nomen*, where York is meant. We owe these curious documents to the research of the Rev. Mr. Tomlinson.

certain, that at such time as we or our said son shall be disposed to see my lord (Henry VI.) as our duty is, ye, nor none of ye, shall be robbed, despoiled, or wronged by any person, or any other sent in our name. Praying you in our most hearty way that in all earthly thing ye will diligently *intend* [attend] to the safety of my lord's royal person, so that, through the malice of his said enemy, he be no more troubled, vexed, and jeopardied; and in so doing we shall be to you such lady, as of reason ye shall be largely content.

“Given under our signet.”

Margaret, in this proclamation, endeavored at the same time to counteract the report that her northern allies had received from her the promise of pillaging all England south of the Trent, and to shield the person of her lord from injury. She added a second manifesto, in the name of her young son, much to the same purpose, but meant more particularly to reassure the city of London; for young Edward is made to assert how improbable it was, “that he, descended of the blood-royal, and inheriting the pre-eminence of the realm, should intend the destruction of that city which is our lord's [king Henry's] greatest treasure.” The address concludes with most earnest entreaties for all men to have such care of king Henry's royal person, “that by the malice of my said traitor [York] he may take no hurt.”

While Margaret was thus providing as far as possible for the safety of her consort, Warwick, at the head of his puissance, and leading his royal prisoner in his train, intercepted her army, took possession of St. Alban's, and filled the streets with archers to oppose her passage. When the queen attempted to pass through the town, she was driven back by a storm of arrows from the market-place; but, with dauntless intrepidity, she forced her way through a lane into St. Peter's street, and drove Warwick's archers back upon the vanguard of his army, which was encamped on Barnet heath. Here a furious conflict took place almost hand to hand, neither party giving quarter. Warwick's army was chiefly composed of Londoners, who proved no match for the stout northern men whom Margaret kept pouring upon them. Lovelace, who commanded a large body of the city bands, having a secret understanding with the queen, kept aloof till the fortunes of the day were decided in her favor. On the approach of night the Yorkists

dispersed and fled, leaving their royal prisoner, king Henry, nearly alone in a tent, with lord Montague, his chamberlain, and two or three attendants, exposed to considerable peril.

The queen was not herself aware of the proximity of her captive lord to the scene of her triumph till his faithful servant, Howe, ran to lord Clifford's quarters to announce the fact. Attended by Clifford, she flew to greet him, and they embraced with the most passionate tokens of joy.¹ Margaret exultingly presented the young prince of Wales, who had been her companion during the perils of that stormy day, to his enfranchised sire and sovereign, and requested Henry to bestow knighthood on the gallant child, and thirty more of their adherents, who had particularly distinguished themselves in the fight. This ceremonial completed, the king with his victorious consort, the prince of Wales, and the northern lords, went immediately to return thanks to God, in the abbey church of St. Alban's, for the deliverance of the king. They were received by the abbot and monks with hymns of triumph at the church-door. After this solemn office was performed, the king and queen were conducted to their apartments in the abbey, where they took up their abode.²

The queen sullied her victory by the execution of the lord Bonville and sir Thomas Kyriel. Some historians have said they were beheaded in the presence of herself and the young prince her son, in defiance of king Henry's promise "that their lives should be spared if they remained in the tent with him to assist in protecting him during the rout at St. Alban's." Unfortunately for Margaret, the provocations she had received were of a nature calculated to irritate her, no less as a woman than as a queen. The imputations which had been cast by party malice on the legitimacy of her son had naturally kindled the bitterest indignation in her heart, and the attempt to exclude him from the succession, in favor of the hated line of York, acting upon her passionate maternal love and pride, converted all the better feelings of her nature into fierce and terrific impulses; till at length the

¹ Carte. Lingard. Prevost.

² Holinshed.

graceful attributes of mind and manners by which the queen—the beauty, and the patroness of learning—had been distinguished, were forgotten in the ferocity of the Amazon and the avenger.

The parties of the rival roses were so nicely balanced, in point of physical force, at this period, that one false step on either side was sure to prove fatal to the cause of the person by whom it might be taken. That person was queen Margaret: flushed with her recent triumphs, and cherishing a wrathful remembrance of the disaffection of the Londoners, she sent a haughty demand of provisions for her army to the civic authorities. The lord mayor was embarrassed by this requisition; for, though he was himself faithfully attached to the cause of Lancaster, his fellow-citizens were greatly opposed to it. However, he exerted his authority to procure several cart-loads of salt fish, bread, and other Lenten fare for the use of the queen's army; but the populace, encouraged by the news that the earl of Warwick had formed a junction with the army of the victorious heir of York, and that they were in full march to the metropolis, stopped the carts at Cripplegate. Margaret was so highly exasperated when she learned this, that she gave permission to her fierce northern auxiliaries to plunder the country up to the very gates of London.¹ The lord mayor and recorder, greatly alarmed, sought and (through the influence of the duchess of Bedford, lady Scales, and Elizabeth Woodville) succeeded in obtaining an audience with the queen at Bar-net, for the purpose of dissuading her from her impolitic revenge. Margaret would only agree to stop the ravages of her troops on condition of being admitted with her army into the city. The lord mayor represented the impossibility of complying with her wish, as he was almost her only adherent in London.

Meantime, her greedy northern troops commenced their depredations in the town of St. Alban's; and king Henry broke up the conference between the queen and the lord mayor by imploring her assistance in preserving the beautiful abbey of St. Alban's from fire and spoil.² The danger

¹ Hall. Carte.

² Whethampstede.

that threatened their lives and properties, and the disgust created by the vindictive conduct of the queen, decided all London and its vicinity to raise the White rose banner on the approach of the heir of York, with Warwick, at the head of forty thousand men. The firm refusal of the citizens to admit the queen, and her ill-disciplined and lawless troops, within their walls compelled her to retreat towards the northern counties. She carried with her king Henry and their son, the prince of Wales. The next day Edward entered London in triumph: he was received by the citizens as their deliverer; and on the 4th of March he was proclaimed king, with universal acclamations, by the style and title of Edward IV.¹ It is worthy of notice that in three great political struggles the suffrages of the city of London turned the balance. The empress Maud, Margaret of Anjou, and Charles I. lost all with the good-will of the citizens.

The recognition of Edward IV. by the Londoners, though generally considered as the death-blow to the cause of Lancaster, only served to rouse the queen to greater energy of action. She was the heroine of the northern aristocracy and the midland counties, who, though they had suffered so severely for their devotion to her cause, were still ready to rally, at her need, round the banner of the Red rose. An army of sixty thousand men was in the course of a few days at her command; but her generals, Somerset and Clifford, prevailed on Margaret to remain with the king and the young prince of Wales at York, while they engaged the rival sovereign of England.² Edward, with nearly equal forces, advanced in concert with the Earl of Warwick to Ferrybridge, where, on the 28th of March, Clifford and his men, early in the morning, won the bridge, and surprised the advanced guard of the Yorkists. The able generalship and hot valor of king Edward retrieved the fortunes of the fight, and when darkness parted the combatants he remained in possession of the battle-field. The contest was renewed in the fields between Towton and Saxton, with redoubled fury, at nine the following morning, being Palm-Sunday, "which," says the chronicler, "was celebrated that day with

¹ Lingard. Hall. Carte.

² Hall. Lingard.

lances instead of palms." A heavy snow-storm, drifting full in the faces of the Lancastrian party, blinded their archers, who shot uncertainly; while those of York with fatal effect discharged their flight-arrows, and then, advancing a few paces, shot a second shower among the chivalry of the Red rose.¹ The result of this dreadful battle, where the strength and flower of the Lancastrians perished, is best described in the immortal verse of laureate Southey:—

"Witness Aire's unhappy water,
Where the ruthless Clifford fell;
And where Wharfe ran red with slaughter
On the day of Towcester's field,
Gathering in its guilty flood
The carnage, and the ill-spilt blood
That forty thousand lives could yield.
Cressy was to this but sport,
Poitiers but a pageant vain,
And the work of Agincourt
Only like a tournament."

Margaret fled, with her consort and her son, to Newcastle, and from thence to Alnwick castle. A mournful welcome awaited her there, for its gallant lord had fought and fallen in her cause at Towton. It is recorded by Leland that, during her temporary sojourn in this neighborhood, queen Margaret, with her own hand, shot a buck with a broad arrow in Alnwick park. This anecdote implies that the royal fugitives enjoyed the relaxation of sylvan sports while partaking of the generous hospitality of the loyal and courageous house of Percy on their disastrous retreat to the Scottish border. It is, moreover, the only proof of Margaret's personal prowess in the use of deadly weapons, and shows that she possessed strength of arm and no inconsiderable skill in handling the long-bow. She had been always accustomed to accompany the king in hunting, hawking, and other field-sports, in which Henry VI. so much delighted, and in which he was encouraged by her, as beneficial to his peculiar constitution.

The approach of the victorious Yorkists rendered it expedient for the royal fugitives to seek refuge in Scotland. Accompanied by king Henry, their son, and six followers

¹ Hall. Lingard.

only, Margaret crossed the border, and baffling pursuit by entering the wild district of Galloway, the country of her friends the Douglasses, she obtained a temporary asylum for her lord at Kirkcudbright, while she proceeded with the little prince to plead for succor in the Scottish court. The following brief notice of the exiled family appears in one of the Paston letters:—"King Henry is at Kirkcudbrie, with four men and a child: queen Margaret is at Edinburgh with her son." Henry occupied himself, in the absence of his consort, in engaging the earl of Angus to assist him with troops for the recovery of his dominions; in return for which he promised him an English dukedom, and all the lands north of the Trent and Humber. "And so," says Hume of Godscroft, "the treaty was sealed and subscribed with a 'Henry' as long as the whole sheet of parchment,—the worst-shapen letters, and the worst put together, that I ever saw."¹

Margaret received a kind and honorable welcome from the queen-regent of Scotland, and, to the astonishment of all Europe, succeeded in concluding a treaty of betrothal between her son, Edward prince of Wales, and the princess Margaret, sister to the young king James III. It was, perhaps, her eagerness to secure this alliance which betrayed Margaret into the unpopular measure of ceding Berwick to the Scotch, which has left an indelible blot on her memory as a queen of England. Margaret, probably, resided at the palace of Dunfermline while these negotiations were pending; her name is, at any rate, connected with a local tradition, which implies that the good women of that royal borough were indebted to her for the acquisition of the useful and civilizing art of needlework, with which, though accustomed to the labors of the distaff and the loom, they were previously unacquainted. The old inhabitants of that district still acknowledge their obligations to the illustrious stranger in the following quaint distich:—

"May God bless Margaret of Anjou,
For she taught our Dunfermline websters to sew."

¹ Lives of the Douglasses.

It is pleasant to be able to quote even this rude rhyme in commemoration of the feminine accomplishments of the Bellona of English history, whom the general reader would rather expect to find instructing the bonnie Scots to sharpen battle-axes than beguiling her sorrowful hours by teaching their wives and daughters to handle needles. Yet there is nothing inconsistent with Margaret's real characteristics in the tradition: she inherited her father's love for the refinements of polished life, and possessed a natural taste for the statistics of trade and commerce. She was, moreover, the patroness of the only female company ever established in England,—the sisterhood of the silk-women,—an evidence of the interest she took in the industrious occupations of her own sex, and her desire to improve their condition in the state. Circumstances compelled her to become a leader of armies, but her royal foundation of Queen's college, Cambridge, and the fact of her fitting out ships, at her own expense, to trade with the ports of the Mediterranean, prove that nature intended her for better things. The stormy influence of evil times acted for evil on her excitable temperament, and turned her energies to fierce and destructive purposes. Edward IV. was accustomed to say, "He feared her more when a fugitive, and in want of the absolute necessities of life, than he did all the princes of the house of Lancaster combined."¹ She was, indeed, the only individual of that party who possessed sufficient talent to give him cause for uneasiness. The friendly relations she had succeeded in establishing with the Scottish queen and cabinet secured so honorable and suitable an asylum for king Henry, that he was enabled to emerge from his retreat at Kirkcudbright and appear in his own character once more.

The Exchequer rolls of Scotland bear record of payments made before the 22d of February, 1461, to John Kincard, keeper of the palace of Linlithgow, for repairing the said palace in expectation of the coming of the king of England; also of payment of the sum of 5*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.* to sir Henry Kingham, steward of the queen [of Scotland], for expenses incurred by the latter in Dumfries, Lanark, and Linlithgow,

¹ Le Moine.

in *sally* [salvage or wild] cattle and sheep delivered to the king and queen of England.”¹ The pecuniary distress of the royal pair is sufficiently indicated by the next entry of the same date:—“Payment made of one hundred pounds to the queen of England for a golden chalice or cup, pledged to our lady the queen, through the hands of the keeper of the privy seal.” There is also an entry of payment made between the 17th of March, 1461, and the penult of July, of two hundred pounds to the queen of England, and of grain and provender for six horses of the prince of England in Falkland during twenty-three days, by order of our lady the queen.”² Edward of Lancaster was at that time treated as the betrothed of the sister of the youthful sovereign of Scotland.

While Margaret of Anjou, with the formidable activity of a chess-queen, was attempting, from her safe refuge in Scotland, to check her adversary's game, she was, with the king her husband and her little son, proscribed and attainted by the parliament of the rival sovereign of England, and it was forbidden to all their former subjects to hold any sort of communication with them, on pain of death.³ The whole of England was now subjected to the authority of Edward IV.; yet there was still an undying interest pervading the great body of the people in favor of the blameless monarch, to whom their oaths of allegiance had been in the first instance plighted. Poetry, that powerful pleader to the sympathies of generous natures in behalf of fallen princes, failed not to take the holy Henry for its theme. The following lines, from the contemporary verses of John Awdlay, the blind poet, have some rugged pathos, and afford a specimen of the minstrelsy of the period:—

“I pray you, sirs, of your gentry,
Sing this carol reverently,
For it is made of king Henry.
Great need for him we have to pray;

¹ Kindly communicated by John Riddell, Esq.

² Excerpts from the Exchequer rolls of Scotland, communicated by Mr. Riddell.

³ Rolls of Parliament. Rymer's *Fœdera*.

If he fare well, well shall we be,
 Or else we may lament full sorely :
 For him shall weep full many an eye,
 Thus prophesies the blind Awdlay.”¹

The devoted nature of the attachment Margaret excited among the Lancastrian chiefs may be gathered from the following letter from two of her adherents, whom she had sent, with the duke of Somerset, on a private mission to her royal kinsman and friend, Charles VII. These letters, which were intended to break to the luckless queen the calamitous tidings of that monarch's death, were addressed to Margaret in Scotland, but were intercepted at sea:—

“MADAME:—

“Please your good grace, we have since your coming hither written to your highness thrice, one by the carvel in which we came, the other two from Dieppe. But, madame, it was all one thing in substance,—putting you in knowledge of your uncle's death (Charles VII.), whom God assoil, and how we stood arrested, and do yet. But on Tuesday next we shall up to the king (Louis XI.) your cousin-german. His *commissaires*, at the first of our tarrying, took all our letters and writings, and bare them up to the king, leaving my lord of Somerset in keeping [under arrest] at the castle of Arques, and my fellow Whyttingham and me (for we had safe-conduct) in the town of Dieppe, where we are yet.

“Madame, fear not, but be of good comfort; and beware ye venture not your person, *ne* my lord the prince, by sea, till ye have other word from us, unless your person cannot be sure where ye are, and extreme necessity drive ye thence. And for God's sake let the king's highness be advised of the same, for, as we are informed, the earl of March (Edward IV.) is into Wales by land, and hath sent his navy thither by sea. And, madame, think verily, as soon as we be delivered, we shall come straight to you, unless death take us by the way (which we trust he will not), till we see the king and you peaceably again in your realm; the which we beseech God soon to see, and to send you that your highness desireth. Written at Dieppe the 30th day of August, 1461.

“Your true subjects and liegemen,

“HUNGERFORD and WHYTTINGHAM.”■

These faithful adherents of Margaret had, with the duke of Somerset, been arrested in the disguise of merchants by the orders of Louis XI., who, with his usual selfish policy, was willing to propitiate the victorious Edward of York:³ after much trouble, queen Margaret succeeded in obtaining

¹ We have a little modernized the spelling of this literary curiosity, which is quoted in Mr. Halliwell's clever Introduction to the Warkworth Chronicle, from MS. Douce; Bib. Bodl. Oxon. No. 302, fol. 29, vol. a.

² Paston Papers, vol. i. p. 247. ³ Ibid. Barante. Leclercque. Monstrelet.

their liberation through the intercession of the count of Charolois. "In the month of March," says William of Worcester, "the duke of Somerset returned in a ship from Flanders to Scotland; and the queen of Scotland conceived the greatest hatred to him, because he revealed her too favorable regard for him to the king of France, for which she carried her resentment to such a height that she engaged the lord of Hailes to devise a plot for taking away his life." Though Somerset was so fortunate as to escape the vengeance he so richly merited, this untoward business was doubtless the cause of breaking up the friendly relations which Margaret had established with the court of Scotland, for we find that, in the first week in April, she and her son, and a party of their followers, embarked at Kirkcudbright for France. The same month, the earl of Warwick, with other Yorkist nobles, came to Dumfries on an embassy for contracting a marriage between the Scottish queen and their victorious sovereign, Edward IV. As Dumfries is but three hours' journey from Kirkcudbright, there was good cause for Margaret's departure; but, doubtless, she had already received her *congé*, to pave the way for the reception of the Yorkist ambassador.¹

Margaret, being entirely destitute of money, was indebted for the means of performing this voyage to the gratitude of a French merchant, to whom, in her early days, she had rendered an important service at her father's court at Nanci. He had since amassed great wealth, by establishing a commercial intercourse between the Low Countries and Scotland. He was in Scotland at the time of Margaret's sore distress, and provided her with ships and money for the purpose she required.² The pecuniary aid supplied by private friendship is, however, seldom proportioned to the exigencies of exiled royalty, and Margaret was compelled to make an appeal to the compassion of the duke of Bretagne immediately after she entered his dominions. The duke received her well and honorably, and presented her with the seasonable donation of twelve thousand crowns; with which she was enabled to administer to the necessities

¹ William of Worcester's Annals, pp. 492, 493.

■ Prevost.

of some of her ruined followers, and to pursue her journey to Chinon, in Normandy, where Louis XI. was with his court. It was to that imperturbable politician—that man without a human sympathy—that the fallen queen turned in her despair, not knowing where else to look for aid. Louis was cousin-german both to Margaret and her consort, for Henry VI. was the son of his aunt, Katherine of Valois, and Margaret was the daughter of his maternal uncle, René of Anjou; but what were ties of kindred or affection to a prince who constantly played among his royal compeers the part which Æsop has assigned to the fox in the fable? Louis had watched, with malicious pleasure, the progressive acts of the sanguinary tragedy of the rival roses, and done his utmost to keep up the fierce strife by underhand excitement. Such, indeed, had always been the policy of France during domestic broils in England; but Louis, with a keen eye to his political interest, calculated on being able to snatch a portion of the prey for which the kindred lions of Plantagenet were contending. The moment for him to make the attempt he conceived was now at hand, and with sarcastic satisfaction thus intimated his anticipated success to one of his ministers:—"As soon as you receive my letters come to Amboise. You will find me there, preparing for the good cheer I shall have, to recompense me for all the trouble I have had in this country all the winter. The queen of England has arrived. I pray you to hasten hither, that we may consult on what I have to do. I shall commence on Tuesday, and expect to play my game to some purpose; so, if you have nothing very good to suggest, I shall work it out my own way, and I assure you I foresee good winnings."¹

"The good cheer," says Michelet, "that Louis had in view was the recovery of Calais, and to recover it by English hands in the name of Henry VI. and of Marguerite. That sad queen of England, sick with shame and thirst of vengeance since her defeat at Towton, had followed Louis from place to place,—to Bourdeaux, to Chinon,—imploing

¹ Bibliothèque Royale, MSS. Legeaud, c. 2, 1462; cited by Michelet, *Histoire de France*, tom. viii. p. 161.

his assistance. Louis played with her impatience, turned a deaf ear to her supplications, and allowed her to remain in suspense. What had she to give him? Nothing but her honor and promises of gratitude. Louis demanded proofs, something tangible." When, at last, he granted an audience to his unfortunate kinswoman, and she threw herself at his feet, and with floods of tears implored his assistance in behalf of her dethroned consort, she found him callous to her impassioned eloquence, and not only indifferent to her grief, but eager to profit by the adverse circumstances which had brought her as a suppliant to the foot of his throne. The only condition on which he would even advance a small loan of 20,000 livres in her dire necessity was, that she should, in the name of king Henry, pledge Calais to him as a security for its repayment within twelve months.¹ The exigency of her situation compelled Margaret to accede to these hard terms. Probably she considered, in the very spirit of a female politician, that she made little sacrifice in stipulating to surrender that which was not in her possession, and which, after all, Louis never got.

The agreement into which queen Margaret entered with Louis did not, as her enemies have represented, involve the sale of Calais, but simply amounted to a mortgage of that important place. This is the document by which the arrangement is explained: it is still preserved in the archives of France:—

"Margaret, queen of England, being empowered by the king of England, Henry VI. her husband, acknowledges the sum of twenty thousand livres lent to her by the king Louis XI., to the restitution of which she obliges the town and citadel of Calais, promising that as soon as the king her husband shall recover it, he will appoint there, as captain, his brother Jasper [count of Pembroke] or her cousin Jean de Foix, count of Candale, who will engage to surrender the said town to king Louis XI. within one year as *his own*, or pay to the said king Louis XI. *forty thousand livres* [double the debt lent].

"Sealed at Chinon, Juin, 1462."

This transaction was reported greatly to Margaret's disadvantage in England, and, like the recent surrender of Berwick, was considered by the great body of the people as an

¹ Lingard.

act of treason against the realm. Louis bestowed many deceitful marks of regard on Margaret while this negotiation was in progress, and she was complimented by being united with him in the office of sponsor to the infant son of the duke and duchess of Orleans, afterwards Louis XII. of France, whom she presented at the baptismal font.¹

It was fruitless for Margaret to look for succor from her own family. King René and his son were engaged in a desperate and ruinous contest with Alphonso king of Arragon, which the resources of Anjou and Provence were overtaxed to support.² Kindred and countrymen had failed her in her sore adversity, but her appeal to all true knights to aid her in her attempts to redress the wrongs of her royal spouse, and vindicate the rights of her son, met with a response which proved that the days of chivalry were not ended. "If we are to believe the French historians," says Guthrie, "Pierre Brezé, the seneschal of Normandy, impelled by a more tender motive than that of compassion or ambition, entered as a volunteer, with two thousand men, into her service." Brezé had formerly been the minister and favorite of Margaret's uncle, Charles VII. He was one of the commissioners by whom her inauspicious marriage with Henry VI. was negotiated, and he had greatly distinguished himself at her bridal tournament. Eighteen years of care and sorrow had passed over the royal beauty, in whose honor sir Pierre de Brezé had maintained the pre-eminence of the "daisye flower," against all challengers, in the Place de Carrière;³ and now that she, who had been the star and inspiration of the poets and chevaliers of France, had returned to her native land, desolate, sorrow-stricken, and discrowned, Pierre de Brezé manifested a devotion to her interests which proved how little external circumstances had to do with the attachments excited by this princess.

¹ Philip de Comines. Barante.

² Barante. Villeneuve.

■ Ibid.

MARGARET OF ANJOU,

QUEEN OF HENRY VI.

CHAPTER III.

Margaret sails for England—Her landing opposed—Abandoned by her foreign levy—Escapes in a fishing-boat to Berwick—Obtains aid from the Scotch—Total defeat at Hexham—Queen's flight with her son—Their perils—Encounter with a robber in Hexham forest—The robber's cave—Margaret retires to Scotland—Dangers by land and sea—Driven on the coast of Flanders—Lands at Ecluse—Her miserable plight—Message to the duke of Burgundy—Her interview with Philippe Pot—Her journey to meet the duke of Burgundy—Travels in a stage-cart—Meets count Charolois—His gift—Dangers on her journey—Arrives at St. Pol—Meeting between the queen and duke—The banquet—Duchess of Bourbon visits her—Their conversations—She returns to Bruges—Honorable reception—Margaret and the noble chronicler—Her miniatures—Punctilios of ceremony—Margaret returns to her father—Education of her son—Reconciliation with Warwick—Marriage of her son—Restoration of Henry VI.—Margaret goes to Paris—Honors paid her there—Returns to England—Earl of Warwick slain at Barnet—Queen takes sanctuary—Battle of Tewkesbury—Her son's death—Queen taken—Incarcerated in the Tower—Her widowhood—Captivity—Ransomed—Embarks for Normandy—Residence at her father's court—Her beauty destroyed by grief—Death of her father—Retires to Damprière—Her death.

MARGARET sailed for England in October, after an absence of five months, and, eluding the vigilance of Edward's fleet, which had been long in waiting to intercept her, she made the coast of Northumberland. She attempted to land at Tynemouth, but the garrison pointed their cannon against her.¹ According to some accounts, she resolutely effected her purpose, but had scarcely set her foot on shore when the foreign levy, understanding that Warwick was in the field at the head of forty thousand men, fled to their ships in a panic, leaving queen Margaret, her son, and Brezé almost alone. A fisherman's boat was the only vessel that

¹ Holinshed. Trussel. Monstrelet. Prevost.

could be obtained for these illustrious fugitives, and in this frail bark they escaped the fury of the storm which dashed the tall ships of the recreants who had forsaken them on the rocky coast of Bamborough. Margaret and Brezé were the first who carried the evil tidings of the loss of her munitions and dearly purchased treasures to her anxious friends at Berwick.¹ The fate of the Frenchmen, who were cut to pieces by sir Robert Ogle when they fled to Holy Island, was probably regarded as a minor misfortune. Hope must have been an undying faculty of Margaret's nature, and at this crisis it animated her to exertions almost beyond the powers of woman. The winter was unusually severe, and she, the native of a southern clime, exposed herself unshrinkingly to every sort of hardship. Once more she sought and obtained assistance from the Scotch, and placed her devoted champion, Brezé, at the head of the forces with which she was supplied. She then brought king Henry into the field, who had previously been hidden in her safe refuge at Harlech castle. Their precious boy she left at Berwick,² not wishing to expose his tender childhood, though by this time well inured to hardships, to a northern campaign during so inclement a winter. This was her first separation from her son, and doubtless it was keenly felt by Margaret, who was apt at times to forget the heroine in the mother. Success at first attended her efforts: the important fortresses of Bamborough, Alnwick, and Dunstanburgh³ were taken by her, and garrisoned with Scotch and Frenchmen. But these alliances did her more harm than good with the people of England, and popular prejudice is always more terrible to princes "than an army with banners."

In the course of this campaign a defection happened among her own party for which Margaret was unprepared. Somerset, for whose house she had sacrificed so much, surrendered the castle of Bamborough to Warwick, on condition of receiving a pension from king Edward, and, with Suffolk and Exeter, carried perjured homage to the throne of that monarch. This was followed by the fall of Dunstan-

¹ Hall. Holinshed. Trussel. Lingard. ² Hall. Holinshed. ³ Lingard. Hall.

burgh; yet Margaret continued courageously to struggle against fortune, and succeeded in winning back Somerset, Exeter, and Percy to the banner of the Red rose. Then the earl of Warwick, with an army of 20,000 men, invested Alnwick, in which Pierre de Brezé was shut up with 500 of his French followers, chiefly volunteers of noble birth, who from motives of the most romantic chivalry had engaged in the cause of their royal countrywoman, queen Margaret. She was, of course, painfully solicitous for the safety of these devoted friends, and made earnest entreaties to that powerful Scotch magnate, the earl of Angus, to attempt their deliverance. Angus briefly replied, "Madame, I will do my best." He presently assembled a thousand cavaliers, with which he scoured across the border, bringing with him five hundred horses ready saddled and bridled. When he came within sight of the castle he arranged a bold front line of battle as if he intended to attack the besieging army; and while he thus amused them, sent his five hundred spare horses, under the escort of some choice troops, to a postern of the castle, whence the Frenchmen issued forth, mounted them, and so rode off with Angus and his northern cavalry. Some of the English nobles told the earl of Warwick that it was a great affront to them to allow the Frenchmen to be thus carried from under their noses, as it were, by such a handful of men, and were eager to pursue and stop them; but Warwick told them his orders were to take the castle, which he should thus gain on easy terms. "Who knows," said he, "what more men they may have ambushed in the park, or elsewhere? they cannot take the castle with them. Let them take the men; I shall get the castle, which is all that my commission enjoins." Angus and his levy thus returned merrily, without the loss of a single man, to queen Margaret, telling her he had performed his promise, and brought her an acceptable present,—even all her French chevaliers, for whose safety she had been so anxious.¹

In the spring of 1463, "England was again set on a field" at the fatal battle of Hexham. "King Henry," says Hall, "was the best horseman of his company that day, for

¹ Lives of the Douglasses, Hume of Godscroft.

he fled so fast no one could overtake him; yet he was so closely pursued that three of his horsemen, or body-guard with their horses, trapped in blue velvet, were taken,—one of them wearing the unfortunate monarch's cap of state, called a 'bicocket,' embroidered with two crowns of gold, and ornamented with pearls." Margaret succeeded in effecting her escape with the prince and a few of her people. They fled towards the Scotch border, taking with them as many of the crown jewels and other treasures as they could secure: among these, as the unfortunate heroine afterwards told her cousin the duchess of Bourbon, were some large vessels of silver and gold, which she hoped to have carried safely into Scotland; but while thus laden, she and her company were overtaken by a party of plunderers, who robbed them of everything, and even despoiled her and the little prince of Wales of their ornaments and rich array,—fatal trappings of state, which, being of a fashion, color, and material rigorously forbidden by the sumptuary laws to persons of lower degree, of course betrayed the rank of the royal fugitives, and subjected the unfortunate queen to very barbarous treatment. "They dragged her,"¹ she said, "with brutal violence and furious menaces before their leader, held a drawn sword in readiness to cut her throat, and threatened her with all sorts of tortures and indignities; whereupon she threw herself on her knees with clasped hands, weeping and crying aloud for mercy, and implored them by every consideration, human or divine, and for the honor of nobility, of royalty, and above all, for the sake of womanhood, to have pity on her, and not to mangle or disfigure her unfortunate body, so as to prevent it from being recognized after death. For although," continued she, "I have had the ill-luck to fall into your hands, I am the daughter and the wife of a king, and was in past time recognized by yourselves as your queen. Wherefore,

¹ These particulars, which differ from those in the earlier editions of this work, are derived from Margaret's narrative of her perilous adventures on her retreat from Hexham, related by herself to the duchess de Bourbon at St. Pol, in the presence of George Chastellain, the herald of the Golden Fleece, by whom it has been recorded in his *Chronicles of the Dukes of Burgundy*.

if now you stain your hands with my blood, your cruelty will be held in abhorrence by all men, throughout all ages." She accompanied these words with floods of tears, and then began to recommend herself with earnest prayers to the mercy of God.¹

While Margaret was engaged in these agonizing supplications, some of the ruffians began to quarrel about the division of the rich booty of which they had despoiled her, from angry words they fell to furious fighting one with another; a dreadful slaughter ensued, which proved a providential diversion in favor of the royal prisoners, for the men who had been preparing to put the queen to a cruel death ran to take part in the conflict in order to secure their share of the plunder, and paid no further heed to her or her son. Margaret took advantage of their attention being thus withdrawn to address herself to a squire, who was the only person remaining near her, and conjured him, "by the passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to have pity on her, and do what he could to assist her to make her escape." This squire, whose heart God had touched with compassion for her distress, and who was luckily provided with a horse, which was able and willing to carry not only double, but threefold, responded to her appeal in these encouraging words:—"Madame, mount behind me, and you, my lord prince, before; and I will save you, or perish in the attempt." Margaret and her boy promptly complied with this direction, and made off unpursued, the ruffians being too much occupied in rending each other, like savage beasts over their prey, to observe the escape of their prisoners.²

This scene occurred in the neighborhood of Hexham forest, and thither the fugitives directed their flight, as offering the best facilities for concealment. Such was the decision of the squire, who was the conductor of the party; as for Margaret, she was in no condition to form a judgment as to what course to take, for, as she afterwards declared, not only her brain, but every nerve and vein in her whole body retained so terrible an impression of the

¹ Chastellain, *Chronicles of the Dukes of Burgundy*.

² *Ibid.*

frightful peril with which she had been menaced, that when they plunged into the dark depths of the forest, she fancied every tree she saw was a man with a naked sword in his hand, who kept crying to her, "*À la mort!*" In this piteous state of excitement, maternal solicitude for her boy being the master-feeling, she kept repeating "that it was not for herself she feared, but for her son. Her death would be a matter of little moment, but his would be too great a calamity,—utter ruin to every one; for being the true heir of the crown, all might go right again if his life could but be preserved." Then she again abandoned herself to paroxysms of terror for that precious child, not believing it possible that they should ever get clear of the forest without falling a second time into the hands of the pitiless foes, from whom they had escaped by scarcely less than a miraculous intervention of Providence. Margaret had, indeed, only too much cause for alarm, although the danger which appeared still present to her was over, for perils no less frightful surrounded her on every side. Hexham forest was then a sort of 'dead man's ground,' which few travellers ventured to cross, except in large parties well armed; for it was the resort of the ferocious banditti of the northern marches, who were the scourge and terror of both the Scotch and English border, and whose rapacity and cruelty had placed them out of the pale of humanity.

The night which succeeded a day so fatal to the cause of Lancaster closed over the fugitive queen and her boy while they were wandering in the tangled mazes of Hexham forest. Neither of them had tasted food since an early hour in the morning, but the pangs of hunger and thirst were probably bravely borne by the princely child, who had been early inured to hardships, and disregarded by the hapless mother while clinging in her despair to that last frail plank of the foundered bark, which she had labored for the last twelve years to steer through seas too stormy for a female pilot's skill. To add to her distress, Margaret was uncertain whether the king her husband was alive or dead, as they had fled in different directions. While she was lamenting over the calamitous events of that disastrous

day, she suddenly perceived, by the light of the rising moon, an armed man of gigantic stature and stern aspect advancing towards her with threatening gestures. At first she imagined that he belonged to the band of pitiless ruffians from whom she had fled, but a second glance at his dress and equipments convinced her that he must be one of the forest outlaws, of whose remorseless cruelty to travellers she had heard many frightful instances. Her courage rose with the greatness of the danger, and perceiving that there was no possibility of escape except through God's mercy, maternal love impelled her to make an effort for the preservation of her son, and she called the robber to her. There is something in the tone and manner of those whose vocation is command which, generally speaking, insures the involuntary respect of attention. The robber drew near, and listened to what Margaret had to say. The popular version of the story is, that she took the little prince by the hand and presented him to the outlaw with these words:—"Here, my friend, save the son of your king."¹ But if Margaret's own account of this memorable passage of her life is to be credited, she was not quite so abrupt² in making a communication attended with such imminent danger to her son, nor before she had in some degree felt her way by an eloquent and impassioned appeal to the compassion of the unknown outlaw, who came not in a guise to invite a precipitate confidence. She commenced the parley by telling him that if he were in quest of booty, she and her little son had already been rifled by others of all they possessed, showing him that they had been despoiled even of their upper garments, and had nothing now to lose but their lives; yet, although she supposed he was accustomed to shed the blood of travellers, she was sure he would have pity on her, when she told him who she was. Then bending her eyes upon him, she pathetically added, "It is the unfortunate queen of England, thy princess, who hath fallen into thine hands in her desolation and distress. And if," continued she, "O man! thou hast any

¹ Richard Wassaburg. Monstrelet. Carte, etc., etc.

² Recorded by George Chastellain, from Margaret's personal narrative.

knowledge of God, I beseech thee, for the sake of His passion who for our salvation took our nature on him, to have compassion on my misery. But if you slay me, spare at least my little one, for he is the only son of thy king, and, if it please God, the true heir of this realm. Save him, then, I pray thee, and make thine arms his sanctuary. He is thy future king, and it will be a glorious deed to preserve him,—one that shall efface the memory of all thy crimes, and witness for thee when thou shalt stand hereafter before Almighty God. Oh, man! win God's grace to-day by succoring an afflicted mother and giving life to the dead." Then perceiving that the robber was moved by her tears and earnest supplications, she put the young prince into his arms with these words:—"I charge thee to preserve from the violence of others that innocent royal blood, which I do consign to thy care. Take him, and conceal him from those who seek his life. Give him a refuge in thine obscure hiding-place, and he will one day give thee free access to his royal chamber and make thee one of his barons, if by thy means he is happily preserved to enjoy the splendor of the crown, which doth of right pertain to him as his inheritance."¹

The outlaw, whose heart, to use the impressive words of the royal heroine of this strange romance of history, "the Holy Ghost had softened,"² when he understood that the afflicted lady who addressed these moving words to him was indeed the queen of the land, threw himself at her feet and wept with her; declaring, withal, "that he would die a thousand deaths, and endure all the tortures that could be inflicted on him, rather than abandon, much less betray, the noble child." He also besought the queen to pardon all his offences against the law, with no less humility than if she had borne the sceptre of sovereign authority in London, and his life depended on her fiat. One of Margaret's French biographers affirms that this outlaw was a ruined Lancastrian gentleman;³ but this statement receives no

¹ Recital made by Margaret of Anjou to the duchess de Bourbon at St. Pol, recorded by George Chastellain.

² George Chastellain, *Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne*, p. 232.

³ The abbé Prevost.

confirmation from Margaret's own account of the matter, who spoke with anguish of the dire necessity which had constrained her to intrust her only child to the protection of a robber.¹ No belted knight, however, could have acquitted himself more nobly of the trust the unfortunate queen had confided to his honor. Raising the weary prince in his arms, he led the way, followed by the queen and the squire, to his secret retreat,—a cave in a secluded spot on the south bank of the rapid little stream which washes the foot of Blackhill, where the royal fugitives were refreshed, and received all the comfort and attention his wife was able to bestow. The local traditions of Hexham and Tynedale preserve a lively remembrance of this incident. The robber's den, which afforded shelter in their utmost need to the Lancastrian queen and prince of Wales, is still known by the name of 'queen Margaret's cave,' and seems to have been well adapted to the purpose. The entrance to it is very low, behind the bank of the rivulet or bourn, and was formerly concealed from sight and surrounded by wild wood. Its dimensions are thirty-four by fourteen feet: the height will barely allow a full-grown person to stand upright. A massive pillar of rude masonry in the centre of the cave seems to mark the boundary of a wall, which, it is said, once divided it into two distinct apartments. When warmed and cheered by fire and lamp, it would not appear quite so dismal a den as at present.

Such was the retreat in which the queen and prince remained *perdue* for two days of agonizing suspense. On the third morning their host encountered sir Pierre de Brezé and an English gentleman, who, having escaped the robbers at Hexham, had been making anxious search for her and the prince.² From these devoted friends Margaret learned the escape of her royal husband, and the terrible vengeance that had been executed on Somerset and her faithful adherents the lords Hungerford and Roos.³ Margaret received these tidings with floods of tears. A few hours later, the English gentleman by whom Brezé was accompanied, hav-

¹ George Chastellain.

² Prevost.

³ They were beheaded in the market-place at Hexham, without trial.

ing gone into the neighboring villages to gather tidings of public events, recognized the duke of Exeter and Edmund Beaufort, the brother and successor of the unfortunate duke of Somerset. He conducted them to the retreat of the proscribed queen and the youthful hope of Lancaster.¹ Margaret's spirits revived at the sight of these princes, whom she had numbered with the slain of Hexham, and she determined to send them to their powerful kinsman the duke of Burgundy, to solicit an asylum at the court of Dijon for herself and the prince of Wales, while she once more proceeded to the court of Scotland, where she imagined king Henry had found refuge. On quitting the dwelling of the generous outlaw, from whom she had received such providential succor in her dire distress, she accorded all she had to bestow,—her grateful thanks. The dukes of Somerset and Exeter offered a portion of their scanty supply of money as a reward to his wife for the services she had rendered to the queen; but, with a nobility of soul worthy of a loftier station, she refused to receive any portion of that which might be so precious to them at a time of need. "Of all I have lost," exclaimed the queen, "I regret nothing so much as the power of recompensing such virtue." Accompanied by Brezé and the squire, and attended by the outlaw of Hexham in the capacity of a guide, Margaret and the young prince her son took the road to Carlisle, from whence she once more proceeded to her old quarters at Kirkcudbright.²

The treaty which had been concluded between king Edward and the Scottish regency rendered it necessary for the

¹ Prevost.

² During my pleasant visit at St. Mary's Isle, in the autumn of 1847, I was shown a handful of English sixpences and shillings, chiefly of the fifteenth century, which had been recently dug up on the earl of Selkirk's estate, having probably been concealed there by some unfortunate Lancastrian exile during one of the temporary sojourns of Henry VI. or Margaret at Kirkcudbright. Among these coins, one or two of Edward III. might be distinguished by their weight, size, and superior quality. Those of the Lancastrian sovereigns manifested a progressive deterioration, which reached a *ne plus ultra* in the thin base sixpences of Henry VI., nearly eaten up with verdigris, in consequence of excessive adulteration. They afforded convincing evidence of the financial miseries of the hapless prince whose image and superscription they bore.

Lancastrian queen to maintain a strict incognito ; but there was an Englishman of the name of Cork, who was unfortunately well acquainted with her person, the majestic beauty of which it was scarcely possible to disguise. This man determined to open a path to fortune by delivering to king Edward the last hope and support of the cause of the Red rose. With the assistance of several confederates, whom he bribed to engage in this barbarous project, he surprised Margaret's brave protectors, Brezé and the squire Barville, and hurried them on board a vessel which he had provided for the purpose, and with less difficulty succeeded in the abduction of the helpless queen and her little son. Neither party was aware of the captivity of the other till the first rays of the sun enabled the queen and Brezé to recognize each other, and afforded a sad conviction of their peril. The great personal strength of Brezé, however, had enabled him to extricate himself from his bonds in the course of the night, and he watched an opportunity for removing those of the squire. They were then two against five, but, having got possession of the oars, they contrived to master their opponents, and, after a desperate struggle, slew some and threw the others overboard, not without extreme peril of upsetting the boat. After tossing for some hours in the gulf of Solway, the wind, changing, drove the boat back upon the Scottish coast, and she struck on a sand-bank in the mouth of the bay of Kirkcudbright, which must have been off the tiny islet now called the Little Ross, where there appeared every chance of her being beaten to pieces by the waves. It was, however, so near the shore that Brezé, wading knee-deep in sand and water, succeeded in conveying the queen on his shoulders to a dry spot, and Barville performed the same service for the prince of Wales.¹ They came on shore, not at Kirkcudbright, but the opposite side, then a wild and desolate tract of country, where, at least, Margaret had no fear of being recognized, since the peasantry were so ignorant that they could not believe any one was a queen unless she had a crown on her head and a sceptre in her hand.

¹ Provost.

In one of the obscure hamlets of this rude country Margaret remained with her son under the care of Brezé while she despatched Barville to Edinburgh, to ascertain the general state of affairs in England and the fate of king Henry.¹ His reports were such as to convince her that she must hoard her energies for better days. The most mortifying intelligence of all to Margaret was the fact that the matrimonial contract between the prince of Wales and the Scotch king's sister had been dissolved by the interference of the old antagonist of her house, Philip duke of Burgundy, the queen-mother's uncle, who had sent the lord of Grauthuse to his royal niece, interdicting the Lancastrian alliance.² As this great prince was at that time the arbiter of Europe, his will was law in that instance. Margaret of Anjou, the poorest and most friendless princess in the world, in the first transports of her bootless indignation is said to have launched into a torrent of invectives against the duke, declaring "that if he ever were to fall into her power, she would make the axe pass between his head and shoulders." Such, at least, was the report that was carried to him.³ Margaret privately visited Edinburgh, to try the effect of her personal eloquence once more, but found that her presence caused great uneasiness to the government. All the favor she could obtain was assistance for returning to her friends in Northumberland, who still continued with determined valor to hold out the fortress of Bamborough. From this place Margaret, with a heavy heart, embarked for France with her son, and some of her ladies who had taken refuge there after the disappearance of their royal mistress. Sir John Fortescue (who had abandoned his office as lord chief justice of England to follow the fortunes of the proscribed queen and his princely pupil), Dr. Morton, afterwards the famous cardinal-archbishop of York, and about two hundred of the ruined adherents of Lancaster shared her flight.

Her usual ill-luck, with regard to weather, attended the unhappy Margaret on this voyage. The first day she sailed her vessel was separated by a terrible storm from its consort,

¹ Prevost.

² Monstrelet.

³ Barante.

and during twelve hours she expected every moment to be engulfed in the tempestuous waves; and when the violence of the hurricane abated, her ship was so greatly damaged that she was forced to put into the port of Ecluse, in the dominions of her hereditary enemy, the duke of Burgundy.¹ She landed on the last day of July, 1462. Every one there was astonished that she ventured to come on shore, after all the bitter expressions of hostility she had used against the duke. Some of the inhabitants of that place were cruel enough to tell her so, and taunted her with having brought all her misfortunes upon herself.² Nothing could be more deplorable than the circumstances in which she now presented herself before her foes. She had neither money, jewels, nor credit wherewith to propitiate hard hearts to show her kindness, but came among them all desolate, and devoid of the common necessities of life. Neither she nor the prince of Wales, her son, had any of the external attributes of royalty except those which nature had given them. Instead of the regal mantle and sweeping train, which, according to the then despotic laws of costume, no queen could appear without, Margaret wore a short round gown called a 'roquette,' and she had no means of changing it for a more appropriate dress, for it was the only one she possessed in the world.³ Her whole retinue consisted of seven females, who were apparelled no better than their royal mistress.

This unfortunate princess, formerly one of the most magnificent of queens in the world, was now the poorest, not having wherewithal to purchase a morsel of bread for the sustenance of herself and her little son but what came out of the purse of her faithful knight sir Pierre de Brezé, who was himself in extreme distress, having spent all his fortune in her service, and in assisting her to carry on the war against her enemies. "He told me himself," says his friend George Chastellain, the chronicler of Burgundy, "that it had cost him nearly 50,000 crowns. It was a piteous thing," continues our authority, "to see this mighty princess in such a dire vicissitude, and after a narrow escape

¹ Barante. Monstrelet. Chastellain, *Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne*.

² George Chastellain.

³ *Ibid.*

from the most extreme perils, dying almost of hunger and fatigue, constrained to give herself up to a person who, of all the world, was the most exasperated against her. Yet she was full of hope that she should be able to obtain grace if she might be permitted to enter his presence, and that her high and noble courage in her calamities would move him to pity,—perhaps to succor her. As soon as she came on shore, she despatched a faithful Scotch gentleman, named Carbonnel, to apprise the duke of Burgundy of her arrival, and to pray that he would appoint some place where she might come and speak to him, in order to explain the circumstances that had compelled her to land in his country, observing, “that she had a long time before asked a safe-conduct to pass through his territories, in which, however, she had been, as it appeared, circumvented; but she came now in her humility and poverty to seek of his greatness a refuge for herself and her child in her distress, which she trusted he was too proud to deny her.”

The duke of Burgundy was at that time gone on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Boulogne, accompanied by his sister the duchess of Bourbon, but was detained by sickness on the road. When queen Margaret's message was delivered to him, he received it politely, but excused himself from her offered visit with solemn courtesy, stating that “His lodgings were too small to receive a princess of her quality, and that he could not permit her to undertake the fatigue of a journey to come to him; that it was the etiquette for him to visit her, and that he certainly should have done so but for the accident of his illness; that he would shortly send one of his knights to welcome her, and make his apologies in proper form.”¹ The gentleman whom the duke selected for this mission was Messire Philippe Pot, a knight of the Golden Fleece, and although his name has not the most aristocratic sound in the world, he was the lord of La Roche, and a person of great consequence.

Messire Philippe Pot, on receiving the duke's commands, went to Bruges, where he found sir Pierre de Brezé, with whom he proceeded to Ecluse, and was presented by him

¹ Chastellain's Chron. of the Dukes of Burgundy.

to queen Margaret. After he had performed his *devoir*, by rendering all due honors to the queen in the duke his master's name, and as his representative, he addressed a long and very formal harangue to her, setting forth his highness's regret "that, being absent on the aforesaid pilgrimage, and engaged on business of great importance, besides being summoned by the king of France to assist at a convention between the French and English for the adjustment of a general peace, it was not possible for him to wait on her. And as to the request she had been pleased to make of his appointing a place where she might meet and confer with him, he must beg her not to think of it, for they were a long way apart, and the proximity of Calais made it very dangerous for her to venture into that neighborhood."

When the queen had heard him to an end, she thanked him very courteously for all the fair words and affectionate expressions he had used; perceiving, however, that the duke plainly excused himself from seeing her, she added, "Lord of La Roche, on departing from the place where I had the grief of leaving my lord and husband, he charged me not to allow any earthly consideration, either of good or ill, to prevent me from coming to his fair cousin of Burgundy, to explain to him the multitude of malicious reports that have been made to him of us by our enemies. In obedience to that command, I have thus ventured to come and land in his dominions; and, with no other aid than that of God, I will go in quest of him, whether it imperil me or not, for I regard it as a matter of duty. You are a knight of his order,¹ so I conjure you by your chivalry, which binds you to succor all distressed ladies to the utmost of your power, to give me the benefit of your counsel in this matter, by telling me how I ought to proceed." When the knight, who appears to have been of a phlegmatic temperament, heard himself thus passionately adjured, not knowing very well what to say, he prudently replied, "Madame, I have told you all I was charged to do, and why my lord sent me to you. In regard to advising you in any way, that is beyond my

¹ Of the Golden Fleece.

orders; and as my lord has not directed me how to answer you, I dare not take upon myself to do it. Truly I am a knight, unworthy of that order, and would willingly acquit myself of my duty to you, and others in like case, were I in my private capacity merely; but being employed in so high a matter, and having received my orders in precise terms, I dare not transgress my commission.”—“*Sieur de La Roche*,” said the queen, “you have executed your charge honorably, and no one can blame you: I also have to answer touching the charge which I have received from my lord and husband. Will you then shun replying a word of counsel in this strait for fear of exceeding your commission, when the performance of the charge I have taken upon myself may perhaps involve my death? For, be assured, that were my fair cousin the duke of Burgundy to go to the very end of the world, I would follow him on foot, begging my bread by the way till I found him. Now, then, since this resolution is formed in me, of which my fair cousin your master is ignorant, what law can there be to hinder you from telling me the best way of carrying my purpose into effect?” When the knight saw the determined courage of this unfortunate princess, he replied, “Alas, madame! since you have so thoroughly made up your mind that nothing can make you alter it, and compel me to give you my advice thereupon, I tell you that the simplest way you can do is to let the duke know by me that you are coming to him, and then, perhaps, he may take it well enough to come to you.”

Margaret having succeeded in extorting this opinion at last from the cautious courtier, entertained him to the best of her little power, by making him partake of such refreshments as her poverty allowed her to offer; after which he took his leave, and returned to make his report to the duke his master. He found that prince at Boulogne, and told him “that nothing on earth could turn the queen of England from setting out in quest of him, for that see him she would.” Now, the duke had made up his mind not to see her, but having been twice married, he was able to form a correct estimate of the uselessness of opposing the determination

of a lady of Margaret of Anjou's spirit; so he replied, "If she *will* see me, I must e'en see her, and receive her with such a measure of courtesy as the case may require; but the journey is really too perilous for her to undertake. I understand the English at Calais are already on the lookout for her, and will be sure to intercept her on the road to Hesdin."¹ A manly feeling of compassion prompted the duke to send a messenger to warn Margaret of her danger, and to advise her to stop at St. Pol, "where, to spare her the fatigue and peril of travelling to him, he would endeavor to meet her by the end of August."² Margaret had, meantime, advanced from Ecluse to Bruges, and there she found herself under the necessity of leaving her little son with her ladies, partly because he was not in presentable condition, and she could not afford the expense of providing him with all that was necessary for such an expedition, and partly on account of her uncertainty as to what reception she might meet with from the duke of Burgundy; neither would she venture to expose a life, so much more precious to her than her own, to the contingencies of the journey.

"This noble princess," says George Chastellain, "set out from Bruges in a common stage-cart with a canvas tilt, like a poor housewife travelling for despatch of business, having only three damsels with her, who served her as chamberers:—sir Pierre de Brezé and a few other gentlemen followed the humble vehicle privately, and kept it in sight, to defend the royal traveller in the event of her being attacked." In all the towns through which queen Margaret passed, when thus thrown by adverse winds and waves on the hostile shores of Burgundy, destitute of the means of supporting the externals of royalty, the people ran in crowds to look at her, and, says one of her French biographers,³ "she was pointed out to every one as the sport or May-game of fortune, or a rich piece of shipwreck; but she bore all unmoved, and the majesty of her countenance, of which no vicissitude could deprive her, remained unaltered." On her first day's journey Margaret was met and recognized by the heir of Burgundy, count Charolois, who was on his way to Bruges.

¹ George Chastellain.² Ibid.³ Le Moine, Gallery of Heroic Women.

He gave his unfortunate kinswoman five hundred crowns, which he happened to have about him,—a small but seasonable alms. “It was piteous,” continues the compassionate chronicler, “to see her former high and royal greatness reduced to so low a pass.”¹

Margaret very narrowly escaped falling into the hands of two hundred English horsemen, who lay in wait for her on the road to Bethune, where she had intended to sleep that night; however, by an especial Providence as it appeared, she reached St. Pol in safety, where she found abundance of good cheer prepared for her, by order of the duke of Burgundy. The next day he arrived *in propria personâ*, and, hearing that the queen of England was already there, repaired immediately to the quarter of the town where she was lodged. Margaret descended in all haste from her chamber to receive him, and advanced almost to the middle of the street to meet him.² Etiquette required that they should kiss each other on this occasion. Margaret courtesied twice to the duke, who looked at her to see how she intended to deport herself towards him; and perceiving her humility by the profoundness of her reverences, he bowed in return so low as almost to amount to a genuflection. This he would have repeated a second time, but the fallen queen, to whom these formal ceremonials appeared rather a mockery than a compliment, prevented it by catching his arm and entreating him to forbear. “Such honors,” she said, “were not due to her from him.” Then she thanked God that she had been spared to meet him, whom, of all Christian princes, she had long been most anxious to see. The duke, not wishing the conversation to proceed further, begged to take his leave for the present, and Margaret, well pleased at this beginning, returned joyously to her own apartment.³

When the duke of Burgundy had taken a little time for reflection in his chamber, he prepared himself to offer a proper welcome to his royal guest, who, with the usual impetuosity of her character, appears to have taken him by

¹ George Chastellain.

² George Chastellain, *Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne*, p. 223.

³ *Ibid.*

surprise in the first instance, and thus disconcerted all the solemn formalities of the Burgundian court-receptions, in which her travel-soiled garments and humble retinue did not qualify her to support the part of a queen of England with becoming dignity. The duke of Burgundy sent to her sir Philippe de Croye, the young lord of Quevrain, son of sir John de Croye, a knight and noble of the highest rank, to make his complimentary greetings, and to beg that she would not come out of her chamber to receive him on any account, as he should bring very few of his people with him.¹ The young chevalier went to the queen, and delivered his lord's message with all proper ceremonials of respect.² The queen received him very graciously, and kissed him, his rank being such as to entitle him to that honor. He was presently followed by the duke in person, attended by a few of his household. Margaret, hearing, by the duke's voice, that he was approaching, hastened to meet him, but before she had advanced three paces, the duke came and took her by surprise. Their second salutations were performed in a more lively manner than those at their first meeting. The duke spake his unfortunate guest kindly, and led her to her bed, where they seated themselves, when the queen addressed him in these words:—"Fair cousin, I know well that you have been wrongly informed against my lord and husband and me, as if we had been your mortal foes, endeavoring to injure you by every means in our power; and although, fair cousin, if you imagined it to be so, you would have had reason to wish us no good, yet at all times my lord and husband the king and me, knowing our own innocence, and how falsely we have been accused in this matter, have been most desirous to meet the charge. It is for this cause that my lord and husband has sent me over seas, to appear before you in our justification. He, my said lord the king, commanded me never to cease from wandering in search of you till I had found you, even if I should have to travel on foot to the end of the world in quest of you. But now that, thanks to God and you, we have met, and I am here in your dominions and realm entirely at your mercy, a poor

¹ George Chastellain, *Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne*, p. 223.

² *Ibid.*

outcast queen reduced to the condition of a chambermaid, requiring nothing but that you will be pleased to hear me speak in the name of my lord and husband and my own, if ever that poor king and I should be again, as we once were, on the ascent of the wheel of fortune, we should bear ourselves to you in the same manner as we do now; and if we had continued as we formerly were, my lord intended to have deputed some prince of his own blood to explain the matter to you. But as this cannot be, I pray you to hear our good cousin the seneschal (sir Pierre de Brezé), who will speak more fully on the subject, if you will condescend to listen.”—“Madame,” replied the duke, with more courtesy than sincerity, “it is a trifle not worth another thought. I do not attend to all I hear, though they report many strange things to me; but words come and go, and for my part I let them run on as they like, for I know pretty well what they would have me believe, and I am sure I have not given the king your husband and you cause to be my enemies. But let that pass, and turn we now, I pray you, to some more agreeable subject, for, when with ladies, one ought not to speak of anything but joy.”

Margaret was not, however, to be put off with a courtly speech. She knew that a congress had been appointed to sit at St. Omer between the plenipotentiaries of England and France for the adjustment of a general peace, of which the duke of Burgundy was to be the umpire, and she was eager to improve the only opportunity she might ever have of removing the unfavorable impression from his mind, that she had been accustomed to speak of him in terms of the bitterest animosity. It had, in fact, been reported that she had gone so far as to say, that “If ever by any chance he fell into her power, she would make the axe pass between his head and shoulders;” also, that she and king Henry had confederated with France to dismember his dominions. Whether the poor queen found herself too much agitated to be able to command her utterance, or she placed more reliance on the persuasive eloquence of her friend De Brezé than her own, the chronicler does not inform us, but merely says that she intimated, by a significant look and

gesture, that the seneschal should speak for her. Whereupon he advanced, and, bending his knee before the duke of Burgundy, addressed him with profound reverence in a speech commencing, as the reader will observe, much in the style commonly adopted in the present day by an Englishman whose oratorical powers are unexpectedly put to the test on some festive occasion:—"My very redoubted lord, unaccustomed as I am to speak after the fashion of a worldly speaker, my friends know that I always speak the truth, and my only motive in presuming to address you now is to set forth the truth. You see here the queen of England, sent over to you by the king her husband, and freely come to you of her own high courage, to clear herself and him from the malicious representations that have been made of them by their enemies. My redoubted lord king Henry, and this queen here present, have always esteemed you as the most illustrious prince in christendom; and following the general voice, which sounds the fame of your noble deeds, your virtues, and renown through all nations in the circumference of the world, they have constantly repeated your praises. You see this queen here present, your near relation in blood as every one knows, formerly one of the greatest and most powerful princesses in the world, but now reduced by oppression, by cruelty, by the disloyalty of man and the fickleness of adverse fortune such as was never heard of before, to a miserable poverty,—driven from a throne and degraded from her natural rank, and deprived of every hope save that which she, and I also for her, repose in you, that you will be persuaded to take part in her quarrel, instead of supporting the cause of her foes, who are nothing to you in blood as she is. As for the aid king Henry and this queen have received from the French against the duke of York, is it not according to reason and to nature that the French should endeavor to further the cause of king Henry and his wife? for king Henry is the nephew of the late king Charles, his sister's son, and the queen here present is niece to the queen of France, who is still alive, daughter to her brother, and was given in marriage by king Charles himself to king Henry, the true in-

heritor, as he still is, and at that time the undisputed possessor of the crown of England. No wonder, therefore, if, during the course of this long and unnatural rebellion of their subjects, the said king and queen sought and obtained occasional succor where they had such good reason to seek it, and not out of any enmity to you; although, even if it had been so, king Henry would not have been to blame, since it was well known to him and the queen here, that if you had been as favorable to them as you have been to the contrary party, they would not have been brought to the pass in which they are at present.”¹

The duke of Burgundy had listened with the polite apathy of a politician to the special pleading of the seneschal, apparently reckoning his complimentary expressions regarding himself as words of course; but at the home truth contained in the unexpected climax of the speech, a merry glance, in spite of himself, escaped him, which, like a sudden burst of sunshine flashing over a frozen stream, had the effect of breaking up the diplomatic ice wherewith he had incased himself.² Finding it impossible after this to resume his phlegmatic deportment, he yielded to kindlier feelings. He turned to his royal guest, and told her, “that whether it were as she said or not, she was welcome to Burgundy, and he was very sorry for her misfortunes.” Then he begged to lead her to the banquet which had been prepared with stately cheer for her entertainment. The duke had only brought with him a chosen few of his followers, who were, by their high rank, privileged to sit at table in his presence and that of queen Margaret, who was scrupulously treated with all the honors due to a crowned head. Among this distinguished company were Messire Adolph of Cleves, Messire Jacques Bourbon, and Margaret’s first Burgundian acquaintance, Messire Philippe Pot.

Of all the guests, sir Pierre de Brezé was treated with the greatest marks of distinction, on account of the chivalric manner in which he had devoted himself to the cause

¹ George Chastellain.

² “*Mes d’ung joyeux œil rompit tout.*”—Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne, par George Chastellain, part ii. p. 227.

of the luckless Red-rose queen, the perilous adventures wherein they had been recently engaged, and the dangers they had escaped. It was observed that queen Margaret, notwithstanding all she had suffered, appeared merry of cheer that night, and endeavored by every means in her power to please the duke of Burgundy. They talked a good deal to one another, and with the same freedom as if they had been brother and sister. As they sat side by side at the banquet, "It was remarked of them," says George Chastellain,¹ "that as the portrait of the duke might have been shown as the type of all that is majestic in man, so that of the queen would have served as the exemplification of the same in woman, and the representation of one of the most beautiful persons in the world. She was indeed a very fair lady, altogether well worth the looking at, and of high bearing withal. Albeit the poverty to which cruel fortune had reduced her might have given sufficient cause for humiliation, her manners were unchanged; and although she had come with only three women in a stage-cart or wagon, she deported herself with no less dignity than when she swayed the sceptre in London, and exercised, in her single person, the whole of the regal authority there."² She conducted herself, however, with becoming prudence, considering the place where she was, and behaved to the duke of Burgundy as if she felt she was by the side of the greatest personage on earth, as, indeed, he was to her the most important just then, not only because she was so entirely in his power that her very life hung on his fiat, but on account of the position he was about to fill at the congress of St. Omer as the umpire of the general peace. Margaret had, therefore, cogent reason to endeavor to propitiate him in behalf of her hapless lord, king Henry, whom she had left in a state of precarious dependence on the charity of the queen of Scotland. She drew a flattering hope from the magnanimity with which her generous foe had treated her in her distress. The duke of Burgundy admired her courage, and the lofty spirit with which she bore up against the shocks of adversity. He pitied her

¹ *Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne*, p. 228.

² *Ibid.*, p. 229.

calamities, and was not insensible to the power of her eloquence, but as he was not a man to play the part of a knight-errant, he prudently withdrew himself from St. Pol as quickly as he could. The next morning, which was a Friday, he took his leave, with great courtesy, of the queen, telling her he would send his sister the duchess of Bourbon to visit her. He promised, moreover, not to do anything to her prejudice at St. Omer; but, as the envoys and people of the king of France, on whom she ought, he said, to rely, would be there, he would not pretend to take any charge upon him, lest he should interfere with their private arrangements. Margaret professed herself highly beholden to him for the princely hospitality and consideration with which he had treated her. She blessed the hour when she set forth in quest of him, and said "it was the best exploit she had achieved since her reverse of fortune."¹ So complete a revolution had the personal kindness of her old hereditary foe effected in the feelings of Margaret of Anjou, that when he mounted his horse to depart, she melted into tears as she bade him adieu.²

When the duke had ridden about a league from the town, he sent one of his knights back with a present of two thousand crowns of gold for the queen, together with a rich diamond, which he begged her to wear in remembrance of him. "It was a diamond," continues our chronicler,³ "that was held in very high estimation." To each of the faithful damsels who had attended their royal mistress on this perilous journey the duke kindly sent a hundred golden crowns; the same to the seneschal, Pierre de Brezé, and two hundred silver crowns to sir John Carbonnel. The munificent duke sent those acceptable gifts after his departure, instead of presenting them, from motives of delicacy, and to avoid the thanks of the recipients. Subsequently, we learn from other authorities, the duke of Burgundy relieved the pecuniary distress of his royal kinswoman more effectually, by sending her a written order on his treasurer for twelve thousand crowns. The treasurer took a base advantage of

¹ George Chastellain, *Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne*, p. 229.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

her situation, by endeavoring to extort half the money from her on various pretexts; Margaret, who was not of a spirit to put up tamely with such a wrong, informed the duke of the villany of his minister, and this just but severe prince, in a transport of indignation, ordered him to be put to death. The sentence would have been executed but for her intercession in his favor.¹

The arrival of the duchess of Bourbon, who came to St. Pol to visit Margaret, was a bright spot in the sombre destiny of the exiled queen. They were nearly related to each other; they had been friends in youth, and the marriage of Margaret's brother, the duke of Calabria, to the daughter of the duchess of Bourbon had strengthened the family connection between these two princesses. They met with smiles and tears of affectionate sympathy, and immediately entered into conversation with the confidential familiarity of two sisters. The duchess listened with compassionate interest to the recital of the strange vicissitudes and trials to which the Red-rose queen had been exposed, "of which," says the Burgundian chronicler, who heard them from the lips of Margaret herself, "no parallel can be found in books. . . . The sufferings she endured from hunger, cold, and poverty had many times, she said, endangered her life, quite as much as if she had fallen into the hands of her foes."² She assured the duchess of Bourbon, that "on one occasion king Henry, the little prince, and herself were reduced to such abject misery and destitution that for five days they had but one herring between the three, and not more bread than would have sufficed for one day's nourishment. Another time, she said, being at mass on a solemn day, she was so entirely without money that she had not even a 'black penny' to give at the offering. In this dilemma she humiliated herself so far as to confide her distress to a Scotch archer who was near her, and besought him to lend her something wherewith she might make her oblation. She found him hard to persuade, but at last, to get rid of her importunity, he reluctantly, and as

¹ Chronicles of Lorraine, MS. in Bibl. du Roi.

² George Chastellain, p. 230.

if he grudged it, drew half a farthing¹ from his purse and lent her." Thus did she, who had shared the throne of a king of England, find herself in a more destitute condition than the poor widow of holy writ, whose gift was commended by our blessed Lord; for the widow had two mites of her own to offer, but queen Margaret not having one, must have approached the altar empty-handed if she had not, by the earnestness of her importunity, wrung a half-farthing from the churl who grudged the paltry alms he lent. This circumstance was related by her as one of the bitterest mortifications her adverse fortunes had inflicted.

The royal heroine also recounted to the duchess and her ladies some of the perils from which she and the little prince of Wales had escaped in their retreat from the lost battle of Hexham; she enlarged, with impassioned eloquence, on the fervency with which she had supplicated the divine assistance when the pitiless ruffians who had plundered her were about to take away her life, and the especial answer which she considered God had vouchsafed to her prayers, by turning the swords against each other of those who were before unanimous in their determination to shed her blood, and, finally, converting a robber, stained with a thousand crimes, into an instrument for the preservation of herself and her precious boy. The duchess of Bourbon, who was all sympathy, "listened to these exciting recitals with no less interest," says Chastellain, "than if they had been tales devised for her especial entertainment; observing, by way of comment, 'that although queen Margaret had escaped with life, never assuredly before had fortune brought a princess of her high rank into such frightful situations, and that if a book were to be written on the vicissitudes of royal and unfortunate ladies, she would be found to exceed them all in calamity.'" ²

That mournful pre-eminence in woe which the human heart when under the pressure of adversity is often strangely eager to claim was not as yet due to the ill-fated queen to whom her pitying friend assigned it. Margaret of Anjou

¹ *Ung gros d'Écosse*; a small copper coin, weighing the eighth of an ounce.

² George Chastellain, *Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne*, p. 233.

lived to see days when she could look back to the sufferings which elicited this comment from the duchess of Bourbon as things of trivial import. They were, indeed, the beginning of evils, but the end involved a consummation of misery which has only been exceeded in later days by the dark destinies of Mary Stuart and Marie Antoinette. The duchess of Bourbon could not refrain from telling her unfortunate kinswoman that "It was to her a mystery how a Christian king and queen who had been lawfully inaugurated should, without having committed notorious crimes to provoke the wrath of God, or forfeited by tyranny the allegiance of their subjects, have been reduced so low, by any change of fortune, as not to possess a foot of land or a house to shelter them in their own realm, nor yet a penny of money, either of silver or copper, unless borrowed to purchase the common necessities of life."¹ On another occasion, when some of queen Margaret's kindred were imputing the calamities which had befallen her to her union with king Henry, whose constitutional malady, while it had always rendered him an object of anxious solicitude to her, had unfitted him for the defence of his disputed crown, and was therefore peculiarly hard on her, she silenced them with the following noble burst of conjugal devotion:—"When, on the day of my espousals, I took the rose of England, was I not aware that I must bear it entire, and with all its thorns?"² The poetic beauty of this sentiment is only equalled by its philosophy.

Grand fêtes and royal cheer were made for the exiled queen at St. Pol after the arrival of her friend the duchess of Bourbon, at the expense of the duke of Burgundy, who had ordered that no cost should be spared for her entertainment as long as she chose to remain. But Margaret could not be induced to tarry; her heart was at Bruges, for there she had left the young prince her son and the rest of her little company, and her desire to return to them was too strong to be resisted. On Saturday, September 3d, she took her leave of the kind duchess of Bourbon, and departed

¹ George Chastellain, *Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne*, p. 233.

² *Galerie des Femmes Fortes*, by Le Moine.

from St. Pol at five in the morning, escorted by the lord of Moreul, Messire Francisco, son of the marquess of Ferrara, Messire Moulet de Renty, Messire Guillaume de Saulx, and a troop of the duke of Burgundy's archers, whom that prince had commissioned to defend her from all dangers by the way, and to convey her safe and sound to whatsoever place she might please to appoint.¹ The duke knew that the life of his unfortunate guest was in jeopardy, having received certain information that the English intended to surprise her at St. Pol, and would, of course, be on the alert to fall upon her in the open country,—not to capture, but to kill her. Parties from Calais were also abroad with the same deadly purpose, fancying, too, that the young prince was with her, for whose blood they thirsted even more than for that of the mother, thinking by his death to put an end to the war.² It was well for the royal fugitives that they were under the protection of so powerful a prince as Philip of Burgundy, and that he had caused Margaret to be so strongly guarded that she returned unharmed to Bruges. There she was, by his orders, received with public honors; and the towns-people testified the lively interest which her courageous struggle against her evil fortunes had excited, by bringing her presents of wine, and all sorts of things which they thought might be acceptable. Margaret received these offerings with eloquent expressions of gratitude, telling those who brought them “that she had received so many marks of honor and affection from their prince, her cousin the duke of Burgundy, that she feared she could never show herself thankful enough. That she understood that he had conceived anger against her, and had therefore feared to approach him, lest he should not condescend to look at her; but she had found him the best among the good and the gentlest, possessed, withal, of better sense than any one on earth.” The people of Bruges were well pleased with hearing this testimony of the merit of their prince from the lips of a queen whom report said had formerly spoken of him in a very different strain.³

¹ George Chastellain, *Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne*.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

Margaret had the happiness of finding her son safe and well on her return to Bruges, where, too, she was almost immediately joined by count Charolois, who came, partly to do the honors of that town in the absence of the duke his father, and partly out of affection to the house of Lancaster, from which he was descended through his mother, Isabella of Portugal, the grand-daughter of John of Gaunt. There was also near relationship between Margaret of Anjou and himself as scions of the royal house of France, and the generous heir of Burgundy took every opportunity of proving that the calamities of his hapless kinswoman and her consort had not weakened the ties of kindred.

It was at this interesting period of her life that Margaret became acquainted with the noble Burgundian poet and chronicler, George Chastellain, to whose graphic details we are indebted for many important particulars of her personal history,¹ as derived by him from her own lips, and which are new to the general reader, never before having been translated from the obscure Burgundian French of the fifteenth century. Chastellain, who was the herald of the Golden Fleece, and held the somewhat incongruous offices of historiographer and grand panetier to Philip duke of Burgundy, was exceedingly proud of the confidence with which the unfortunate but accomplished consort of Henry VI. honored him. He has introduced her portrait five times in the splendid illuminated edition of his poems, on vellum.² Of the first of these miniature gems, which occurs at page 7, representing the exiled English queen in earnest conver-

¹ These particulars are not contained in the earlier editions of the *Lives of the Queens of England*, my attention having been first directed in the year 1844 to the works of Chastellain by his learned editor, the late M. Buchon, to whom the honor is due of having, with incredible toil, gathered together, from various Bibliothèques, the scattered portions of the original MSS. of the precious remains of this most interesting and eloquent of the historical writers of that period, which were printed for the first time, under his auspices, in the *Panthéon Littéraire, Choix Chroniques et Mémoires sur l'Histoire de France*. In offering this acknowledgment to the memory of M. Buchon, I lament to add that, like the late lamented sir Harris Nicolas, and other laborers in the cause of historic truth, he reaped little benefit from his toils. Buchon died broken-hearted, in want, it is to be feared, of the common necessities of life.

² Manuscript Provenant Bibliothèque de la Grauthuse.

sation with himself, he gives the following quaint explanation in his prologue:—"A lady, well-nigh distraught with grief, of late made sore complaints to me of the cruel wrongs which fortune had inflicted. This lady, who honored me with her confidence, as we were well acquainted, willed me to seat myself near her, it being her pleasure to discourse with me of her troubles, which she bewailed with such sore weeping, and oftentimes wringing her hands from excess of sorrow, that mine own tears could not be restrained from flowing too, for very pity of her case. Then, as we were at leisure for such devices, she besought me, seeing I so much compassionated her distress, to write for her consolation a little treatise on the inconstancy of fortune, setting forth her own calamities with those of other noble ladies who had suffered signal adversity." This request was evidently suggested by the duchess de Bourbon's remark as to the surpassing interest Margaret's sad story would excite, if written in a book on the calamities of illustrious females. The fallen queen, having been in some measure the victim of political slander, was eager to secure the suffrages of posterity, at least, through the friendly eloquence of a pen which the rival sovereign who had supplanted her unfortunate husband could neither intimidate nor pervert to the base office of confirming the falsehoods of a party.

Chastellain, animated by the impulse of genius, which soars above the time-serving considerations of expediency, and bound by the vow of his chivalric order to sympathy with the unfortunate, especially if distressed ladies, has done full justice to Margaret's character in his chronicle as regards historic truth, and with manly independence always speaks of her as the queen of England, and her son as the veritable and lawful heir of that realm, in spite of his master's repudiation of the Lancastrian claims. He has also celebrated her in several of his poems, especially the one which he undertook at her request, entitled *The Temple of Ruined Greatness*,¹ written on the model of that commenced

¹ This curious MS. is inscribed thus: Plusieurs Remonstrans, selon le stile de Jehan Bocace, par manière de Consolation, adreschans à la Royne d'Angleterre, fille à Régnier, roy de Naples, de Cecille, et de Jerusalem.

by Bocace on the misfortunes of great men, from Adam to king John of France. Chastellain has caused queen Margaret and himself to be represented, in an exquisite miniature group in his beautiful volume, at the tomb of Bocace, invoking him to awake, and undertake the task of commemorating her misfortunes and her wrongs. The deceased poet, reanimated by her call, rises, and seeks to console her by the numerous instances he cites of the vicissitudes of others. Margaret assured Chastellain, "that there were moments when she had been tempted by the desperation of her circumstances to convert her own hand into an instrument of self-destruction; but, happily, the fear of God and his restraining grace had preserved her from so deadly a sin." Her patience was subsequently tested by harder trials, for at the time she made this avowal, which was in the year 1463, she had still a husband, a father, and a son: she retained beauty, health, and mental energy, and was not past the season of hope.

The following instance of the punctilious respect with which Margaret and her little son were treated by the heir of Burgundy, affords a curious illustration of the formal courtesies practised by persons of high degree in their intercourse. At one of the numerous banquets given at Bruges by the great nobles of Burgundy in honor of the English queen, count Charolois¹ being also present, the water for the customary lavation before sitting down to table was offered first to queen Margaret, as to the person of the highest rank; and she, being desirous of placing the count on terms of equality with herself, called him to come and wash with her. "But he," continues our worthy chronicler, "knowing his duty, and treading in the steps of the duke his father, who always paid proper reverence to crowned heads, absolutely refused to come forward; nor could the queen, by any means, prevail on him to do it, although he might, without the slightest infringement of royal etiquette, have dipped his hands in the same water with the queen, as he was her cousin. Then the water was offered to the prince of Wales; but he, young as he was, having been well instructed in the

¹ Charles the Bold, who succeeded his father, Philip duke of Burgundy.

rules of courtly politeness, drew back, and said it was impossible for him to wash unless his cousin the count were placed on the same footing by washing with him. This count Charolois refusing to do, the little English prince tried caressingly to pull his stout Burgundian kinsman to him, that they might use the water together, declaring at the same time that he would not wash at all unless the count would wash with him. But it was of no use that both the mother and son demurred, and endeavored to waive the precedence which the generous heir of Burgundy was determined to give them; they did but lose their time, for nothing could induce him to imply equality with the prince of Wales, either by washing or sitting with him at table. These formal punctilios of respect from the son of the rich and powerful sovereign to whom his mother and himself were at that moment indebted for food and shelter appeared to the little English prince so inconsistent with their present condition, that, with the artless frankness of his age, he said to count Charolois, "But these honors are not due to us from you; neither ought the precedency to be given in your father's dominions to such destitute and unfortunate persons as we are."¹ "Unfortunate though you be," replied the count, "you are nevertheless the son of the king of England; whereas I am only the son of a ducal sovereign, which is not so high a vocation as that of a king."

This emphatic recognition of Henry VI. as the rightful owner of the crown which then decorated the brow of a victorious rival, Edward IV., gives historic importance to what might otherwise be regarded as a frivolous contest of formal politeness. The impetuous heir of Burgundy, afterwards so much celebrated in history as Charles the Bold,² was the last man in the world to play the martinet on mere matters of ceremony. He had a political reason for thus insisting on yielding an ostentatious precedence to the Red-

¹ George Chastellain, *Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne*.

² The rough manners and eccentric habits of this prince have been described with quaint minuteness by Philip de Comines, and since rendered familiar to the English reader by the genius of sir Walter Scott, who makes effective use of the bold Burgundian duke in his beautiful romance of *Quentin Durward*.

rose prince of Wales, which was, to proclaim to the Burgundian magnates that he regarded him as the legitimate heir of England, in opposition to the policy of the duke his father, who was the firm ally of Edward of York. Count Charolois was at that period on such bad terms with his august sire that nothing but the salutary counsels of queen Margaret, who had acquired great influence over his mind, prevented him from rushing into open rebellion. Margaret well repaid the debt of gratitude she owed the duke of Burgundy, by persuading the former to return to his duty, and engaging her friend, Pierre de Brezé, to act as a mediator between the father and son.¹ When matters were apparently in a fair train for a reconciliation, Margaret left Bruges with the prince her son, and the faithful little company who shared her fallen fortunes. She and her followers travelled at the expense of the duke of Burgundy, who sent her under an honorable escort to Barr, where she was met and welcomed by her father's people.²

King René felt deeply grateful for the generous treatment of his distressed child by his ancient antagonist. He addressed a letter to Philip of Burgundy, full of thanks, declaring "he could not have expected, nor did he merit, such attentions." Margaret passed some days at St. Michiel, with fifty nobles and gentlemen of her suite. Part of that year she sojourned with her sister Yolante, countess of Vaudemonte, and her brother, John of Calabria;³ and then at Amboise, the court of her aunt, the queen-dowager of France. The distracted state of king René's affairs utterly precluded him from exerting himself in his daughter's service, though not unfrequently solicited to draw his knightly sword in her cause. The Provençal bards took the heroism and misfortunes of their hapless princess for their theme, and René's own minstrel and namesake was accustomed to assail his royal ear in his festal halls with these strains:—

¹ George Chastellain. In the year 1465, Margaret lost her brave and devoted friend Pierre de Brezé, who, having re-entered the service of his native sovereign, Louis XI., was slain at the battle of Monthéry, where he led the advanced guard.

² Chastellain. Monstrelet, p. 290.

■ Villeneuve.

"Arouse thee, arouse thee, king René!
 Nor let sorrow thy spirit beguile;
 Thy daughter, the spouse of king Henry,
 Now weeps, now implores with a smile."¹

René, however, was compelled to remain a passive sympathizer in Margaret's affliction. All he could do for her was to afford her an asylum in her adversity. He gave her the ancient castle of Kuerere, in the diocese of Verdun, near the town of St. Michiel, for her residence, and contributed to her support with 2000 livres of rent on the duchy of Barr, being all his narrow means would allow.² Here Margaret, bereaved of all the attributes of royalty, save those that were beyond the power of adverse fortune to alienate, dwelt with the remnant of her ruined friends, and occupied herself in superintending the education of the last tender bud of the Red rose of Lancaster, whom she yet fondly hoped to see restored to his country and his former lofty expectations. During the seven years of their exile sir John Fortesque continued to reside with queen Margaret and her son; and observing that his beloved pupil was too much taken up with martial exercises, he wrote his celebrated work on the constitution of England, *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, to instruct him in a higher sort of knowledge, the true science of royalty.³

A deeper shade of gloom pervaded the exiled court of Margaret when the tidings reached her, through her secret adherents in England, that her unfortunate consort had at length fallen into the hands of his successful rival. When king Henry fled from the lost battle of Hexham, he gained an asylum among his loyal subjects of Westmoreland and Lancashire, where he was many months concealed, sometimes in the house of John Machell, Esq., at Crackenthorp,⁴ sometimes like a hermit in a cave. There are, even now, traces of his residence in several of the northern halls and castles. The glove, boot, and spoon he left with his kind

¹ "Reveille-toi, reveille-toi, roi René," etc.—*Provençal Ballad*.

² Calmet's Chronicle of Lorraine. Villeneuve.

³ Life of Sir John Fortescue.

⁴ The author of this biography has the honor of descending from the loyal northern squire who afforded refuge to the fugitive king.

host, sir Ralph Pudsay, at Bolton hall in Yorkshire, are still preserved. They were the only gifts fortune had left it in his power to bestow. The size of the glove and boot show that his hands and feet were small. There is also a well which was, by Henry's desire, walled into a cold bath for his use, and is still known by the name of 'king Henry's well.' Henry's retreat in Lancashire was betrayed by a monk of Abingdon, and he was taken by the servants of sir John Harrington as he sat at dinner at Waddington hall.¹ He was conducted to London in the most ignominious manner, with his legs fastened to the stirrups of the sorry nag on which he was mounted, and an insulting placard affixed to his shoulders. At Islington he was met by the earl of Warwick, who issued a proclamation forbidding any one to treat him with respect, and afforded an example of wanton brutality to the mob by leading the royal captive thrice round the pillory as if he had been a common felon, crying aloud, "Treason, treason !" and "Behold the traitor !" Henry endured these outrages with the firmness of a hero and the meekness of a saint. "Forsooth, and forsooth, ye do foully to smite the Lord's anointed,"² was his mild rebuke to a ruffian who was base enough to strike him in that hour of misery. The following touching lines, which have been attributed to Henry VI., were probably written during his long imprisonment in the Tower :—

"Kingdoms are but cares,
State is devoid of stay,
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

"Who meaneth to remove the rocke
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself and hardly 'scape
The swelling of the flood."

There are preserved two sentences written and given by him to a knight³ who had the care of him :—

¹ One room in Waddington hall retains the name of 'king Henry's chamber.' At Bracewell, the ancient seat of the Tempests, about a mile from Waddington, there is also an apartment called 'king Henry's parlor.'

² Warkworth Chronicle. Hall.

³ *Nugæ Antiquæ*. The Harrington family founded their fortunes on the

"Patience is the armor and conquest of the godly; this meriteth mercy, when causeless is suffered sorrow."

"Nought else is war but fury and madness, wherein is not advice, but rashness; not right, but rage, ruleth and reigneth."

Queen Margaret must have felt the indignity and cruelty with which her unoffending consort was treated as the greatest aggravation of all her own hard trials. She was still formidable to the reigning sovereign of England, who established a sort of coast-guard to prevent her from effecting a sudden descent on the shores of England. It has been confidently asserted that Margaret visited England, disguised as a priest in the train of the archbishop of Narbonne, in 1467;¹ and if we may trust that romantic author, Prevost, she even obtained a secret interview with king Henry in his prison, through the favor of one of his keepers who had formerly been in her service; and was attached to her interest. William of Worcester records that various persons who were apprehended on suspicion of having letters from queen Margaret in their possession were tortured and put to death. Sir Thomas Cook, a London alderman, was accused of treason and fined eight thousand marks, because Hawkins, one of Margaret's agents, when put to the rack in the Tower, confessed "that he had attempted to borrow money for her of this wealthy knight;" and though sir Thomas Cook had refused to lend it, he was brought in great peril of his life for not having disclosed the attempt of Hawkins.² A poor shoemaker was pinched to death with red-hot pincers for assisting the exiled queen to carry on a correspondence with her adherents in England, but he resolutely refused to betray the parties with whom Margaret was in league.³ When Harlech castle was taken in the same year, many letters to and from queen Margaret fell into the hands of king Edward. An emissary of Margaret, who was taken in this stronghold of her outlawed adherents (which had so long held out in defiance of Edward and all his puissance), accused the earl of Warwick

capture of the king, as sir John Harrington, in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, expressly affirms; and as these verses and lines are preserved in that work, doubtless they were given by Henry VI. to Harrington's ancestor.

¹ Prevost.

² Holinshed.

³ Speed. Worcester. Stowe.

of having, in his late mission to the continent, spoken favorably of the exiled queen in his conference with Louis XI. at Rouen. Warwick refused to leave his castle to be confronted with his accuser; but however exasperated he might be, and by all account with sufficient cause, against his former pupil Edward of York, the idea of restoring the sceptre to Lancaster formed no part of the policy of the king-making earl. He had given his eldest daughter in marriage to king Edward's brother Clarence, and intended to depose Edward, by whom he had been mortally offended, and to make Clarence king. Clarence, being previously discontented, was easily seduced from his allegiance.

The year 1469 saw the White rose divided against itself, and the throne of Edward IV. in a tottering position. The royal heroine of the Red rose, who had now spent nearly seven years in exile, left her lonely castle near Verdun in the December of that year, and came with her son, prince Edward, to meet Louis XI. at Tours, where also her father, her brother, her sister Yolante, and the count of Vaudemont assembled to hold a consultation on the best means of improving the momentous crisis for the cause of Lancaster. Margaret and her father were so greatly excited at the prospect which appeared opening for her in England, that when they met they embraced with floods of tears. Every one present was moved, and even the cold-hearted Louis XI. displayed unwonted tokens of sensibility on this occasion. Margaret was now treated by him with all the honors and marks of attention which not only the title she bore, but her near relationship to himself, demanded,—circumstances which she regarded as favorable prognostics for the future, for never before had she experienced the slightest consideration from him. The fever of hope was once more kindled in the heart of the exiled queen as post after post brought tidings of wars and rumors of wars in England. The northern and midland counties were in arms against king Edward. A blazing star was seen in the heavens, which appeared to the excited fancies of the people the herald of a great political change. Battles were fought, in which the Lancastrian nobles and gentry were arrayed

against the Yorkist sovereign, yet their old familiar war-cry, "A Henry! a Henry!" was not raised. They were fighting—strange anomaly!—not under the banner of the Red rose, but that of the 'bear and ragged staff,' the cognizance of Warwick.¹

Henry VI. remained in a hopeless state of quiescence incarcerated in the Tower. The commencement of the year 1470 saw his captor a captive also, in the stronghold of Middleham castle, under the wardship of Warwick's brother, the archbishop of York. Thus the red king and the white were both checkmated; while a third puppet, who was intended to supersede both, was placed on the board by the powerful hand which had defeated, first one, and then the other of the former rivals of the game. It was Warwick's design to make his daughter a queen, and the mother of a line of Plantagenet sovereigns of the second branch of York. It is just possible he might have accomplished the first of these objects had he put king Edward to death when in his power; but the escape of that energetic prince, and his putting down the Lincolnshire rebellion, together with the disclosures which followed, compelled the haughty earl to retire with the duke and duchess of Clarence to Calais. But there a reaction in favor of king Edward had taken place. Vauclere, Warwick's lieutenant, would not permit him or his company to land, though it was stormy weather, and the duchess of Clarence was in the most critical state. The only resource, then, was to take refuge in France. Louis XI. received them joyfully, having long been in secret correspondence with Warwick, who in the late insurrection had indeed acted as his tool² for unsettling the government of England.

Louis, perceiving that Clarence was a broken reed, on whom no party could lean, suggested to Warwick the expediency of forming a coalition with the dormant but still powerful faction of the Red rose. Warwick, having committed himself irreparably with king Edward, caught eagerly at the suggestion, and requested Louis to act as his mediator

¹ See Hall, Holinshed, Rapin, Lingard, for the particulars of these events.

² Monstrelet. Michelet.

with the Lancastrian party. The great obstacle to this arrangement was the determined hostility of queen Margaret to her former adversary, which no consideration of political expediency could induce her either to smother or conceal. She regarded him as the author of all the calamities which had befallen king Henry and herself. "The earl of Warwick," she was accustomed to say, "had pierced her heart with wounds which could never be healed: they would bleed till the day of judgment, when she would appeal to the justice of God for vengeance against him. His pride and insolence had first broken the peace of England, and stirred up those fatal wars which had desolated the realm. Through him she and the prince her son had been attainted, proscribed, and driven out to beg their bread in foreign lands; and not only had he injured her as a queen, but he had dared to defame her reputation as a woman by divers false and malicious slanders, as if she had been false to her royal lord the king, and had imposed a spurious prince of Wales on the people of England, which things she never could forgive."¹ Her royal kinsman of France, whom her hard fortune had made the arbiter of her destiny, insisted that Margaret should see the earl of Warwick, who was ready to make any concession to appease her indignation. Margaret bore herself with the lofty spirit of an honest woman on this occasion, for the only condition on which she would allow Warwick to enter her presence was that he should *unsay* all he had formerly said against her reputation, by acknowledging before the kings and princes of France and Sicily, her kinsmen, that he had uttered false and injurious calumnies against her, knowing them to be so, and to promise that he would do the like in England² in as public a manner as he had formerly defamed her. To these humiliating terms the earl agreed to submit; "which promise being made," says Chastellain, "the said Warwick came where queen Margaret was, and falling on his knees before her, addressed her in the most moving words he could devise, and humbly besought her to pardon and restore him

¹ George Chastellain, *Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne*, p. 301.

² George Chastellain.

to her favor; to which she scarcely vouchsafed him any answer, and kept him on his knees a full quarter of an hour before she would say she pardoned him, and then only on the above conditions."

This ungracious demeanor on the part of the offended queen is fully confirmed by the following report given by an English contemporary¹ (supposed to be a spy) of the first meeting between these deadly foes, at Tours, in the presence of Louis XI., who had engaged to negotiate a reconciliation between them:—"In this queen Margaret was right difficult, and showed to the king of France, in presence of the duke of Guienne, that, with honor to herself and her son, she might not, and she would not, pardon the said earl, who had been the greatest cause of the downfall of king Henry; and that never, of her own spirit, might she be contented with him, *ne* pardon him." In fact, the queen maintained "that it would be greatly prejudicial to pardon the earl of Warwick; for in England she and her son had certain parties and friends which they might likely lose by this means, which would do them more hinderance than the earl and his allies could do them good;" wherefore she besought the king of France "to leave off speaking for the said pardon and alliance." The earl of Warwick on this entered into a defence of his conduct, owning "that it was by his means the queen was dethroned; but that before he had done or thought of doing her any harm, her false counsellors had plotted his destruction, body and goods, and that no nobleman, outraged and *despaired* [driven to desperation], could have done otherwise." It does not appear that Warwick mentioned the execution of his father, the earl of Salisbury, which is almost a confirmation of the statements of those historians who deny that he was beheaded by Margaret.

In the foregoing scene Margaret certainly comported herself more like an offended woman than a political leader; but the more loftily she spoke and looked, the more submissive her former adversary became. "He told her he

¹ Manner and Guiding of the Earl of Warwick: Harleian MS., edited by sir Henry Ellis.

had been the means of upsetting king Edward, and unsettling his realm; and that he would, for the time to come, be as much his foe as he had formerly been his friend and maker.' ¹ He besought the queen and prince 'that so they would take him, and repute him, and forgive him all he had done against them, offering himself to be bounden by all manner of ways to be their true and faithful subject for the time to come; and that he would set, for his surety, the king of France.' King Louis, being then present, agreed to be surety, praying queen Margaret 'that, at his request, she would pardon the earl of Warwick, showing the great love he had to the said earl, for whom he would do more than any man living.' And so queen Margaret, being likewise urged by the agents of king René her father, after many treaties and messages, pardoned the earl of Warwick, and so did her son also."

The earl of Oxford, who had by the exigency of circumstances been compelled to acknowledge the authority of the White-rose sovereign for a while, came also with Warwick to entreat queen Margaret's forgiveness, and permission to renew his homage to the house of Lancaster. The queen received *his* supplication in a very different spirit from that with which she accorded her forgiveness (if such it might be called) to Warwick, for she said, "Your pardon is right easy to *purchase*, for well I know you and your friends have suffered *much things* for king Henry's *quarrels*." ² On the 15th of July they all met again at Angers, where the countess of Warwick and her youngest daughter, the lady Anne, were presented to queen Margaret, and a marriage between the prince of Wales and the young lady was proposed by Louis XI. It was a project of his own devising, and no one but him would venture to name it to Margaret. She received the first overtures for this strange alliance with ineffable disdain. "What!" she exclaimed, with a burst of indignation which proved that she had not forgotten old

¹ Harleian MS., edited by sir H. Ellis.

² Chron. in Stowe's Collections; Harleian MSS. The words 'much things,' show Margaret's broken English; likewise, the idiom should have been "in king Henry's quarrel."

offences, "will he indeed give his daughter to my son, whom he has so often branded as the offspring of adultery or fraud?"¹

Independently of her personal reluctance to this alliance, Margaret appears to have had an intuitive feeling of the danger of the connection. "Touching the manner of the marriage," pursues the spy,² "the queen would not in anywise consent or yield to any request the king of France might make her. Sometimes she said that 'she never saw honor nor profit, *ne* for her, *ne* for her son the prince.' Another time she alleged that 'she would, and she should, find a more profitable *party*, and of more advantage, with the king of England' (Edward IV.). Indeed, she showed to the king of France a letter, which she said was 'sent to her out of England that last week, by the which was offered to her son my lady princess.' " This was Elizabeth of York, then the heiress of king Edward the Fourth.

Queen Margaret preseedered fifteen days before she would consent to the alliance with Warwick; to which, at last, by the advice of the counsellors of her father, king René, she agreed, and the marriage was promised in presence of the king of France and the duke of Guienne (brother to Louis XI.), according to the following articles:—³ "First, the earl of Warwick swore upon the true cross at Angers, in St. Mary's church, that *without change* he shall always hold the party of king Henry, and serve him, the queen, and the prince, as a true and faithful subject oweth to serve his sovereign lord. The king of France and his brother then, clothed in *canvas* robes, in the said church of St. Mary, swore they would help and sustain to the utmost of their power the earl of Warwick in the quarrel of king Henry. Queen Margaret then swore to treat the earl as true and faithful to king Henry and the prince, and for his deeds past *never to make him any reproach*. After the recovery of the kingdom of England, the prince was to be regent of all the realm, and the duke of Clarence to have all his own lands and those of the duke of York. *Item*, From that time forth the

¹ George Chastellain.

² Harleian MS. in Ellis.

³ Chron. in Stowe's Collection: Harleian MSS.

daughter of the earl of Warwick shall be *put and remain in the hands and the keeping of the queen* Margaret; but the said marriage not to be perfected till the earl of Warwick had been with an army over into England, and recovered the realm in the most part thereof for king Henry. The earl of Warwick affirmed, at the same time, that if he were once over the sea, he should have more than fifty thousand fighters at his commandment; but if the king of France would help him with a few folk, he would pass the sea without delay. Louis gave a subsidy of forty-six thousand crowns, besides two thousand French archers."¹

According to some of the French chroniclers, the prince of Wales, who had entered his eighteenth year, and was one of the handsomest and most accomplished princes in Europe, was very desirous of becoming the husband of Anne Neville, whom he had seen at Paris some time before. They were allied in blood, for Anne's great-grandmother, the countess of Westmoreland, was Joanna Beaufort, the daughter of John of Gaunt, the patriarchal stem of the royal line of Lancaster. Anne of Warwick was co-heiress to mighty possessions, which rendered her a match, in point of wealth, not unworthy of a spouse in full possession of regal power. While these negotiations were pending, Louis's queen had given birth to a fair son at Amboise, afterwards Charles VIII. Edward prince of Wales was complimented with the office of godfather to the infant dauphin, the other sponsor being Jane of France.² Some historians say that Margaret was the godmother; but there had never been any regard between her and the queen of France, Charlotte of Savoy, who, being desirous of marrying her sister, Bona of Savoy, to Edward IV., had always treated the fallen queen of the Lancastrian sovereign with a contempt that the high spirit of Margaret could scarcely brook.³ After the christening of the young dauphin, which was solemnized with great

¹ The original of Charles duke of Guienne's oath to assist queen Margaret, approving also of the marriage of the prince of Wales with Anne of Warwick, is to be found in the Cottonian MS., Vespasian, F 111, p. 32, r. o. It is signed by himself, Angers, July 30, 1470.

² Comines. Wassaburg. Villeneuve. Monstrelet.

■ Hall.

splendor at Amboise, Edward of Lancaster plighted his nuptial troth to Anne Neville, in the presence of queen Margaret, the king of France, king René and his second wife Jeanne de Laval, the earl and countess of Warwick, the duke and duchess of Clarence, and the faithful adherents of the cause of the Red rose, of whom Margaret's exiled court was composed.¹

This romantic marriage was celebrated at the latter end of July, or the beginning of August, 1470, and was commemorated with feasts and high rejoicings. Warwick departed from Angers on the 4th of August,² leaving his countess and the newly-wedded princess of Wales as pledges of his fidelity with queen Margaret and her son. They were entertained with princely hospitality by king René till the autumn. Meantime, Clarence and Warwick landed at Dartmouth with their puissance, and proclaimed their intention of delivering king Henry from durance, declaring their commission to be "by the whole voice and assent of the most noble princess Margaret, queen of England, and the right high and mighty prince Edward."³ When the news was spread that king Henry, whose mild sway had been sorely regretted, "should rejoice the land again by reigning as heretofore," his champions were received with universal acclamations. Warwick found himself in a few days at the head of sixty thousand men, the people crying everywhere, "A Henry! a Henry!" Edward IV., being unable to stand his ground, embarked for Holland, leaving Warwick master of the realm; by whose direction the bishop of Winchester, early in October, went to the Tower of London, took king Henry from his keepers, and new arrayed him, the royal captive not having been attired according to his rank, "nor so cleanly kept as beseemed such a personage." He was then brought home with great reverence and rejoicing to his palace at Westminster. *Te Deum* was sung in Paris for his deliverance, and a solemn festival and holiday for three days was proclaimed by order

¹ Comines. Wassaburg. Bourdigne. Villeneuve.

² Harleian MSS.

³ Chart. Antiq. Cotton. xvii. 11; printed in the Notes to Warkworth's Chronicle, edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.: printed for the Camden Society.

of his cousin-german, the king of France.¹ Louis also wrote letters to the authorities in Paris, to say that he should shortly send thither the queen of England, consort to king Henry, with her son the prince of Wales, his princess, daughter to the earl of Warwick, the countess of Warwick, lady Wiltshire, and the other ladies and damsels who were with the queen of England.²

In November, Margaret with her company set out for Paris, attended by the counts of Eu, Vendôme, Dunois, the lord of Châtillon, and many other nobles, whom her royal cousin of France had appointed as her guard of honor.³ When she approached Paris, the archbishop, the university, the parliament, the officers of the Châtelet, the provost of the merchants, all in their habits of ceremony, together with the principal inhabitants of Paris in gala array, came out to meet and welcome her, and conducted her into the town. All the streets through which she passed, from the gate of St. Jaques to the palace of St. Pol, were hung with rich tapestry, and nothing was omitted that could add to the solemnity of her reception. Maître Nicolle Gilles, in his history,⁴ says, "The streets of Paris were gayly dressed to welcome them, and they were lodged in the palace, where they received the news of the landing of the earl of Warwick, and that king Henry was freed, and in possession of his kingdom; upon which queen Margaret with all her company resolved to return to England."

King René made great personal sacrifices, exhausting both money and credit to assist his energetic daughter in her purveyances for the voyage to England;⁵ and in the month of February, 1471, all was ready for her embarkation but—the wind. The atmospherical influences were always unfavorable to Margaret, and at this momentous crisis of her fate, as on many a previous one, it might have been said, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." Thrice did she, in defiance of all warnings from the men of Harfleur, put to sea with her armament, and as often was she driven back on the coast of Normandy, not without damage to her ships,

¹ Warkworth's Chronicle.

² Monstrelet's Chronicles. Chastellain.

³ Monstrelet.

⁴ Felibien, Histoire de Paris, vol. ii. p. 861.

⁵ Prevost.

till many of her followers protested that this strange opposition of winds and waves was caused by sorcery.¹ Others endeavored to prevail on her to relinquish her intention of proceeding to England, as it appeared in a manner forbidden to her. But Margaret's strong mind rejected with equal contempt the superstitious notions of either magic or omens. She knew on how critical a balance hung the fortunes of her husband and her son; and although the people in all the towns through which Warwick had passed, on his triumphant march to London, had tossed the White rose from their caps, shouting, "A Harry! a Harry!—A Warwick! a Warwick!"² and celebrated the restoration of holy Henry with every token of joy, yet she had had too sore experience of the fickle nature of popular excitement not to feel the importance of straining every nerve to improve the present favorable juncture. She was not ignorant of the return of king Edward, and the defection of "false, perjured, fleeting Clarence;" and her anxiety to reach the scene of action was proportioned to the desperate nature of the closely contested game that was playing there. Up to the last moment of her compulsory sojourn on the shores of Normandy she continued to levy forces and to raise munitions for the aid of Warwick and the king.³

On the 24th of March she once more put to sea with her fleet, and, despite of all opposing influences of the elements, pursued her inauspicious voyage to England. The passage, that with a favorable wind might have been achieved in twelve hours, was protracted sixteen tedious days and nights, which were spent by the anxious queen in a fever of agonizing impatience. On Easter-eve her long-baffled fleet made the port of Weymouth.⁴ Margaret with her son the prince of Wales and his newly-espoused consort, the prior of St. John's (called the treasurer of England), sir John Fortescue, sir Henry Rous, and many others, landed April 13th. They went immediately to the neighboring abbey of Cerne, to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the voyage. It was there that queen Margaret, with the prince and princess of Wales, kept their Easter-festival, at

¹ Hall.

■ Ibid.

³ Ibid.⁴ Fleetwood's Chronicle, edited by J. Bruce.

the very time their cause was receiving its death-blow on the fatal heath of Barnet,¹ where the weather, as will be well remembered, once more turned the fortunes of the day against the fated rose of Lancaster.

When the dreadful news of the death of Warwick and the recapture of king Henry was brought to Margaret on the following day, she fell to the ground in a deep swoon, and for a long time remained in a speechless stupor of despair, as if her faculties had been overpowered by the greatness of this unexpected blow.² When she revived to consciousness, it was only to bewail the evil destiny of her luckless consort. "In her agony, she reviled the calamitous temper of the times in which she lived, and reproached herself," says Hall, "for all her painful labors, now turned to her own misery, and declared 'she desired rather to die than live longer in this state of infelicity,'" as if she foresaw the dark adversities yet in store for her. When the soothing caresses of her beloved son had in some manner restored her to herself, she departed, with all her company, to the famous sanctuary of Beaulieu abbey, where she registered herself, and all who came with her, as privileged persons.³ Here she found the countess of Warwick, who had embarked at Harfleur at the same time with her; but having a swifter-sailing vessel, had landed before her at Portsmouth and proceeded to Southampton, with intent to join the queen at Weymouth. On the road the countess had received the mournful news of her husband's defeat and death at Barnet, and, fearing to proceed, fled across the New Forest;⁴ "and so," says Fleetwood, "took her to the protection of the sanctuary of an abbey called Beaulieu, which has as great privileges as that of Westminster, or of St. Martin's at London." A melancholy meeting it must have been between the despairing queen, the widowed countess, and the princess of Wales, now so sorrowfully linked in fellowship of woe.

As soon as the retreat of the queen was known, she was visited by the young fiery duke of Somerset, his brother, and many other of the Lancastrian nobles, who welcomed

¹ Fleetwood's Chronicle, edited by J. Bruce.

² Hall. Fleetwood.

³ Hall, p. 298.

⁴ Fleetwood's Chronicle, p. 22.

her to England. Finding her almost drowned in sorrow, they strove to rouse her from her dejection by telling her "they had already a good puissance in the field, and trusted, with the encouragement of her presence and that of the prince, soon to draw all the northern and western counties to the banner of the Red rose."¹ The elastic spirits of Margaret were greatly revived and comforted by the cheering speeches of these ardent partisans, and she proceeded to explain to them the causes that delayed her coming to them in time to support Warwick, and the reason that had induced her to take sanctuary, which was for the security of the prince her son, for whose precious safety "she passionately implored them to provide." She added, that "It was her opinion no good would be done in the field *this time*; and therefore it would be best for her and the prince, with such as chose to share their fortunes, to return to France, and there to tarry till it pleased God to send her better luck."² But the gallant young prince would not consent to this arrangement,³ and Somerset told the queen, with some warmth, that "There was no occasion to waste any more words, for they were all determined, while their lives lasted, still to keep war against their enemies." Margaret, overborne by his violence, at last said, "Well, be it so."⁴ She then consented to quit her asylum, and proceeded with the Lancastrian lords to Bath.

It was a peculiarity in Margaret's campaigns, that she always kept the place of her destination a profound secret. Owing to this caution, and the entire devotion of the western counties to her cause, she had got a great army in the field ready to oppose Edward IV., while her actual locality remained unknown to him. He had advanced to Marlborough, but as her army was not equal in strength to his own victorious forces, she retreated from Bath to Bristol, with the intention of crossing the Severn at Gloucester, to form a junction with Jasper Tudor's army in Wales.⁵ Could this purpose have been effected, the biographers of Margaret of Anjou might have had a far different tale to record than the

¹ Hall. Fleetwood. Lingard.

⁴ Hall.

² Hall.

³ Prevost.

⁵ Lingard. Hall. Holinshed.

events of the dismal day of Tewkesbury; but the men of Gloucester had fortified the bridge, and would not permit her to pass, neither for threats nor fair words, though she had some friends in the city, through whom she offered large bribes; but "they were under the obeisance of the duke of Gloucester," they replied, "and bound to oppose her passage."

Margaret then passed on to Tewkesbury. Edward had arrived within a mile of that place before she came, and was ready to do battle with her. Though she had marched seven-and-thirty miles that day with her army, and was greatly overcome with vexation and fatigue, she was urgent with Somerset to press on to her friends in Wales; but Somerset, with inflexible obstinacy, expressed his determination "there to tarry, and take such fortune as God should send,"¹ and so, "taking his will for reason, he pitched his camp in the fair park and there intrenched himself, sorely against the opinion, not only of the queen, but all the experienced captains of the army."² Somerset and his brother led the advanced guard; the prince of Wales, under the direction of lord Wenlock and that military monk the prior of St. John's, commanded the van; the earl of Devonshire the rearward. When the battle was thus ordered, queen Margaret and her son the prince rode about the field, and from rank to rank, encouraging the soldiers with promises of large rewards, promotions, and everlasting renown, if they won the victory.

The battle was fought on the 4th of May, 1471, and was lost, either through the treachery of lord Wenlock or the inconsiderate fury of Somerset; who, finding Wenlock in-

¹ The jaded state of queen Margaret's army is thus described in Fleetwood's contemporary Narrative of the Restoration of Edward IV. :—"They had so travaylled their host that night and day, that they were right weary for travelling; for by that time they had travelled xxxvi. long miles in a foul country, all in lanes and stony ways betwixt woods, without any good refreshing. And forasmuch as the greater part of their host were footmen, the other part of the host that were come into Tewkesbury could nor might have laboured any further; but if they would wilfully have forsaken and left their footmen behind them and thereto, themselves that were horsemen were right weary of the journey, as so were their horses. So, whether it were of their election or no, they were verily compelled to bide."—Published by the Camden Society: edited by J. Bruce, Esq.

■ Hall, Holinshed.

actively sitting on his horse in the market-place of Tewkesbury with his laggard host, when his presence was most required in the field, made fiercely up to him, and calling him "Traitor!" cleft his skull with his battle-axe.¹ The men under Wenlock's banner, panic-stricken at the fate of their leader, fled. The prince of Wales had no experience as a general, and his personal courage was unavailing to redeem the fortunes of the day.² When queen Margaret, who was an agonized spectator of the discomfiture of her troops, saw that the day was going against her, she could with difficulty be withheld from rushing into the *mêlée*; but at length, exhausted by the violence of her feelings, she was carried in a state of insensibility to her chariot by her faithful attendants, and was thus conveyed through the gates of Tewkesbury park to a small religious house hard by, where her equally unfortunate daughter-in-law, Anne of Warwick, the countess of Devonshire, and Lady Katherine Vaux, had already taken refuge. According to Fleetwood's Chronicle, she remained there till Tuesday, May 7, three days after the battle. Other writers affirm that she was captured on the same day which saw the hopes of Lancaster crushed, with her "gallant springing young Plantagenet," on the bloody field of Tewkesbury.

The generally received historical tradition of the manner of the prince of Wales's death has been contested, because two contemporary chroniclers, Warkworth and Fleetwood, have stated that he was slain in the field, calling on his brother-in-law Clarence for help. In the field he probably was slain,—that part of the plain of Tewkesbury which, in memory of that foul and most revolting murder, is still called "the bloody field." Sir Richard Crofts, to whom the

¹ Wenlock had, by his frequent changes of party, given too much cause to the Lancastrians to distrust him. George Chastellain speaks of him as the most double-minded of men, the most perjured of traitors.

² The Lancastrians were unacquainted with the ground, and when the king's fiery charge drove Somerset's men down the short, sudden hill into the low meadow where the Avon and Severn meet, both being at that time swollen with the recent rains above their banks, the foremost horsemen were pushed by those who followed close behind into the deep waters, and, weighed down by their heavy armor, perished miserably, more being drowned than slain by the sword.

princely novice had surrendered, tempted by the proclamation "that whoever should bring Edward (called prince) to the king, should receive one hundred pounds a year for life, and the prince's life be spared," "nothing mistrusting," says Hall, "the king's promise, brought forth his prisoner, being a goodly well-featured young gentleman, of almost feminine beauty." King Edward, struck with the noble presence of the youth, after he had well considered him, demanded, "How he durst so presumptuously enter his realms, with banners displayed against him?"—"To recover my father's crown and mine own inheritance," was the bold but rash reply of the fettered *lionceau* of Plantagenet. Edward basely struck the gallant stripling in the face with his gauntlet, which was the signal for his pitiless attendants to despatch him with their daggers.

The following day, queen Margaret's retreat was made known to king Edward as he was on his way to Worcester, and he was assured that she should be at his command. She was brought to him at Coventry, May 11th, by her old enemy, sir William Stanley, by whom, it is said, the first news of the massacre of her beloved son was revealed to the bereaved mother, in a manner that was calculated to aggravate the bitterness of this dreadful blow. Margaret, in the first transports of maternal agony, invoked the most terrible maledictions on the head of the ruthless Edward and his posterity, which Stanley was inhuman enough to repeat to his royal master, together with all the frantic expressions she had used against him during their journey. Edward was at first so much exasperated that he thought of putting her to death; but no Plantagenet ever shed the blood of a woman, and he contented himself by forcing her to grace his triumphant progress towards the metropolis. The youthful widow of her murdered son, Anne of Warwick, who had in one little fortnight been bereaved of her father, her uncle, her young gallant husband, and the name of princess of Wales, some say was another of the mournful attendants on this abhorrent pageant.

On the 22d of May, being the eve of the Ascension, Margaret and her unfortunate daughter-in-law entered Lon-

don together in the train of the haughty victor, and it is said by the romantic French biographer of Margaret,¹ that they travelled in the same chariot; but even if it were so, they were separated immediately on their arrival. Margaret was incarcerated in one of the most dismal of the prison lodgings in that gloomy fortress where her royal husband was already immured,—that husband to whom she was now so near, after long years of separation, and yet was to behold no more. The same night that Margaret of Anjou was brought as a captive to the Tower of London, she was made a widow. “That night, between eleven and twelve of the clock,” writes the chronicler in Leland, “was king Henry, being prisoner in the Tower, put to death, the duke of Gloucester and divers of his men being in the Tower that night.”—“May God give him time for repentance, whoever he was, who laid his sacrilegious hands on the Lord’s anointed,” adds the continuator² of the Chronicles of Croyland. Tradition points out an octagonal room in the Wakefield tower as the scene of the midnight murder of Henry VI. It was there that he had, for five years, eaten the bread of affliction during his lonely captivity, from 1465. A few learned manuscripts and devotional books, a bird that was the companion of his solitude,

¹ Prevost.

² A contemporary historian of the highest authority. The popular historical tradition of Henry VI.’s murder, like that of his son, has been a matter of great dispute among modern writers, on the ground of Fleetwood’s assertion that “on the news of the utter ruin of his party, the death of his son, and the capture of queen Margaret, he took it in such ire, despite, and indignation, that of pure displeasure and melancholy he died, 23d of May.” Mr. Halliwell, in his learned introduction and notes to the Warkworth Chronicle, and Dr. Lingard, in his notes on the reign of Henry VI., have most ably refuted the objections of those writers who, on the most shadowy reasons, attempt to controvert every murder with which Edward IV. and Richard III. sought to establish their blood-bought thrones. That the death of Henry was predetermined by king Edward, even when uncertain of the event of the battle of Barnet, may be gathered from his letter to Clarence, “to keep king Henry out of sanctuary.”—Leland, Coll. ii. 108. It is a curious fact, that the weapon said to have been employed in the perpetration of this disputed murder was preserved, and long regarded in the neighborhood of Reading as a relic. “The warden of Caversham,” wrote John Loudon, the well-known agent of Henry VIII. in pillaging the religious houses, “was accustomed to show many pretie relics, among which was the *holy* dagger that killed king Henry.”

his relics, and the occasional visits of one or two learned monks who were permitted to administer to his spiritual wants, were all the solaces he received in his captivity.

King Edward and the duke of Gloucester, as if apprehensive of some outburst of popular indignation, left London early in the same morning that the tragic pageant of exposing the corpse of their royal victim to public view was to take place,¹—an exhibition that was a matter of political expediency, to prevent any further attempts for his deliverance. The day after the Ascension the last Lancastrian king was “borne barefaced on the bier,” surrounded by more glaives and bills than torches, through Cheapside to St. Paul’s, that every man might see him; “and there the silent witness of the blood, that welled from his fresh wounds upon the pavement, gave an indubitable token of the manner of his death.”² The same awful circumstance occurred when they brought him to Blackfriars, and this is recorded by four contemporary authorities, in quaint but powerful language.³ Very brief was the interval between the death and funeral of holy Henry. In the evening his bloody hearse was placed in a lighted barge, guarded by soldiers from Calais; “and so, without singing or saying,” says the chronicler, “conveyed up the dark waters of the Thames at midnight to his silent interment at Chertsey abbey, where it was long pretended that miracles were performed at his tomb.”⁴

Whether the widowed Margaret was, from her doleful lodgings in the Tower, a spectator of the removal of the remains of her hapless lord is not recorded, but her extreme anxiety to possess them may be gathered from a curious document among the MSS. in the royal archives at Paris. Just before the melancholy period of her last utter desolation, death had been busy in the paternal house of Margaret of Anjou: her brother, John of Calabria, his young promising heir, and her sister’s husband, Ferry of Vaudemonte, and her natural sister, Blanche of Anjou, all died within a few weeks of each other. King René had not recovered from the stupor

¹ Warkworth Chronicle, p. 21.

² MS. London Chron. Bibl. Cotton., Vitell. A xvi. fol. 133.

³ Warkworth, p. 21. Habington. Fabyan. Croyland Chron.

■ Ibid.

of despair in which he had been plunged by these repeated bereavements, when he received the intelligence of the direful calamities that had befallen his unhappy daughter Margaret, and for her sufferings he shed those tears which he had been unable to weep for his own. Under the influence of these feelings, he wrote the following touching letter to Margaret, which she received in the midst of her agonies for the death of her husband and son :—" My child, may God help thee with his counsels ! for rarely is the aid of man tendered in such reverse of fortune. When you can spare a thought from your own sufferings, think of mine ; they are great, my daughter, yet would I console thee." ¹

The imprisonment of queen Margaret was at first very rigorous, but it was, after a time, ameliorated through the compassionate influence of Edward's queen, Elizabeth Woodville, who retained a grateful remembrance of the benefits she had formerly received from her royal mistress. There was, too, a family connection between queen Elizabeth and Margaret of Anjou, whose uncle, Charles of Anjou, duke of Maine, had married the aunt of the former. The captive queen was first removed to Windsor, and afterwards to Wallingford, where she seems to have been under the charge of the noble castellaine, Alice Chaucer, duchess-dowager of Suffolk, her old favorite ; at least such we think is the inference to be drawn from this observation in one of the Paston letters, dated July 8, 1471 :—" And as for queen Margaret, I understand that she is removed from Windsor to Wallingford, nigh to Ewelme, my lady Suffolk's place in Oxfordshire." ² Five marks weekly was the sum allotted by Edward IV. for the maintenance of the unfortunate Margaret during her imprisonment in Wallingford castle. Her tender-

¹ Vie de Roi René, by Villeneuve.

² Shakspeare, in his tragedy of Richard III., makes grand poetic use of the character of the captive Lancastrian queen, when he represents her roaming at large through the palaces of her foes, like an ill-omened sibyl or domestic fiend, denouncing woe and desolation to the princes of the line of York, invoking the retribution of Heaven on the progeny of those who had made her childless, and exulting with frenzied joy in the calamities of the widowed Elizabeth Woodville, whom she is made to call " Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my greatness !" But Margaret's broken heart had ceased to vibrate to the agonizing pangs of remembrance and regret before the death of her great enemy, Edward IV.

hearted father, king René, was unwearied in his exertions for her emancipation, which was at length accomplished at the sacrifice of his inheritance of Provence, which he ceded to Louis XI. at Lyons, in 1475, for half its value, that he might deliver his beloved child from captivity. Yolante and her son murmured a little at this loss, but they appear, nevertheless, fond of Margaret.

The agreement between Edward IV. and Louis XI. for the ransom of Margaret of Anjou was finally settled August 29, 1475, while Edward was in France. Louis undertook to pay fifty thousand crowns for her liberation, at five instalments.¹ The first instalment of her ransom was paid to Edward's treasurer, lord John Howard, November 3d, the same year, and the bereaved and broken-hearted widow of the holy Henry, after five years' captivity, was conducted from her prison at Wallingford castle to Sandwich. In her journey through Kent she was consigned to the care and hospitality of John Haute,² a squire of that county, strongly in the interests of the house of York, who attended her to Sandwich, where she embarked. Her retinue, when she landed in France, according to Prevost, consisted of three ladies and seven gentlemen; but these must have been sent by the king of France, since the miserable sum allotted to Haute for her travelling expenses allows for little attendance. The feelings may be imagined with which she took a last farewell of the English shores, where, thirty years before, she had landed in the pride and flush of youthful beauty as its monarch's bride, and all the chivalry of the land thronged to meet and do her honor. Now it was treason even to shed a tear of pity for her sore afflictions, or to speak a word of comfort to her. Truly might she have said, "See if any sorrow be like unto my sorrow!"

She safely arrived at Dieppe in the beginning of January, 1476. It was requisite, for the validity of the deeds of renunciation she had to sign, that she should be at liberty. Therefore sir Thomas Montgomery took her to Rouen, and on the 22d resigned her to the French ambassadors; and on the 29th of January she signed a formal renunciation of

¹ Rymer, and French Archives.

² Issue Rolls, Appendix, Edward IV.

all rights her marriage in England had given her. There is something touching in the very simplicity of the Latin sentence with which the deed begins, that was wrung from the broken-hearted heroine who had, through so many storms of adversity, defended the rights of her royal consort and son. While they remained in life, she would have died a thousand deaths rather than relinquish even the most shadowy of their claims: but the dear ones were no more, and now,—

“Ambition, pride, the rival names
Of York and Lancaster,
With all their long-contested claims,
What were they then to her?”

Passively, and almost as a matter of indifference, Margaret subscribed the instrument commencing *Ego, Margarita olim in regno Anglia maritata*, etc. ‘I, Margaret, formerly in England married, renounce all that I could pretend to in England by the conditions of my marriage, with all other things there, to Edward now king of England.’¹ This deed did not afford her the title of queen, even in a retrospective view: she was simply Margaret, formerly married in England. At the same time she signed a renunciation of her reversionary rights on her father’s territories to Louis XI.; but as there were several intermediate heirs, this was no great sacrifice.

Margaret intended to take Paris in her journey home, in order to thank Louis XI. for her liberation; but it did not suit that wily politician to receive her, and he sent a message advising her to make the best of her way to her father. The last spark of Margaret’s high spirit was elicited at this discourtesy, and, declining the escort Louis XI. had prepared for her at Rouen, she set out on her long wintry journey through Normandy,—a resolution which had nearly occasioned the loss of her life.² After Normandy had been conquered by Henry V., he had planted some colonies of English settlers in various towns and villages, and one or two of these settlements still remained in a wretched state, being unable to emigrate to their mother-country. Mar-

¹ Rymer, vol. xii. p. 21. Dr. Tillet, 145. Archives de France, 212.

² Prevost.

garet, wholly unconscious of these circumstances, meant to rest for the night, after her first day's journey from Rouen, in a town containing many of these malecontents. Curiosity led a crowd of them to gaze upon her at the inn, but when the word passed among them "that it was Margaret of Anjou, returning from England to her father," murmurs arose; they declared "she had been the original cause of the English losing France, and, consequently, of all their misery, and that they would now take vengeance upon her." With these words they made a rush to seize her; but fortunately she had time to gain her apartment, while two English gentlemen, her attendants, held her assailants at bay with their drawn swords till the French authorities of the town, hearing the uproar, interfered, and rescued the unhappy Margaret from this unexpected attack. She retraced her steps immediately to Rouen, and was glad to claim the protection she had before refused.

We now come to that era of Margaret's life in which a noble author of our times, lord Morpeth, in one exquisite line, describes her as

"Anjou's lone matron in her father's hall."

Like Naomi, Margaret returned empty and desolate to her native land, but not, like her, attended by a fond and faithful daughter-in-law, for the unhappy widow of her son had been compelled to wed king Edward's brother, Richard of Gloucester,—him whom public report had branded as the murderer of Henry VI.; and the idea of this alliance must have added a drop to the already overflowing cup of bitterness, of which the fallen queen had drunk so deeply. The home to which her father welcomed Margaret was at that time at Reculée, about a league from Angers, on the river Mayence, where he had a castle that commanded a view of the town, with a beautiful garden and a gallery of paintings and sculpture, which he took delight in adorning with his own paintings, and ornamented the walls of his garden with heraldic designs carved in marble.¹ It was in such pursuits as these that René, like a true Provençal sovereign, sought forgetfulness of his afflictions. But Margaret's tempera-

¹ Villeneuve.

ment was of too stormy a nature to admit of the slightest alleviation to her grief: her whole time was spent in painfully retracing the direful scenes of her past life, and in passionate regrets for the bereavements she had undergone. The canker-worm that was perpetually busy within at length made its ravages outwardly visible on her person, and effected a fearful change in her appearance. The agonies and agitation she had undergone turned the whole mass of her blood; her eyes, once so brilliant and expressive, became hollow, dim, and perpetually inflamed, from excessive weeping; and her skin was disfigured with a dry, scaly leprosy, which transformed this princess, who had been celebrated as the most beautiful in the world, into a spectacle of horror.¹ Villeneuve says Margaret seldom left her retreat at Reculée, with the exception of one or two visits to the court of Louis XI. An hotel at Paris, called the Séjour d'Orléans, situated in the faubourg St. Marceau, which had passed into the family of Anjou-Lorraine, was named by the tradition of Paris as the residence of Margaret of Anjou,² after the death of her husband Henry VI. Her liberation, when ransomed by Louis XI., must be the time meant. Margaret is considered, by one of her French biographers, to have been the person who kept alive the interests of the Lancastrian party for her kinsman the young earl of Richmond, of whom Henry VI. had prophesied "that he should one day wear the crown of England;" but the generally received opinion is that she, after her return to her own country, lived in the deepest seclusion.

A little before his death, king René composed two beautiful canticles on the heroic actions of his beloved daughter, queen Margaret.³ This accomplished prince died in the year 1480. By his will, which is preserved among the MSS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, René bequeathed "one thousand crowns in gold to his daughter Margaret, queen of England; and if she remains in a state of widowhood, an annuity of two thousand livres, and the château of Queniez for her abode." He wrote a letter on his death-bed to Louis XI., earnestly

¹ Villeneuve.

² History of Paris, vol. ii. p. 213.

³ Vie de Roi René d'Anjou.

recommending to his care his daughter Margaret and his widow.¹ After the death of king René,² Margaret sold any revisionary rights which the death of her elder sister and her children might give her to the duchies of Lorraine, Anjou, Maine, Provence, and Barr to Louis XI. for a pension of six thousand livres. She executed this deed on the 19th day of November, 1480, in the great hall of the castle of Reculée, where in her girlhood she had received the ambassadors of England who came to solicit her virgin hand for their sovereign. This pension was so unpunctually paid by Louis, that if Margaret had no other resource she would have been greatly inconvenienced, especially as many of the ruined Lancastrian exiles subsisted on her bounty. King René, with his last breath, had consigned her to the care of an old and faithful officer of his household, Francis Vignolles, lord of Moraens, who had shared all his struggles. This brave soldier took the fallen queen to his own home, the château of Damprière, near Saumur.

The last tie that bound Margaret to the world was severed by the death of her father, and she wished to end her days in profound retirement. Her efforts to obtain the bodies of her murdered husband and son were ineffectual; but,

¹ Villeneuve. Monstrelet. Bibliothèque du Roi.

² Through the kindness of the late Mr. Beltz, Lancaster herald, I obtained a copy of Margaret's acknowledgment for the first payment she received of this pension, with a fac-simile of her signature, which is extremely rare:—"Nous Marguerite royne d'Angleterre confessons avoir eu et receu de maistre Denis de Bidant, notaire et secretaire de monseigneur le roy, et receveur-general de ses finan., la somme de six mil livres tourn., à nous ordonnée par mon seigneur pour nre. pension de ceste pñte année commencée le prémier jour d'Octobre dernier passé, de laquelle somme de vi^m lr. nous nous tenons pour contente et bien payée, et en avons quitte et quittons mon seign^r le roy, le dit receveur-gñal et tous autres. En tesmoing de ce nous avons signé ces pñtes. de nre. main et fait scellée du seel de nos armes le douziesme jour de Fevrier, l'an mil cccc quatre vingts et ung.

The above autograph acquittance is in the register or collection entitled Sceaux, vol. v. p. 183, in the MSS. Royal Lib. Paris.

till the last day of her life, she employed some faithful ecclesiastics in England to perform at the humble graves of her loved and lost ones those offices deemed needful for the repose of their souls. On her death-bed she divided among her faithful attendants the few valuables that remained from the wreck of her fortunes ; and, worn out with the pressure of her sore afflictions of mind and body, she closed her troublous pilgrimage at the château of Damprière, August 25th, in the fifty-first year of her age.¹ She was buried in the cathedral of Angers, in the same tomb with her royal parents, without epitaph or inscription, or any other memorial excepting her portrait painted on glass in a window of the cathedral. A tribute of respect was for centuries paid to her memory by the chapter of St. Maurice, who annually, on the feast of All Saints, after the vespers for the dead, made a semicircular procession round her grave, singing a *sub-venite*.² This was continued till the French revolution.

M. Michelet, the most eloquent and one of the most erudite of modern historians, has spoken thus of the strange fatality which attended the wedlock of this royal heroine :—“Margaret was, it appears, destined to espouse none but the unfortunate. She was twice betrothed, and both times to celebrated victims of calamity,—to Charles of Nevers, who was dispossessed by his uncle, and to the count de St. Pol, whose course terminated on a scaffold. She was married yet more unhappily : she wedded anarchy, poverty, civil war, malediction,—and this malediction still cleaves to her in history. All that she had of wit, genius, brilliancy, which would have rendered her admired elsewhere, was injurious to her in England, where French queens have never been popular, the strong contrast in the national manners and characteristics producing a mutual repulsion. And Margaret was even more than a Frenchwoman : she came like a sunbeam from her native Provence among dense fogs. The pale flowers of the North, as one of their poets terms them, could not but be offended by this bright

¹ Miss Costello, the accomplished author of *The Boccages and the Vines*, declares she has visited the château, which is of fine architecture, and is at present in complete preservation.

² Villeneuve.

vision from the South." Beautiful as this passage is, it implies a reproach on the English ladies which they were far from deserving. There is not the slightest evidence of unfriendly feeling subsisting between them and their queen. On the contrary, Margaret and her female court appear, from first to last, to have lived in the greatest harmony. The noble ladies who were appointed of her household when she married, remained for the most part attached to her service through good report and evil report. They clave to her in her adversity, served her without wages, shared her perils by land and sea, and even when compelled to separate from her, they rejoined her in the land of exile with the most generous self-devotion. It is also worthy of observation, considering the exciting nature of the jealousies which existed some years before the commencement of the wars of the roses, that no hostile collision ever occurred between the consort of Henry VI. and the proverbially proud Cicely duchess of York, or the countess of Warwick, the wives of her deadliest foes. Margaret has been blamed by English historians as the cause of the civil wars, but they originated in the previous interruption of the legitimate order of the royal succession, the poverty of the crown, and the wealth of the rival claimant and his powerful connections. The parties who intended to hurl Henry VI. from the throne aimed the first blow at his queen,—first by exciting national prejudice against her as a French princess, and subsequently by assailing her with the base weapons of calumny. These injuries were of course passionately resented by Margaret, and provoked deadly vengeance whenever the fortune of war enabled her to retaliate on the leaders of the hostile faction of York, but she always kept the peace with their ladies.

Margaret's eldest sister Yolante survived her two years; she had a beautiful daughter, called Margaret of Anjou the younger. Maria Louisa, Napoleon's empress, possessed her breviary, in which there is one sentence supposed to have been written by the once beautiful, powerful, and admired Margaret queen of England,—

"Vanité des vanités, tout la vanité!"

ELIZABETH WOODVILLE,

QUEEN OF EDWARD IV.

CHAPTER I.

Unequal royal marriages—Parents of Elizabeth Woodville—She is maid of honor to Margaret of Anjou—Duke of York writes to Elizabeth—Earl of Warwick writes to her for his friend—She rejects sir Hugh Johns—Accepts the heir of lord Ferrers, John Gray—Elizabeth's sons born at Bradgate—Her husband killed at St. Alban's—Elizabeth's destitute widowhood—Captivates Edward IV.—Their meetings—The queen's oak—Private marriage with the king—Opposition of the king's mother—Recognition of Elizabeth as queen—Her sisters—Her brother, Anthony Woodville—Scene at her court—Coronation—Enmity of queen Isabella of Castile—Elizabeth endows Queen's college—Birth of her eldest daughter—Warwick's enmity to the queen—Portrait of the queen—Her influence—Her father and eldest brother murdered—Her mother accused of witchcraft—Revolution—Edward IV.'s flight—Queen and her mother at the Tower—Flight to sanctuary—Birth of prince Edward—Queen's distress—Her humble friends—Return of Edward IV.—Queen leaves sanctuary for the Tower—Her brother Anthony defends the Tower—Re-establishment of the house of York—The queen's friends rewarded.

THE fifteenth century was remarkable for unequal marriages made by persons of royal station. Then, for the first time since the reigns of our Plantagenets commenced, was broken that high and stately etiquette of the middle ages, which forbade king or kaiser to mate with partners below the rank of princess. In that century, the marriage of the handsome Edward IV. with an English gentlewoman caused as much astonishment at the wondrous archery of Dan Cupid as was fabled of old,—

“When he shot so true,
That king Cophetua wed the beggar-maid.”

But the mother of Elizabeth Woodville had occasioned scarcely less wonder in her day, when, following the example of her sister-in-law, queen Katherine, she, a princess of Luxembourg by birth, and (as the widow of the warlike



ELIZABETH WOODVILLE.

duke of Bedford) the third lady of the realm, chose for her second helpmate a squire of Henry V., Richard Woodville, who was considered the handsomest man in England. This marriage was occasioned by the accident of sir Richard Woodville¹ being appointed as the commander of the guard which escorted the young duchess of Bedford to England.

The marriage of the duchess of Bedford and Richard Woodville was kept secret full five years. Its discovery took place about the same time as that of the queen with Owen Tudor; and certainly the duke of Gloucester (though his own love-affairs were quite as astounding to the nation) must have thought his two sisters-in-law had gone distracted with love for squires of low degree. What scandals, what court gossip, must have circulated throughout England in the year of grace 1436! The duchess's dower was forfeited in consequence of her marriage with Woodville, but restored on her humble supplication to parliament, through the influence of her husband's patron, cardinal Beaufort. Grafton castle was the principal residence of the duchess. Probably Elizabeth Woodville was born there, about 1435, before the discovery of her parents' marriage. Her father, sir Richard Woodville, was one of the English commanders at Rouen under the duke of York, during that prince's regency.²

After the death of the unfortunate queen-mother Katherine and that of the queen-dowager Joanna, the duchess of Bedford became for some time, in rank, the first lady in England, and always possessed a certain degree of influence in consequence. Her husband was in the retinue sent to escort Margaret of Anjou to England;³ he was afterwards rapidly advanced at court, made baron, and finally earl of Rivers, and the duchess of Bedford became a great favorite of the young queen. The duchess was still second lady in England, yet her rank was many degrees more exalted than her fortune; therefore, as her children grew up, she was

¹ After the death of Henry V., he was in the service of the duke of Bedford, then regent of France; Richard Woodville was his partisan. He is named in chronicle as holding out the Tower for him against Humphrey duke of Gloucester.

² Monstrelet, vol. ii. p. 114: new edition.

³ Breknoke Computus.

glad to provide for them at the court of her friend, queen Margaret. Her eldest daughter, the beautiful Elizabeth Woodville, was appointed maid of honor¹ to that queen, little deeming that she was one day to fill her place on the English throne. While yet in attendance on her royal mistress, she captured the heart of a brave knight, sir Hugh Johns, a great favorite of Richard duke of York. Sir Hugh had nothing in the world wherewithal to endow the fair Woodville but a sword, whose temper had been proved in many a battle in France; he was, moreover, a timid wooer, and, very unwisely, deputed others to make the declaration of love which he wanted courage to speak himself. Richard duke of York was protector of England when he thus, in regal style,² recommended his landless vassal to the love of her who was one day to share the diadem of his heir:—

“TO DAME ELIZABETH WODEVILLE.³

“Right trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well.

“Forasmuch as we are credibly informed that our right hearty and well-beloved knight sir Hugh John, for the great womanhood and gentleness approved and known in your person—ye being sole [single], and to be married—his heart wholly have; wherewith we are right well pleased. Howbeit your disposition towards him in that behalf as yet, is to us unknown. We therefore, as for the faithful, true, and good lordship we owe unto him at this time (and so will continue), desire and heartily pray ye will on your part be to him well-willed to the performing of this our writing and his desire. Wherein ye shall do not only to our pleasure, but, we doubt not, to your own great weal and worship in time to come; certifying, that if ye fulfil our intent in this matter, we will and shall be to him and you such lord as shall be to both your great weal and worship, by the grace of God, who preceede and guide you in all heavenly felicity and welfare.

“Written by RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK.”

Even if Elizabeth's heart had responded to this earnest appeal of her lover's princely master, yet she was too slenderly gifted by fortune to venture on a mere love-match. She

¹ Parliamentary History, vol. ii. p. 345. Hall's Chronicle, p. 365. Bucke and Prevost likewise dwell on this circumstance.

² Bib. Reg. 17, b. xlvii. fol. 164, vol. clxv. etc. This and the following letters, which are not yet named in the catalogue of the British Museum, were discovered by the indefatigable research of Mr. Halliwell, and with great liberality communicated to the author. Their biographical value every one will perceive.

³ The name is spelled Wodeville in the MS. letters, though one of the addresses is spelled Wodehill; but this is a mere slip of the transcriber's pen, as it is evident that both are addressed to the same person.

probably demurred on this point, and avoided returning a decisive answer, for her delay elicited a second letter on the subject of sir Hugh's great love and affection. This time it was from the pen of the famous Richard Neville, earl of Warwick. It is not written as if by a stranger to a stranger; at the same time, by his promises of "good lordship" (patronage) to Elizabeth and her lover, it is very evident he considers himself as the superior of both.

"TO DAME ELIZABETH WODEVILLE.

"Worshipful and well-beloved, I greet you well: And forasmuch my right well-beloved sir Hugh John, knight (which now late was with you unto his full great joy, and had great cheer, as he saith, whereof I thank you), hath informed me how that he hath, for the great love and affection that he hath unto your person, as well as for the great sadness [seriousness] and wisdom that he hath found and proved in you at that time, as for your great and praised beauty and womanly demeaning, he desireth with all haste to do you worship by way of marriage, before any other creature living (as he saith). I (considering his said desire, and the great worship that he had, which was made knight at Jerusalem, and after his coming home, for the great wisdom and manhood that he was renowned of, was made knight-marshal of France, and after knight-marshal of England,¹ unto his great worship, with other his great and many virtues and desert, and also the good and notable service that he hath done and daily doth to me), write unto you at this time, and pray you *effectuously* that ye will the rather (at this my request and prayer) to condescend and apply you unto his said lawful and honest desire, wherein ye shall not only *purvey* [provide] right notably for yourself unto your weal and worship [profit and honor] in time to come, as I hereby trust, but also cause me to show unto you such good lordship [patronage] as ye by reason of it shall hold you content and pleased, with the grace of God, which everlastingly have you in his bliss, protection, and governance.

"Written by the EARL OF WARWICK."

No one can read this epistle without the conviction that the great earl of Warwick had some ambition to become a match-maker as well as a king-maker. Nevertheless, sir Hugh met with the usual fate of a lover who has not the spirit to speak for himself, and deposes his wooing to the agency of friends,—he was rejected by the fair Elizabeth. He married a nameless damsel, and in course of time died possessor of a single manor.² A far different destiny was reserved for the lady of his love.

¹ This, according to sir Hugh's monument, was in 1451; therefore these letters, which are dateless, must have been written *after* that year. A fact which proves that Elizabeth was single then.

² See the copy of the monumental brass of sir Hugh Johns, in sir R. C. Hoare's

The foregoing letters could not have been written till some time in 1452. Elizabeth was that year seventeen, and she was then, as Richard of York says, "sole and to be married," that is, she was single and disengaged; a remarkable crisis of her life, when in her maiden beauty she was eagerly wooed by the avowed partisans of "the pale and of the purple rose." Some worldly considerations, besides her duty to her royal mistress queen Margaret, seem to have led Elizabeth to reject the Yorkist partisan Sir Hugh Johns, and accept the hand of the heir of the illustrious and wealthy lordship of Ferrers of Groby, a cavalier firmly attached to the house of Lancaster. The time is not distinctly specified of the marriage of Elizabeth Woodville with John Gray; it probably took place soon after her rejection of the Yorkist champion in 1552. This wedlock was certainly a great match for the penniless maid of honor, for it was equal to several of the alliances of the Plantagenet princesses. John Gray was son and heir to lord Ferrers of Groby, possessor of the ancient domain of Bradgate, which was hereafter to derive such lustre from being the native place of Elizabeth's descendant, lady Jane Gray. Bradgate was Gray's patrimony, by reason of his descent from the proudest blood of our Norman nobility.¹ Elizabeth, after she was married, became one of the four ladies of the bedchamber of her royal mistress, Margaret of Anjou, in whose wardrobe-book,

edition of the Itinerary of Giraldus Cambrensis. He was lord of the manor of Landymo, which it is expressly affirmed was given him by John the Good, duke of Norfolk; his bravery, and the orders of knighthood he won, are detailed nearly in the words of the earl of Warwick, but the monument adds dates which throw some light on the above correspondence. It declares his wife was "Maud," but mentions no surname or descent. Sir Hugh Johns was the father of five children; his name appears as a second in one of those legalized duels which heralded the wars of the roses. In the year 1553 he was second on appeal of battle for Lyalton, who accused John Norris of treason.—Acts of the Privy Council, by sir H. Nicolas, vol. vi. p. 129.

¹ See Dugdale, collated by Edward Brayley with other genealogical proofs.—Historical Perambulator. Bradgate had been part of the inheritance of Petronilla, daughter of Grantmesnil, one of the Conqueror's great tenants *in capite*; it descended from her through a co-heiress of Blanchmains earl of Leicester to the line of Ferrers of Groby, and by the heiress of the Ferrers to sir Edward Gray, father to the husband of Elizabeth. It was the chance of war that made Elizabeth a poor suppliant widow.

preserved in the office of the duchy of Lancaster, she is mentioned as "lady Isabella Gray, in attendance on the queen's person,"—the name of Isabella being, until she became queen, usually written instead of Elizabeth. Tradition declares that her marriage with the heir of Groby was a happy one;¹ although they were frequently separated by the ferocious contests between York and Lancaster, which commenced directly after their union.

An adventure connected with the struggle for the crown in the last stormy years of Henry VI.'s reign, placed young Edward Plantagenet, then earl of March, and earl Rivers, the father of Elizabeth, in extraordinary collision. The earl of Rivers and his son sir Anthony, ardent partisans of Lancaster, were fitting out ships at Sandwich by orders of queen Margaret, in order to join the duke of Somerset's naval armament in 1458. At this time sir John Dinham, a naval captain in the service of Warwick, made a descent at Sandwich, and, surprising the earl of Rivers and his son in their beds, carried them prisoners to Calais. How they were received there, William Paston² shall tell, in one of his letters to a Norfolk knight, his brother:—

"To my right worshipful Brother be this letter delivered. As for tidings, the lord Rivers was brought to Calais, and before the lords by night, with eight-score torches; and there my lord of Salisbury rated him, calling him 'knave's son;' that 'such as *he* should be so rude as to call him and these other lords traitors, for they should be found the king's true liegemen when such as he should be found a traitor!' And my lord of Warwick rated him, and said, 'His father was but a little squire brought up with king Henry V., and since made himself by marriage, and also made a lord, and it was not *his* part to have held such language to those who were of king's blood!' And my lord March rated him likewise. And sir Antony Woodville was likewise rated, for his language, by all the three lords."

All this rating seems to have been the *dénouement* of some old quarrel at court with the earl of March. As the duke of York had not yet claimed the crown, but only the right of succession, his son dared not take the lives of Henry

¹ There is a well-known and amusing paper, called the "Journal of Elizabeth Woodville" when courted by sir John Gray, which makes her fill a very pastoral situation as a country lady at Grafton; it is a palpable fabrication, and therefore not to be quoted here.

² Paston Papers. Hall, Holinshed, and Rapin mention the incident.

VI.'s subjects in cold blood; therefore the Woodvilles escaped with the payment of ransom.

Edward lord Ferrers, the father-in-law of Elizabeth, died December 18, 1457. The distraction of the times was such that her husband had no opportunity of taking his place as lord Ferrers in the house of peers.¹ He was then twenty-five, handsome, brave, and manly, the leader of queen Margaret's cavalry, and an ardent and faithful partisan of her cause. Elizabeth had brought her husband two sons; one, born just before the death of lord Ferrers, was named Thomas, the other's name was Richard. These children were born at Bradgate, which, during the lifetime of her lord, was the home of Elizabeth. There is reason to believe that Elizabeth followed her lord in the campaign which queen Margaret made in 1460. Prevost states that, previously to the second battle of St. Alban's, queen Margaret persuaded Elizabeth to visit Warwick's camp,² under pretence of requesting some little favor or assistance for herself, as it was known the stout earl was very partial to her; but, in reality, Elizabeth acted as a spy for her royal mistress. Elizabeth's husband, Gray lord Ferrers, commanded the cavalry of queen Margaret during that furious charge which won the day for Lancaster, at the second battle of St. Alban's. The Red rose was for a brief space triumphant, but the young victorious leader, after being knighted by the sword of holy king Henry at the village of Colney, died of his wounds the 28th of February, 1461, and his beautiful Elizabeth was left desolate. A rancor so deep was held against the memory of John lord Gray, that his harmless infants, the eldest not more than four years old, were deprived of their inheritance of Bradgate, and Elizabeth herself remained a mourning and destitute widow in her native bowers of Grafton at the accession of Edward IV.

Edward IV. was the eldest of the very numerous family of Cicely Neville, duchess of York, and Richard Plan-

¹ Dugdale.

² Whethampstede. The abbot of St. Alban's petitioned the duchess of Bedford to intercede with that queen to prevent her northern troops from firing his stately abbey; a proof that the mother of Elizabeth was near queen Margaret.

tagenet, duke of York, lineal claimant of the crown of England. He was born at Rouen in the spring of 1441-42, when the duke of York, his father, reigned as regent over that portion of France which still submitted to English domination. When the duke and duchess of York returned to England, the young prince, who was called by the admirers of his fine person the 'rose of Rouen,' was established by his father, during his education, on his important inheritance of the Welch marches. The magnificent palatial castle of Ludlow was the place of his residence, and here he was living with his next brother, the unfortunate young Edmund earl of Rutland,¹ under the superintendence of their governor, sir Richard Croft, a fierce and warlike marchman. So little, however, did the young princes of York like their custodian, that they compounded a well-known letter² to their father, when Edward was about twelve years old, taking the opportunity of "thanking his highness their dread lord and sire for the caps and green gowns he had sent them," but complaining most piteously "of the odious rule and governance of Richard Croft." Whether they obtained any redress cannot be told; but he remained an active military partisan for the house of York, and was the same person that took prisoner Edward's hapless young rival, the Lancastrian prince of Wales, at the red field of Tewkesbury. Lady Croft, the wife of this faithful but unbeloved castellan, was a near kinswoman of the princes of York; as she had been the widow of sir Hugh Mortimer, she was called in Ludlow castle "their lady governess."³ Young Edward very early entered into his martial career, and, however ferocious he might be in battle, he presented some traits of a generous heart in his youth, and he manifested in many instances an ardent attachment to his numerous tribe of brothers and sisters. It is remarkable that his subsequent passion for astrology, divination, and every kind of fortune-telling, in which he imitated the pursuits of Henry V., first impaired the bonds

¹ Slain in cold blood by Clifford, after the battle of Wakefield.

² Ellis, *Historical Letters*, vol. i.

³ *Retrospective Review*; second series, p. 470.

of family affection, and at the same time his own prosperity.

The public career of the heir of York, before and after the defeat and death of his father at Wakefield, has been already too closely interwoven with these biographies to need further detail, excepting that the circumstance of his being born in Normandy, though forgotten by most historians, added much to his popularity when, in his twentieth year, he presented himself before the citizens of London, and claimed the crown. His Norman birth was remembered as a circumstance likely to facilitate the future reunion of England and Normandy, and the popular songs of London hailed the claimant of the English crown the 'rose of Rouen.' One of his coronation-songs¹ commences with this allusion :—

"Now is the Rose of Rouen grown to great honor,
Therefore sing we every one y-blessed be that flower.
I warn ye every one that ye shall understand,
There sprang a rose in Rouen that spread to England;
Had not the Rose of Rouen been, all England had been dour,
Y-blessed be the time God ever *spread* that flower."

After describing Towton field, and giving the rose of Rouen the utmost praise for saving the fair southern shires of England from the invasion of the northern borderers, led to devastation by queen Margaret, who meant to dwell therein and appropriate all as their spoil, the song concludes :—

"The Rose came to London, full royally riding,
Two archbishops of England they crowned the Rose king.
Almighty Lord! save the Rose, and give him thy blessing,
And all the realm of England joy of his crowning,
That we may bless the time God ever *spread* that flower."

Edward was crowned at Westminster abbey, June 28, 1661, being then in his twentieth year.

Nothing can be more evident than that all the connections of Elizabeth, both parental and matrimonial, were viewed with considerable hostility by the newly-crowned king. Nevertheless, her mother was a *diplomate* of most consummate ability; insomuch, that the common people attributed her influence over the minds of men to sorcery. The man-

¹ Political Poems; Archæologia, vol. xxix. 345-347.

ner in which she reconciled herself to young Edward, when she had so lately been aiding and abetting queen Margaret, and, withal, after the stormy scene which had occurred between that prince and her lord and son at Calais, and after her son-in-law had by his valor almost turned the scale of victory against the house of York, is really unaccountable; but the effect of her influence remains, in no equivocal terms, on the Issue rolls of Edward's exchequer. In the first year of his reign there is an entry, declaring "that the king, affectionately considering the state and benefit of Jaquetta duchess of Bedford and lord Rivers, of his especial grace" not only pays her the annual stipend of the dower she held of the crown, "three hundred and thirty-three marks, four shillings, and a third of a farthing," but actually pays 100*l.* in advance; ¹ a strong proof that Edward was on good terms with the father and mother of Elizabeth three years before he was ostensibly the lover of their daughter. Is it possible that the fair widow of sir John Gray first became acquainted with the victor in the depths of her distress for the loss of her husband, and that Edward's sudden passion for her induced his extraordinary profession of affection for her mother and father, who were, till the death of sir John Gray, such stanch Lancastrians? If this singular entry in the Issue rolls may be permitted to support this surmise, then did the acquaintance of Elizabeth and Edward commence two or three years earlier than all former histories have given reason to suppose. Whatever be the date of this celebrated triumph of love over sovereignty, tradition points out precisely the scene of the first interview between the lovely widow and the youthful king. Elizabeth waylaid Edward IV. in the forest of Whittlebury, a royal chase, when he was hunting in the neighborhood of her mother's dower-castle at Grafton. There she waited for him, under a noble tree still known in the local traditions of Northamptonshire by the name of 'the queen's oak.' ² Under the shelter of its branches the fair widow addressed the young monarch, holding her fatherless boys by the hands; and when Edward paused to listen to her, she threw herself at his feet, and

¹ Issue Rolls, Appendix, 480.

² Baker's Northamptonshire.

pleaded earnestly for the restoration of Bradgate, the inheritance of her children. Her downcast looks and mournful beauty not only gained her suit, but the heart of the conqueror.

The 'queen's oak,' which was the scene of more than one interview between the beautiful Elizabeth and the enamoured Edward, stands in the direct tract of communication between Grafton castle and Whittlebury forest: it now rears its hollow trunk, a venerable witness of one of the most romantic facts that history records. If the friendly entry in the Issue rolls be taken for data of Elizabeth's acquaintance with Edward IV., it must have commenced soon after the battle of Towton: thus she was little more than twenty-nine¹ when she first captivated him, and her delicate and modest beauty was not yet impaired by time. Edward tried every art to induce Elizabeth to become his own on other terms than as the sharer of his regal dignity; the beautiful widow made this memorable reply:—"My liege, I know I am not good enough to be your queen, but I am far too good to become your mistress." She then left him to settle the question in his own breast, for she knew he had betrayed others, whose hearts had deceived them into allowing him undue freedom. Her affections, in all probability, still clung to the memory of the husband of her youth, and her indifference increased the love of the young king. The struggle ended in his offering her marriage.

The duchess of Bedford, when she found matters had proceeded to this climax, took the management of the affair, and pretending to conceal the whole from the knowledge of her husband, arranged the private espousals of her daughter and the king. In the quaint words of Fabian, the marriage is thus described:—"In most secret manner, upon the 1st of May, 1464, king Edward spoused Elizabeth, late being wife

¹ Edward, according to his own account in the *Fragment Chronicle* at the end of Sprott (Hearne's edition), was born at Rouen during his father's regency, 1440.

² The *Fragment Chronicle*, printed by Hearne, at the end of the Sprott Chronicle, is written by a person who appears to have been a secretary to Thomas duke of Norfolk, the second duke of the Howard line. The author of this remarkable history solemnly calls on duke Thomas as witness of these events. He says many circumstances were from Edward IV.'s own mouth. The narrative

of sir John Gray. Which spousailles were solemnized early in the morning at the town called Grafton, near to Stoney-Stratford. At which marriage was none present but the spouse [Edward], the *spousesse* [Elizabeth], the duchess of Bedford her mother, the priest, and two gentlewomen and a young man who helped the priest to sing. After the spousailles the king rode again to Stoney-Stratford, as if he had been hunting, and then returned at night. And within a day or two the king sent to lord Rivers, father to his bride, saying that he would come and lodge with him for a season, when he was received with all due honor, and tarried there four days, when Elizabeth visited him by night so secretly that none but her mother knew of it. And so the marriage was kept secret till it needs must be discovered, because of princesses offered as wives to the king. There was some obloquy attending this marriage,—how that the king was enchanted by the duchess of Bedford, or he would have refused to acknowledge her daughter.” In the archives of the Howard dukes of Norfolk this marriage is always dated as taking place one year earlier, in the summer of 1463. It appears that various agents were employed in England to watch how the commonalty approved of the king’s marriage: the result was communicated by sir John Howard in a letter,¹ supposed to be addressed to the earl of Rivers, the father of the new queen. After sir John had made interest to obtain situations for himself and his spouse in the royal household,—

“Also, my lord, I have been in divers places within Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, and have communicated this marriage, to feel how the people of the

is very easy and perspicuous. This chronicle dates the marriage of Elizabeth Woodville much earlier than other authors, and adds to the date he gives, 1463, the words “in the *third year of Edward IV.*,” which puts us out of doubt of accident regarding a slip of the pen in the date. He gives the important fact, “The priest that wedded Elizabeth and Edward lies buried before the altar at the church of the Minorettes, at London bridge.” He implies that the passion of Edward had long preceded his marriage with the fair widow, whom he wedded because she was the most virtuous woman he found; likewise because foreign princesses would not marry him, fearing the restoration of the house of Lancaster.

¹ The letter occurs in the Household-book, pp. 196, 197, of sir John Howard, afterwards duke of Norfolk (Jockey of Norfolk), who fell at Bosworth. The Norfolk Household-book was printed lately by B. Botfield, Esq., from MSS. in the possession of his grace the duke of Norfolk and sir T. Phillipps.

country were disposed; and, in good faith, they are disposed in the best wise, and glad thereof. Also I have been with many divers estates, to feel their hearts; and, in good faith, I found them all right well disposed, save one, the which I shall inform your good lordship at my next coming to you, by the grace of God, who have you, my right special good lord, in his blessed safeguard.

"At Wenoche¹ [Wenshe], the 22 day of September."²

The queen, in the earlier period of her royalty at least, could reckon on the heir of Howard as her devoted partisan. In the ensuing year she received from him the present of a favorite hobby, or pony, called 'Lyart Lewis,' or 'Gray Louy,' valued by his accountant at 8*l*.³

In the course of the summer of 1464, the king's marriage was discussed at court, though he yet delayed its public acknowledgment. His great desire was to prove to his peers that Elizabeth, being a descendant of the house of Luxembourg,⁴ was as worthy to share his throne as her mother was to marry the brother of Henry V. With this idea he sent an embassy to his ally, Charles count of Charolois, asking him to induce some of the princes of the house of Luxembourg to visit England, and claim kindred with his wife. From the remarks Monstrelet makes on this head, it may be gathered that the princes of Luxembourg had wholly forgotten and lost sight of the mother of Elizabeth. It is certain that they had been incensed at her marriage with Richard Woodville, for he says, "Richard was the handsomest man in all England, and Jaquetta was an exceedingly handsome gentlewoman; yet they never could visit the continent, or her brother count Louis St. Pol would

¹ A seat of the Howard family near Framlingham, Suffolk.

² There is no other date, but the copy of the letter is entered among the expenses and memorandums of the year 1463.

³ Howard Household-book, edited by Botfield.

⁴ The house of Luxembourg was coeval with the Frankish monarchy, and the head of the family was on the imperial throne of Germany. The princesses of this line were remarkable for the charms of their persons and manners. These fascinations, it was fabled, were inherited from Melusina, a beautiful water-nymph of the Rhine, who, it is pretended, was the ancestress of the family. The serpent of Melusina was, by some of the Luxembourg princes, borne as a device on their shields. Perhaps this tradition gave rise to the accusations of sorcery against the duchess of Bedford; however, the pretended fairy Melusina herself could scarcely have been more successful in bewitching the minds of men than were Jaquetta and her daughter, Elizabeth Woodville.

have slain them both." Jaquetta was gradually forgotten, till the extraordinary advancement of Elizabeth and the message of her royal lord revived the remembrance of her Flemish relatives, and the count of Charolois sent word "that the coronation of Elizabeth would be attended by her kindred."

Of all persons, the marriage of Elizabeth gave the most offence to the mother of Edward IV. This lady, who, before the fall of her husband, Richard duke of York, at Wakefield, had assumed all the state of a queen, was infuriated at having to give place to the daughter of a man who commenced his career as a poor squire of ordinary lineage. Among other arguments against her son's wedlock was the fact of Elizabeth being a widow, which ought to prevent her marriage with a king, since the sovereignty would be dishonored by such bigamy. The king merrily answered, "She is indeed a widow, and hath children; and by God's blessed Lady! I, who am but a bachelor, have some too. Madame, my mother, I pray you to be content; for as to the bigamy, the priest may lay it in my way if ever I come to take orders, for I understand it is forbidden to a priest, but I never wist it was to a king."¹ This is the version king Edward's courtiers chose to give of the conversation; but there is little doubt the duchess of York² reproached her son with

¹ Camden's Remains.

² Cicely of Raby, the youngest daughter of Ralph Neville, earl of Westmoreland, by Joanna Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt. Cicely married Richard duke of York, in whom centred the Mortimer title to the throne: he was the ward of her father and mother; by him she had Edward IV. and a large family. The duchess of York was remarkable for her beauty, and still more so for her indomitable pride. In the north she was called the 'rose of Raby,' but in the neighborhood of her baronial residence of Fotheringay castle the common people called her 'proud Cis.' She had a throne-room at Fotheringay, where she gave receptions with the state of a queen. Curious portraits in painted glass of Cicely and her husband are still to be seen in the south window of the chancel of Penrith church. They have been engraved in Mr. Jefferson's valuable *History and Antiquities of Leath-Ward, Cumberland*. Cicely is decorated with a garland of gems, and gives the idea of a very handsome woman in the decline of life. Her reputation has not descended to posterity unscathed. Philip de Comines scandalizes her with derelictions from her duty during the duke of York's regency in France. Hence Charles the Bold and Louis XI. always, in private, called the handsome Edward IV. "the son of an archer."

the breach of his marriage-contract with Elizabeth Lucy, the predecessor of Elizabeth Woodville in the affections of Edward. Bitterly was this perfidy afterwards visited on the innocent family of the royal seducer. Edward was likewise supposed to be married to lady Eleanor Butler, a descendant of the great earl of Shrewsbury. Possibly this was a betrothment entered into in Edward's childhood.

It was at the ancient palace of Reading, on Michaelmas-day, 1464, that Edward IV. finally declared Elizabeth to be his wedded wife. A council of the peers was convoked there, when the king took Elizabeth by the hand, and presented her to them as his rightful queen. She was then led by the young duke of Clarence, in solemn pomp, to the stately abbey-church of Reading, where she was publicly declared queen; and having made her offering, received the congratulations of all the nobility assembled there, among whom, some authorities declare, was the earl of Warwick.¹ A portrait of Elizabeth Woodville, to be found in a fine illumination in the British Museum,² represents her in the costume in which she first appeared as a royal bride at Reading. The manner in which Elizabeth's hair is arranged proves that the limning was drawn while she was a bride. She wears a lofty crown, with closed arches of peculiar richness, the numerous points of which are finished by fleurs-de-lis; her hair, with the exception of a small ring in the middle of the forehead, is streaming down her back, and reaches to her knees: it is pale yellow, and its extreme profusion agrees with the description of chroniclers. She is very fair, her eyelids are cast down with an affected look of modesty, which gives a sinister expression to her face. Her attire is regal; the material of her dress is a splendid kind of gold brocade, in stripes called *baudekins*, which was solely appropriated to the royal family; it is garter blue, of a column pattern, alternately with gold; the sleeves are tight, the bodice close fitting, with robings of ermine

¹ Dr. Lingard rejects the story of Warwick's embassy for the hand of Bona of Savoy at the time of Edward's marriage.

² King's Library, royal MS., 15, E 4; *Chroniques d'Angleterre*: illuminated for Edward IV. A beautiful and distinct group it is.

turned back over the shoulders; it is girded round the waist with a crimson scarf, something like an officer's sash. The skirt of the dress is full, with a broad ermine border, and finishes with a train many yards in length; this is partly held up by the queen, while the extremity is folded round the arms of a train-bearer, who is probably one of Elizabeth's sisters. A rich blue satin petticoat is seen beneath the dress, and the shoes are of the pointed form called sometimes 'cracows,' and sometimes 'pignaces.' The queen wears a pearl necklace strung in an elaborate pattern, called a device. The scene in which Elizabeth, with her attendant group, is introduced is Reading palace, for the gate-way, still in fine preservation, is very clearly designed. The queen is just entering the abbey-church, led by a youth just the age of Clarence. She is received by the abbot of Reading, whose face is very expressive. The high Syrian caps of the ladies her attendants, with the hair passed through the top, the short-waisted dress, with robings or reverses of fur, and trains with furred borders, all mark the costume of the reign of Edward IV. The royal barges are seen waiting in a bend of the river. Few historical scenes have been more minutely and accurately depicted.

The queen's eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was born at Westminster palace about five months after her mother's recognition in Reading abbey.¹ The royal physicians, by means of their impertinent studies of astrology, had solemnly assured king Edward that his expected child by his queen would prove a prince. The king, who was deep in the same kind of lore, had convinced himself that the infant would wear the crown of England. One of these physicians, named master Dominic, was more than usually positive that an heir would be born. He therefore obtained leave to station himself in the queen's withdrawing-room, leading to her bedchamber, when the birth was expected, in order that

¹ This does not agree with the notation on Elizabeth of York's tomb in Westminster abbey, but great difficulties occur in the chronology of the years 1463, 1464. The Sprott Chronicle and sir John Howard's Household-book concur in dating events 1463, which later historians place in 1464,—as the marriage of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville.

he might be the first to carry the tidings of the child's sex to his royal master, Edward IV. Dominic crouched down by the bedchamber-door listening, and having heard the child cry, he knocked, and called to one of the queen's ladies and asked, "What her grace had?" The ladies about queen Elizabeth Woodville were not in the best humor, being unwilling to answer, "Only a girl." So one of them replied, "Whatsoever the queen's grace hath here within, sure tis a fool that standeth there without." Poor Dr. Dominic, being much confounded by this sharp answer, and having no news to report, stole away without speaking to king Edward, whose presence he did not enter for a long time. Edward IV. consoled himself for his child being one of the weaker sex by his mode of reading the future, which promised royalty for his first-born, whether son or daughter.¹ Edward IV. was at times notoriously unfaithful to his queen, and other women occasionally seduced him from her; yet over his mind Elizabeth, from first to last, certainly held potent sway,—an influence most dangerous in the hands of a woman who possessed more cunning than firmness, more skill in concocting a diplomatic intrigue than power to form a rational resolve. She was ever successful in carrying her own purposes, but she had seldom a wise or good end in view; the advancement of her own relatives, and the depreciation of her husband's friends and family, were her chief objects. Elizabeth gained her own way with her husband by an assumption of the deepest humility; her words were soft and caressing, her glances timid.

The acknowledgment of Elizabeth's marriage was followed by a series of the most brilliant fêtes and tournaments that had been witnessed in England since the establishment of the order of the Garter by Edward III. At these scenes Elizabeth presided, surrounded by a virgin train of lovely sisters, who were the cynosure of the eyes of the unmarried baronage of England. Although these nobles had suffered all the portionless daughters of the duchess of Bedford to reach ages from twenty to thirty unwooed and unwedded,

¹ Fabyan. He was a contemporary: his anecdote agrees with the "Song of the Lady Bessy."

yet they now found that no beauties were comparable to the sisters of her whom the king delighted to honor. The exaltation of so many fair rivals did not add to the new-made queen's popularity with the female nobility of England; while her heroic brother, Anthony Woodville, by his beauty, his learning, and his prowess in the tilt-yard, with better reason raised considerable envy among his own sex. Elizabeth incensed the ancient nobility by the activity with which she mated her numerous tribe among the greatest heirs and heiresses of the realm.¹ Anthony Woodville married the orphan of lord Scales, the richest heiress in the kingdom, whom the duchess of York designed for her son Clarence.² Neither infantine juvenility nor the extreme of dotage seems to have been objected to by the Woodvilles, if there were a superfluity of the goods of this world; for the queen's eldest brother, a fine young man, wedded, for her great jointure, Katherine, the dowager-duchess of Norfolk, then in her eightieth year,—“a diabolical marriage,”³ wrathfully exclaims William of Worcester.

Soon after the queen had made the match between the young heiress of Scales and her brother Anthony, the ladies of England chose that gallant knight to sustain the honor of his country at the tournament they expected would be proclaimed in celebration of Elizabeth's coronation. On the Wednesday before Easter-day, 1465, on the return of sir Anthony Woodville from high mass, with his royal sister,

¹ Sir John Paston's mother advises him “to marry right nigh to the queen's blood, so that he could get his land again,”—a popular proof of the great favoritism of her family. Margaret Woodville, the October after Elizabeth was acknowledged queen, married lord Maltravers, heir of the earl of Arundel. Soon afterwards, Henry duke of Buckingham married Katherine Woodville; Jaquetta married the earl of Essex, and the fourth sister married the heir of the earl of Kent. In the next September, the queen's sister Mary married the heir of lord Herbert; and from this wedlock proceeded the first affront given to the earl of Warwick, for Herbert was promoted to some office which interfered with his interests.

² Some represent this lady as a child, others as a widow. She might, in those days, have been both.

³ This alludes to an old English proverb on marriage,—“That the marriage of a young woman and a young man is of God's making, as Adam and Eve; an old man and young woman, of Our Lady's making, as Mary and Joseph; but that of an old woman and a young man, is made by the author of evil.”

at the chapel of the Shene palace, a bevy of her ladies surrounded him, and by the presentation of a golden knee-band figured with SS, and ornamented with a forget-me-not, gave some mystical intimation that he was expected to remember his knightly devoir of high emprise at the coronation of his sister. The antagonist he selected was the most renowned champion in Europe, being count de La Roche, illegitimate son of Philip of Burgundy, and the constant companion of all the rash enterprises of his brother Charles the Bold, whether in field or tourney. To this opponent Anthony Woodville, who now adopted the title of lord Scälés in right of his lady, thus wrote¹ from the palace of Shene:—

“Truth it is, that the Wednesday next before the solemn and devout resurrection of our blessed Saviour and Redeemer, for certain causes I drew me near towards the queen of England and of France, my sovereign lady, to whom I am right humble servant, subject, and brother. And as I spoke to her highness on my knees, my bonnet off my head, according to my duty, I know not how it happened, but the ladies of her court environed me about, and anon I took heed that they had tied above my left knee a band of gold, garnished with precious stones which formed a letter [it was a collar of SS, meaning ‘Souvenance,’ or remembrance], which, when I perceived, truth to say, it came nigher to my heart than to my knee; and to this collar was hanging a noble flower of Souvenance, enamelled, and in manner of emprise. And then one of the ladies said to me, full sweetly, ‘that I ought to take a step fitting for the time;’ and then each of them withdrew demurely to their places. And I, all abashed at this adventure, rose up to go and thank them for their rich and honorable present; but when I took up my cap, I found in it a letter written on vellum, and only closed and bound with a golden thread. Now, I thought this letter contained the will of the ladies expressed in writing, and that I should know the adventure which the flower of Souvenance was given me to undertake. Then humbly did I thank the queen, who of her grace had permitted such honor to be done me in her noble presence, and especially did I thank the ladies for their noble present. I went forthwith to the king of England, my sovereign lord, to show him the emprise, and that he would give me leave and license to accomplish the contents of the said letter, to bring the adventure of the flower of Souvenance to a conclusion.”

King Edward broke the thread of gold: he read the articles of combat, and permitted the jousts.² Then Woodville forwarded the articles of combat and the enamelled jewel

¹ Excerpta Hist., 186. The extract of this letter is, for the sake of brevity, limited to the passage in which the queen is a personal agent. The original is in French; it is of course translated into perspicuous orthography.

² Excerpta, p. 136.

of forget-me-not to the count de La Roche by a herald, requesting him "to touch the flower¹ with his worthy and knightly hand, in token of his acceptance of the challenge;" the count did so, in the expectation of being one of the knights sent by Charles the Bold to do honor to the coronation tournament of the queen.

The coronation of Elizabeth was appointed at Westminster abbey, Whit-Sunday, the 26th of May. On Whitsun-eve the queen entered London from Eltham palace, the mayor and city authorities meeting her at the foot of Shooter's Hill, and conducting her through Southwark to the Tower. That morning Edward kept court at the Tower, where he knighted thirty-two persons, among whom were five judges and six citizens: he behaved with the utmost popularity, in order to obtain the favor of the citizens for his queen. She was carried through the city to her palace at Westminster in a litter borne on long poles, like a sedan chair, supported by stately-pacing steeds. The new-made knights all rode, on this occasion, in solemn procession before the queen's litter. She was crowned next day, with great solemnity, in Westminster abbey, the young duke of Clarence officiating as high steward. After the coronation, the queen sat in state at a grand banquet in Westminster hall, where the bishop of Rochester, who sang the mass at her consecration, took his place at the king's right hand, and the duke of Buckingham (now the queen's brother-in-law by reason of his wedlock with Katherine Woodville) sat at his left. Charles the Bold fulfilled his promise of sending to England a sovereign prince of Elizabeth's kin, to convince the Londoners that Edward had taken to himself a helpmate of princely alliances. Count James of St. Pol, uncle to the duchess of Bedford, landed at Greenwich some days before the coronation, and brought with him a hundred knights with their servants, but the champion of Burgundy, challenged by the queen's brother, was not among

¹ No tournament, until the Eglintoun tournament, was ever held without the express license of the sovereign, and very heavy penalties (if we mistake not) still exist against such proceedings, which are considered tantamount to "levying war in the land."

them.¹ The Flemish chevaliers constituted an armed band of mercenaries, ready to aid in enforcing obedience, if any opposition had occurred at the recognition of Elizabeth as queen-consort. The king regularly paid them for their attendance, for he presented the count de St. Pol with three hundred nobles,² and each of his chevaliers with fifty. Sir John Howard made an entry in his household-book to the following effect:—"The king oweth me for all the plate that the queen was served with on the day of her coronation."³

Elizabeth's marriage with Edward IV. drew upon them the enmity of no less a person than the celebrated Isabel of Castile, queen of Spain. In the Harleian MSS. is a letter from the Spanish ambassador, Granfidius de Sasiola, who uses these remarkable words:—"The queen of Castile was turned in her heart from England in time past, for the unkindness she took of the king of England (Edward IV., whom God pardon) for his refusing her and taking to wife a widow-woman of England; for which cause there was mortal war between him and the earl of Warwick, even to his death."

The benefactions which Margaret of Anjou had bestowed upon Cambridge were continued by her successor; for early in 1465, Elizabeth appropriated a part of her income to the completion of the good work of her former mistress, and Queen's college owes its existence to these royal ladies,—

"Anjou's heroine and the paler rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes."

¹ The combat at Smithfield between the queen's brother and the champion of Burgundy did not take place till two years afterwards, when Anthony Woodville gained great honor by a decided personal advantage over the Burgundian. The duke of Clarence, afterwards the mortal foe of Anthony, carried his basnet.

² Monstrelet.

³ Howard Household-book, edited by B. Botfield, Esq. Probably as his fees.

⁴ Dated August 8, 1483. When this was written, the Spanish ambassador was at the court of Richard III. See second series of sir Henry Ellis's Letters. By this letter it is evident Warwick was negotiating for the hand of Isabel of Castile, who, it appears (from her history by Bernaldes Andrés, a Spanish MS. in the library of sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart. of Middle Hill), was fourteen in 1464, not a little girl of six years, as Hall represents her. A Spanish maiden of that age would feel all the indignation her countryman describes.



QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The portrait of Elizabeth Woodville, engraved herewith, is preserved in the college she founded.¹ If we may judge by the delicacy of the face and complexion, it must have been portrayed at the time of her benefaction to Cambridge, soon after her coronation, when her beauty was unimpaired. The costume is remarkable: the transparent hood and veil placed over a gold-embroidered close cap, the shape of the Turkish *fez*, is odd, but becoming. This style of head-dress succeeded the famous horned caps of the previous century; the clear gauze, stiffened, was supported on wires or canes. The short-waisted, close-bodied gown, with tight sleeves and embroidered cuffs, and a little embroidered cape, was the costume which prevailed after that of the *cote-hardi* seen on Margaret of Anjou. There is another portrait of Elizabeth, nearly fac-simile, at Hampton Court, painted by an inferior artist to the Cambridge one; the dress is the same, with the exception that the curious gauze hood and veil is removed, and the face left exposed, with only the ugly *fez* cap at the back of the head: all the fair hair of the queen is strained back from the temples, and packed under it. The face in the Hampton Court portrait is faded and worn with care, yet they both evidently represent the same person.

The enmity between Elizabeth and Warwick had not at this time amounted to anything serious, for he stood godfather to her eldest daughter, born at Westminster palace, 1466. The baptism of this princess for a while conciliated her two grandmothers, Cicely duchess of York, and Jaquetta duchess of Bedford, who were likewise her sponsors. The christening was performed with royal pomp, and the babe received her mother's name of Elizabeth,—a proof that Edward was more inclined to pay a compliment to his wife than to his haughty mother. Some months after the queen had brought an heiress to the throne, she ventured on another affront to the all-powerful minister, general, and relative of her royal lord. Warwick had set his mind on marrying Anne, the heiress of the duke of Exeter and the king's sister, Anne of York, to his nephew, George Neville. Meantime, the queen slyly bought the consent of the rapa-

¹ From the original, copied by Mr. G. P. Harding.

cious duchess of Exeter¹ for four thousand marks, and married the young bride to her eldest son (by sir John Gray) at Greenwich palace, October, 1466. The queen's eagerness for wealthy alliances was punished by the loss of her purchase-money, for the heiress of Exeter died in her minority.

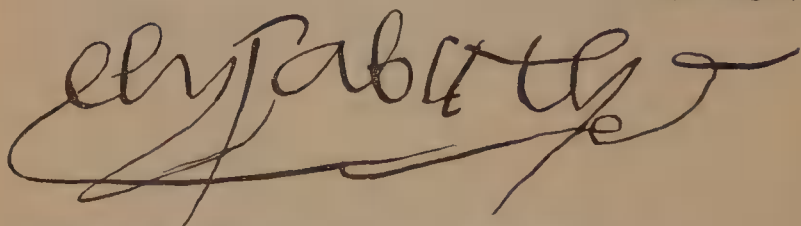
Elizabeth Woodville was pertinacious of her forest rights, for her autograph, extant among the Tower records, is appended to a threatening document, almost as bellicose in its style as the challenge of earl Douglas to earl Percy in the ballad of Chevy Chase. The queen thus calls sir William Stonor to account for his doings in her domains:—

"And whereas we understand that you have taken upon you to make *maistries* [mastery] within our forest and chase of Barnwood and Exhill, and there, in contempt of us, uncourteously to hunt and slay our deer within the same, to our great marvel and displeasure; we will you *to wit* [to know] that we intend to sue such remedy as shall accord with our lord's laws."

Unfortunately, the delinquent gave out that he was acting by her lord and king's leave, for the queen proceeds:—

"And whereas we furthermore understand that you purpose, under color of my lord's commission (in that behalf granted unto you, as you say), *hastily* [speedily] to take the view and rule of our game of deer within our said forest and chase, we will *that you show unto us* or our council your said commission, if any such you have; and in the mean season that you spare of hunting within our said forest and chase, as you will answer at your peril.

"Given under our signet, at our manor of Greenwich, the first day of August,²



Endorsed, "*To our trusty and well-beloved Sir William Stonor.*"

¹ William of Worcester, p. 501. Anne of York, eldest child of Richard duke of York and Cicely Neville, was (according to the Friar's Genealogy) wedded in early youth to Henry Holland, duke of Exeter, the legitimate descendant of the line of Lancaster, by Elizabeth, sister of Henry IV. The duchess of Exeter was an atrocious character; she divorced and despoiled her first husband, and caused the death of her second. By Exeter she had this one daughter, who was the next heir of Lancaster after Edward, son of Henry VI.; by her second husband she had another daughter, the ancestress of the illustrious house of Manners.

² Letter among the Tower Records.

It has been shown that it was the custom of the earlier queens of England to affect much verbal humility in their missives; yet the conventional usages which caused princesses, whose original stations were proud as the Eleanoras of Aquitaine or of Castile, to humble themselves rather unduly, were both more popular and more politic than this arrogant attack on one to whom the endorsement "trusty and well-beloved" was requisite,—an address which proves that Stonor was a privy councillor of the Yorkist cabinet. Moreover, for aught the Woodville queen knew to the contrary, sir William Stonor was acting by the commission of Edward IV., himself the ruler of a divided people requiring unwonted concessions from royalty: the queen might, at least, have waited before she proceeded to threats, until she had seen by what authority "her trusty and beloved" Stonor had proceeded to kill and drive her fallow-deer. As for "her council," that was filled by her own kindred, who, it seems, were unpopularly particular in regard to the preservation of game. The whole proceeding is an instance of the overbearing spirit of the queen and her kindred, which soon after caused rude shocks to the throne of her husband.

As prime-minister, relative, and general of Edward IV., Warwick had, from 1460 to 1465, borne a sway in England almost amounting to despotism. This influence was gradually transferred to the queen's family.¹ Edward had likewise so far forgotten gratitude and propriety as to have offered some personal insult to a female relative of Warwick, generally supposed to be Isabel, his eldest daughter, who was, as the old chroniclers declare, the finest young lady in England. This conduct was the more aggravating, since Warwick had certainly delayed his master's marriage with various princesses in hopes that, as soon as Isabel was old enough, Edward would have made her his queen, a speculation forever disappointed by the exaltation of Elizabeth. Warwick gave his daughter Isabel in marriage to the duke of Clarence, and England was soon after in a state of in-

¹ Lord Rivers was, at the time of the revolution of 1469, lord treasurer (Paston Papers, vol. iv.); he had been tampering with the coin and circulation, which occasioned the fury of the great body of the people. See Carte.

surrection. As popular fury was especially directed against the queen's family, the Woodvilles were advised to abscond for a time.

The first outbreak of the muttering storm was a rebellion in Yorkshire, under a freebooter called Robin of Redesdale, declared by some to have been a noble, outlawed for the cause of the Red rose. The insurgents defeated Edward IV.'s forces at Edgecote, and, pursuing the fugitives from the battle into the forest of Dean, found there concealed the queen's father, who was then high-treasurer,¹ with his eldest son John; they were, in the names if not by the order of Clarence and Warwick, hurried to Northampton and beheaded, without judge or jury. For the queen's mother a still more fearful doom was intended: one of those terrific accusations of witchcraft was prepared against her, which were occasionally aimed at ladies of royal rank whose conduct afforded no mark for other calumny. This was the third accusation of the kind which had taken place in the royal family since the year 1419. The queen was preparing to accompany her husband in a progress into Norfolk when this astounding intelligence reached her. The murder of her father and brother appears to have taken place in the middle of harvest, 1469. The blow must have fallen with great severity on Elizabeth, whose affections were knit so strongly to her own family.

When the king advanced to the north in order to inquire into these outrages, he was detained, in some kind of restraint, by Warwick and his brother Montague at Warwick castle, where an experiment was tried to shake his affections to Elizabeth by the insinuation that her whole influence over him proceeded from her mother's skill in witchcraft. For this purpose Thomas Wake, a partisan of the Neville faction, brought to Warwick castle part of the stock-in-trade of a

¹ The Sprott Fragment (which ought to be called the Howard Chronicle) declares the two Rivers were seized at Grafton. The Fragment asserts, that Warwick and Clarence likewise attempted the life of Anthony Woodville in the same manner some time after, but he escaped murder almost miraculously,—a circumstance never yet considered in connection with the subsequent death of Clarence.

sorceress, which he declared was captured at Grafton.¹ Edward was far from being proof against such follies, yet this accusation seems to have had no effect on his mind. After being carried to Middleham castle (Warwick's stronghold in the north), where he was detained some time, he entered into negotiations for the marriage of his infant heirless, Elizabeth of York, with young George Neville. This scheme greatly pleased the uncle and godfather of the boy, the archbishop of York, who persuaded his brothers to let Edward stay with him at his seat called the More, in Hertfordshire. Warwick sent up Edward, very severely guarded, from Middleham castle.

From the More, Edward escaped speedily to Windsor,² and was soon once more in his metropolis, which was perfectly devoted to him, and where, it appears, his queen had remained in security during these alarming events. Again England was his own; for Warwick and Clarence, in alarm at his escape from the More, betook themselves to their fleet, and fled. Then the queen's brother, Anthony Woodville, who had the command of the Yorkist navy, intercepted and captured "divers of the rebel ships,"³ but not that in which Warwick and Clarence, with their families, were embarked, which escaped with difficulty to the coast of France. The

¹ This information is gathered from the memorial of the queen's mother, who, after all these distractions were composed, thought it prudent to defend herself in the following terms:—"Jaquetta, duchess of Bedford, to her sovereign lord the king thus humbly complaineth:—That when she at all time hath, and yet doth, truly believe on God according to the faith of holy church, as a true Christian woman ought to do, yet Thomas Wake, Esq., hath caused her to be brought into a common noise and disclaunders [slander] of witchcraft. At your last being at Warwick, sovereign lord [he was then in the custody of the three Nevilles, Warwick, Montague, and the Archbishop of York], Wake brought to Warwick castle, and exhibited to divers lords there present, an image of lead, made like to a man-at-arms, containing the length of a man's finger, and broken in the middle and made fast with a wire, saying it was made by your said oratress to use with sorcery and witchcraft, when she never saw it before, God knoweth."—*Parl. Rolls*, vol. vi. p. 232.

² *Fragment Chronicle*.—Sprott. At this time England presented the strange spectacle of two kings, both in captivity; Henry VI. was still prisoner to the York party, which seems, till a late period of this revolution, to have kept possession of the metropolis.

³ *Warkworth Chronicle*, edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., p. 9.

queen was placed by the king in safety in the Tower,¹ before he marched to give battle to the insurgents. Her situation gave hopes of an addition to the royal family : she was the mother of three girls, but had not borne heirs-male to the house of York.

Edward soon found that a spirit of disaffection was busy in his army ; he narrowly escaped being surrendered once more into the power of Warwick, who had returned to England ; but being warned by his faithful sergeant of minstrels, Alexander Carlile,² he fled half dressed from his revolting troops in the dead of night, and embarked at Lynn with a few faithful friends. Elizabeth was thus left alone, with her mother, to bide the storm. She was resident at the Tower, where her party still held Henry VI. a prisoner. While danger was yet at a distance, the queen's resolutions were remarkably valiant : she victualled and prepared the metropolitan fortress for siege with great assiduity. But the very day that Warwick and Clarence entered London, in a truly feminine panic Elizabeth betook herself to her barge, and fled up the Thames to Westminster,—not to her own palace, but to a strong, gloomy building called the Sanctuary, which occupied a space at the end of St. Margaret's church-yard.³ Here she registered herself, her mother, her three little daughters,—Elizabeth, Mary, and Cicely,—with the faithful lady Scrope, her attendant, as sanctuary-women ; and in this dismal place she awaited, with a

¹ Fragment Chronicle.

² The Sprott Fragment ceases in the midst of this information, which was doubtless one of the circumstances that the author heard from Edward's own mouth.

³ At a short distance from Westminster palace stood the Sanctuary, a massive structure, of strength sufficient to stand a siege. It had a church built over it, in the form of a cross. Such is the description given by Dr. Stukely, who had seen it standing. It was a place of such vast strength, built by Edward the Confessor, that the workmen employed in its demolition, in the last century, almost despaired of ever being able to level it. To the west of the Sanctuary stood the Almonry, where the alms of the abbey were distributed, and on this spot was erected the first printing-press, where Caxton published the earliest printed book known in England, called "The Game of Chess," under the patronage of Elizabeth's brother and Tiptoft earl of Worcester. Anthony Woodville likewise translated, and printed at the Caxton press, the works of Christine of Pisa.

heavy heart, the hour in which the fourth child of Edward IV. was to see the light.

On the 1st of November, 1470, the long-hoped-for heir of York was born, during this dark eclipse of the fortunes of his house. The queen was in a most destitute state, in want of everything; but Thomas Milling, abbot of Westminster, sent various conveniences from the abbey close by. Mother Cobb, a well-disposed midwife, resident in the Sanctuary, charitably assisted the distressed queen in the hour of maternal peril, and acted as nurse to the little prince. Nor did Elizabeth, in this fearful crisis, want friends: for master Serigo, her physician, attended herself and her son; while a faithful butcher, John Gould, prevented the whole sanctuary party from being starved into surrender, by supplying them with "half a beef and two muttons every week." The little prince was baptized, soon after his birth, in the abbey, with no more ceremony than if he had been a poor man's son. Thomas Milling, the abbot of Westminster, however, charitably stood godfather for the little prisoner, and the duchess of Bedford and lady Scrope were his god-mothers. The sub-prior performed the ceremony, and they gave him the name of his exiled sire.

Early in March the queen was cheered by the news that Edward IV., her royal lord, had landed at Ravenspur, and soon after, that his brother Clarence forsook Warwick. From that moment the revolution of his restoration was as rapid as that of his deposition. When Edward drew near the capital, "he sent, on the 9th of April, 1470, very comfortable messages to his queen, and to his true lords, servants, and lovers, who advised and practised secretly how he might be received and welcomed in his city of London."¹ The result was, that the metropolis opened its gates for Edward IV., and the Tower, with the unresisting

¹ Fleetwood's Chronicle (edited by J. Bruce, Esq.) has been, in this narrative, collated with the valuable Warkworth Chronicle, edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., both published by the Camden Society. Likewise the History of Westminster Abbey, pp. 14, 15, by Richard Widmore, librarian to the dean and chapter. It has been said that Edward V. was born in the Jerusalem-chamber, which was the state drawing-room of the abbey; but all the older chronicles and Rymer's MSS. mention supplies being sent to her by the abbot to the Sanctuary.

prisoner, king Henry, was surrendered to him. Edward hurried to the Sanctuary "and comforted the queen, that had a long time abided there, the security of her person resting solely on the great franchises of that holy place; sojourning in deep trouble, sorrow, and heaviness, which she sustained with all manner of patience belonging to any creature, and as constantly as ever was seen by any person of such high estate to endure; in the which season, natheless, she had brought into this world, to the king's greatest joy, a fair son, a prince, wherewith she presented her husband at his coming, to his heart's singular comfort and gladness, and to all them that him truly loved."¹

The very morning of this joyful meeting, Elizabeth, accompanied by her royal lord, left her place of refuge. Never before had Westminster sanctuary received a royal guest, and little was it ever deemed a prince of Wales would first see light within walls that had hitherto only sheltered homicides, robbers, and bankrupts. The ruthless wars of the roses, indeed, made the royal and the noble acquainted with strange housemates; but never did the power of sanctuary appear so great a blessing to human nature as when the innocent relatives of the contending parties fled to the altar for shelter. Like all benefits, sanctuary was abused, but assuredly it sheltered many a human life in these destructive and hideous contests. The same day that Edward IV. took Elizabeth from the Sanctuary he carried her to the city, where he lodged her and her children in his mother's palace, Castle Baynard, a bastille-built fortification, which had been held in his father's time, when the Tower of London was untenable. Here Edward and his queen heard divine service that night, slept there,² and kept Good-Friday solemnly next day. On Easter-Sunday Edward gained the battle of Barnet, and the deaths of Warwick and Montague insured the ultimate success of the house of York. Elizabeth retired to the Tower of London while her husband gained the battle of Tewkesbury. The news of his success had scarcely reached

¹ Fleetwood's Chronicle, edited by J. Bruce, Esq., p. 17.

² Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 311.

her before the Tower was threatened with storm by Falconbridge, a relative of the earl of Warwick; and "therein," says Fleetwood, "was the queen, my lord prince, and the ladies the king's daughters, all likely to stand in the greatest jeopardy that ever was," from the formidable attack of this last partisan of Lancaster. The queen's valiant brother, Anthony Woodville, was there, and she, relying on his aid, stood the danger this time without running away; but, assuredly, nature had never intended Elizabeth for an Amazon.

After Edward had crushed rebellion, by almost exterminating his opponents, he turned his attention to rewarding the friends to whom he owed his restoration. He sagaciously considered that the interesting situation in which his wife had placed herself during his exile had greatly contributed to his ultimate success. Indeed, the feminine helplessness of Elizabeth Woodville, and the passive resignation with which she endured the evils and inconveniences of the sanctuary-house in the hour of maternal weakness and agony, had created for her a tender regard throughout the realm, that actually did more benefit to the cause of York than the indomitable spirit of Margaret of Anjou effected for the opposite party. Wonder and affection were awakened for Elizabeth, and, during the winter of 1470-71, tidings of the queen's proceedings in sanctuary were the favorite gossip of the matrons of London. Edward IV. bestowed princely rewards on those humble friends¹ who had aided "his Elizabeth," as he calls her, in that fearful crisis.

¹ He pensioned Margaret Cobb with 12*l.* per annum, Dr. Serigo with 40*l.*; and likewise rewarded butcher Gould, by leave to load a royal ship with hides and tallow.—Rymer's MSS., vol. xiv. Abbot Thomas Milling, the queen's benefactor in sanctuary, the king called to his privy council, and finally confirmed his election to the bishopric of Hereford.—Westminster Chronicle, edited by Wilmore.

ELIZABETH WOODVILLE,

QUEEN OF EDWARD IV.

CHAPTER II.

Elizabeth's court at Windsor—Described by her guest—Her evening amusements—Banquet in her apartments—Her arrangements for her guest—Court at Westminster—Queen's visit to Oxford—Marriage of her second son—Death of Clarence—Queen's robes of the Garter—Death of Edward IV.—Elizabeth's widowhood as queen-mother—Opposed in council—Receives a letter from the duke of Gloucester—She sends for the young king—Receives news of the arrest of her brother and son—Takes sanctuary—Given the great seal—Surrenders her son, the young duke of York—Her son Richard Gray beheaded—Her marriage declared illegal—Usurpation of Richard III.—Murder of her sons Edward V. and Richard of York—Her despair and agony—Promises her eldest daughter to Henry of Richmond—Leaves sanctuary—Under control of John Nesfield—Forbids her daughter's marriage with Richmond—Relieved from her difficulties by the death of Richard III.—Her daughter brought to her—Restored to her rank as queen-dowager—Is godmother to prince Arthur—Receives the French ambassador—Retires to Bermondsey—Her will—Her poverty—Funeral—Place of burial discovered.

ELIZABETH'S court is described in a lively manner by an eye-witness, who was her guest both at Windsor and Westminster in 1472. This person was Louis of Bruges, lord of Grauthuse, governor of Holland,¹ who had hospitably received Edward when he fled in the preceding year from England, and landed with a few friends at Sluys, "the most distressed company of creatures," as Comines affirms, "that ever was seen;" for Edward had pawned his military cloak, lined with marten fur, to pay the master of his ship, and was put on shore in his waistcoat. The lord of Grauthuse received him, and fed and clothed him. This Fleming had

¹ He was deputy in the Low Countries for his master, Charles the Bold. Louis of Bruges seems to have united the characters of nobleman, merchant, and man of letters. Many of the precious MSS. of the Bibliothèque du Roi are of his collecting.

previously performed a mighty service for Edward, when, as ambassador from Philip of Burgundy, he visited Scotland, and broke the contract between the daughter of the Scots' queen-regent and the son of Margaret of Anjou.¹ Finally, Grauthuse lent Edward IV. money and ships, without which he would never have been restored to his country and queen. After his restoration Edward invited his benefactor to England, in order to testify his gratitude and introduce him to his queen. A journal, written either by this nobleman or his secretary,² has been lately brought to light, containing the following curious passages:—"When the lord of Grauthuse came to Windsor, my lord Hastings received him, and led him to the far side of the quadrant (the quadrangle of Windsor castle), to three chambers, where the king was then with the queen. These apartments were very richly hung with cloth of gold arras; and when he had spoken with the king, who presented him to the queen's grace, they then ordered the lord chamberlain Hastings to conduct him to his chamber, where supper was ready for him."

After his refreshment, the king had him brought immediately to the queen's own withdrawing-room, where "she and her ladies were playing at the marteaux;³ and some of her ladies were playing at closheys of ivory,⁴ and some at divers other games: the which sight was full pleasant. Also king Edward danced with my lady Elizabeth, his eldest daughter." "In the morning, when matins were done, the king heard in his own chapel [that of St. George, at Windsor castle] Our Lady mass, which was most melodiously sung. When the mass was done, king Edward gave his guest a cup of gold, garnished with pearl. In the midst of the cup was a great piece of unicorn's horn, to *my* estimation seven inches in compass; and on the cover of the cup a great sapphire. Then the king came into the quadrant. My lord prince also, borne by his chamberlain, called master

¹ Monstrelet, vol. ii. p. 273.

² Narrative of Louis of Bruges, Lord Grauthuse: edited by sir F. Madden. *Archæologia*: 1836.

³ A game with balls, resembling marbles.

⁴ Nine-pins, made of ivory.

Vaughan,¹ bade the lord Grauthuse welcome." The innocent little prince was then only eighteen months old. "Then the king took his guest into the little park, where they had great sport; and there the king made him ride on his own horse, a right fair hobby,² the which the king gave him. The king's dinner was ordained [ordered] in the lodge in Windsor park. After dinner, the king showed his guest his garden and vineyard of pleasure. Then the queen did ordain a grand banquet in her own apartments, at which king Edward, her eldest daughter, the duchess of Exeter, the lady Rivers,³ and the lord of Grauthuse all sat with her at one mess; and at another table sat the duke of Buckingham, my lady his wife,⁴ my lord Hastings, chamberlain to the king, my lord Berners, chamberlain to the queen, the son of lord Grauthuse, and master George Barthe, secretary⁵ to the duke of Burgundy. There was a side-table, at which sat a great *view* of ladies, all on one side of the room. Also on one side of the outer chamber sat the queen's gentlewomen. And when they had supped, my lady Elizabeth, the queen's eldest daughter, danced with the duke of Buckingham, her aunt's husband." It appears to have been the court etiquette that this young princess, then but six years old, should only dance with her father or uncles.

"Then, about nine of the clock, the king and the queen, with her ladies and gentlewomen, brought the lord of Grauthuse to three chambers of pleasaunce, all hanged with white silk and linen cloth, and all the floors covered with carpets. There was ordained a bed for himself, of as good down as

¹ This faithful chamberlain, who carried the prince in his infancy everywhere after his father's steps, is the same sir Richard Vaughan who testified his fidelity to his beloved charge in the bloody towers of Pontefract, during the usurpation of Richard of Gloucester. He belonged to a very fierce and hardy clan of Welsh marchmen. We trace the connection of the Vaughans, as well as that of their fellow-clan the Crofts, from the royal households of the Yorkist kings, down to the reign of Charles II.

² A cob-pony, trained to war or field-sports. In Norfolk and Suffolk, ponies, especially shooting-ponies, are constantly called 'hobbies' to this hour.

³ Heiress of lord Scales, wife of Anthony, second earl Rivers.

⁴ Katherine, sister to Elizabeth Woodville, queen of England.

⁵ Supposed to be the author of the journal.

could be gotten: the sheets of Rennes cloth.¹ Also fine festoons; the counterpane, cloth of gold, furred with ermines. The tester and *ceiler* also shining cloth of gold, the curtains of white sarcenet; as for his head-suit and pillows, they were of the queen's own ordering. In the second chamber was likewise another state-bed, all white. Also in the chamber was made a couch with feather beds, and hanged above like a tent, knit like a net; and there was a cupboard. In the third chamber was ordained a bayne [bath] or two, which were covered with tents of white cloth." Could the present age offer a more luxurious or elegant arrangement in a suite of sleeping-rooms than in those provided by Elizabeth for her husband's friend?

"And when the queen, with all her ladies, had showed him these rooms, the queen, with the king and attendants, turned again to their own chambers, and left the said lord Grauthuse there with the lord chamberlain Hastings, which *despoiled* him [helped him undress], and they both went together to the bath. And when they had been in their baths as long as was their pleasure, they had green ginger, divers syrups, comfits, and ipocras served by the order of the queen. And in the morning he took his cup² with the king and queen, and returned to Westminster again. And on St. Edward's day, 13th of October, king Edward kept his royal state at Westminster palace. In the forenoon he came into the parliament in his robes, on his head a cap of maintenance, and sat in his most royal majesty, having before him his lords spiritual and temporal. Then the speaker of the common parliament, named William Allington, declared before the king and his nobles the intent and desire of his commons, especially in 'their commendation of the womanly behavior and great constancy of his queen when he was beyond sea: also the great joy and surety of his land in the birth of the prince; and the great kindness and humanity of the lord Grauthuse, then present, shown to the king when

¹ The best linen woven at Rennes, in Brittany, superior, it seems, to that of Holland.

² Walton calls the breakfast refreshment *taking his cup*, it being generally of ale before the introduction of tea and coffee.

in Holland.'” Grauthuse was then, with all due ceremony, created earl of Winchester, Occleve, the poet, reading aloud his letters-patent. Then the king went into the white hall, whither came the queen crowned ; also the prince in his robes of state, borne after the queen in the arms of his chamberlain, master Vaughan. And thus the queen, the king, with the little prince carried after them, proceeded into the abbey-church, and so up to the shrine of St. Edward, where they offered. Then the king turned down into the choir, where he sat in his throne. The new earl of Winchester bare his sword unto the time they went to dinner. As a finale to the entertainments, king Edward created a king-at-arms, baptizing him ‘Guienne.’ Norroy was forced to proclaim the largess of the new earl of Winchester, since “master Garter had an impediment in his tongue,”—a circumstance affording much mirth to the king. “A voide¹ of light refreshments was then served to the king, and the lord of Grauthuse made his *congé*.”

The queen’s visit to Oxford took place soon after : it was long remembered there. She arrived from Woodstock after sunset with the king, her mother, and the duchess of Suffolk ; they entered Oxford with a great crowd of people running before the royal *charrettes*, bearing torches. The queen’s brother, Lionel Woodville, the new chancellor, received and harangued the royal party, who tarried till after dinner the next day. King Edward viewed the new buildings of Magdalen, and made an oration in praise of Oxford, declaring he had sent his nephews, the sons of the duchess of Suffolk, to be educated there, as a proof of his esteem.²

The queen presided over the espousals of her second son, Richard duke of York, with Anne Mowbray, the infant heiress of the duchy of Norfolk. St. Stephen’s chapel, where the ceremony was performed, January, 1477, was splendidly hung with arras of gold on this occasion. The

¹ The meal now called tea was, at this era, termed ‘a voide,’ from being the dismissal of the company. It was served on a tray, since called ‘a voider.’

² The Memorials of Oxford date this royal visit 1481, at the completion of Magdalen college ; but the mention of the duchess of Bedford, the queen’s mother, who died in 1472, proves that Elizabeth’s visit to Oxford took place before that year.

king, the young prince of Wales, the three princesses, Elizabeth, Mary, and Cicely, were present; the queen led the little bridegroom, who was not five, and her brother, earl Rivers, led the baby bride, scarcely three years old. They afterwards all partook of a rich banquet, laid out in the Painted-chamber. The innocent and ill-fated infants then married verified the old English proverb, which says,

“Early wed, early dead.”¹

Soon after this infant marriage, all England was startled by the strange circumstances attending the death of the duke of Clarence.

Edward IV., though deeply stained with blood shed in war and martial executions, was, in the earlier periods of his life, susceptible of the tenderest feelings of natural affection and disinterested love: he had acted the part of a kind parent to his father's unprotected younger children.² Clarence was not more than twelve years old at the battle of Towton; it is therefore evident that he owed his high station wholly to the valiant arm of his elder brother. The best feelings of Edward were outraged by the unprovoked revolt of Clarence, nor did his return to allegiance, prompted as it was by the most sordid motives, raise him in his brother's esteem. Edward possessed, in an exaggerated degree, the revengeful spirit of the royal line of Plantagenet. “He shall repent it, through every vein of his heart,”³ was his usual expression if any one crossed his will; and he too often kept his word. But if the misdeeds of a brother he had once so fondly loved were not likely to be forgiven by Edward, they were still less likely to be forgotten by the queen, who had been cruelly injured by Clarence. Her beloved father and

¹ By the early death of the heiress of the line of Mowbray the royal title of Norfolk reverted to John lord Howard, the next representative of the heiress of Thomas Plantagenet, earl-marshal and earl of Norfolk.

² The cherishing care which he took of his young brothers Clarence and Gloucester, and of his little sister Margaret, when concealed in Paston's chambers before the battle of Northampton, is proved by sir John Fenn's letter. These children were then of the ages of eight, seven, and five. Edward was a fine young man of eighteen. “My lord March cometh daily to visit lord George and lord Richard in the Temple.”

³ Fenn's Paston Papers.

her brother had been put to death in his name; her brother Anthony, the pride of English chivalry, had narrowly escaped a similar fate, at the time when Clarence was a more active and responsible agent: moreover, her mother had been accused of sorcery by his party.

Towards the spring of 1477, Clarence commenced a series of agitations, being exasperated because the queen opposed his endeavor to obtain the hand of Mary of Burgundy. Although anxious for advancement by a second marriage, his grief at the loss of his wife, Isabel of Warwick, had almost unsettled his reason, and he had illegally put one of her attendants to death, whom he accused of poisoning her. He muttered imputations of sorcery against the queen, in which he implicated king Edward.¹ The queen was at Windsor with her royal lord when news was brought him that his brother Clarence, after sitting at the council-board for many days doggedly silent, with folded arms, had one morning rushed into the council-room and uttered most disrespectful words against the queen and his royal person concerning the deaths of his friends Burdett and Stacy. The comments of the queen did not soothe Edward's mind, who hurried to Westminster, and the arrest, arraignment, and sentence of the unhappy Clarence soon followed. He was condemned to death, but the king demurred on his public execution. Clarence had, since the death of his beloved Isabel, desperately given himself over to intemperance, in order to drown the pain of thought. In his dismal prison a butt of malmsey was introduced, where he could have access to it. The duke was found dead, with his head hanging over the butt, the night after he had offered his mass-penny at the chapel within the Tower. Probably Clarence was the victim of his own frailty.² He was beset with

¹ Parliamentary Rolls, vol. vi.

² History has little more than the traditions of this mysterious fact to relate. The Bowyer tower is one of the most retired of that circle of gloomy fortresses which surround the white donjon, emphatically called the Tower of London: it is declared by Mr. Bayley (History of the Tower) to be the scene of Clarence's death. It consists of a strong prison-room, with a most suspicious-looking recess and vaulted door walled up, a store-room for bows and arrows, and a dungeon. As neither the offices of cook nor butler could have been performed

temptation; despair, loneliness, a vexed conscience, a habit of drinking, and a flowing butt of his favorite nectar at his elbow left little trouble either to assassins or executioners. The partisans of the queen and the duke of Gloucester mutually recriminated his death on each other. Gloucester was certainly absent from the scene of action, residing in the north. On the St. George's day succeeding this grotesque but horrible tragedy the festival of the Garter was celebrated with more than usual pomp; the queen took a decided part in it, and wore the robes as chief lady of the order.

The queen kept up a correspondence by letter with the duchess of Burgundy, with the ambitious hope of obtaining the hand of Mary of Burgundy for her brother, lord Rivers. When the duchess visited the court of England in August, 1480, the queen's youngest brother, sir Edward Woodville, was sent with a fleet to escort her. The duchess sojourned at Cold-Harbor, the city residence which lately belonged to her deceased brother Clarence. Among other gifts, she was presented, at her departure, with a magnificent side-saddle.¹ The queen's accomplished brother, lord Rivers, continued his patronage to the infant art of printing. In the archbishop of Canterbury's library there is an illuminated MS., representing earl Rivers introducing his printer Caxton, and a book, to king Edward and queen Elizabeth, who are seated in state, with their son the prince of Wales standing between them. The prince is very lovely, with flowing curls.² The pride of Elizabeth Woodville was inflated excessively by the engagement which the king of France had made for his son

there, the malmsey could not have been the remnant of some festivity. For the purpose of Clarence's destruction, in some way or other, this butt of liquor must have been introduced into his lodging; the very fumes of the butt, with the head knocked out, would have destroyed a delicate person. After his death the story went among the common people that, being permitted to choose how he would die, he requested to be drowned in a hutt of malmsey. This tale evidently was invented from the position in which the corpse was found.

¹ See Wardrobe-accounts of Edward IV., edited by sir Harris Nicolas, p. 12, who has reasoned in a luminous historical manner on the fallacious inferences drawn by Walpole regarding the absence of Margaret from England since her eleventh year.

■ This illumination furnishes the only portrait of Edward V.

with her eldest daughter Elizabeth. The queen did not sufficiently calculate that it was the dread of her warlike husband's arms which had occasioned the alliance, rather than any personal desire on the part of Louis XI. Elizabeth positively degraded her young princess by the impolitic parade she made regarding these expectations, and, withal, perpetually importuned the crafty French king to know when she should send him "her dauphiness."¹

The last years of king Edward's life were passed in repose and luxury, which had most fatal effects on his health. He had long given the queen's place in his affections to his beautiful mistress, Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in the city, whom he had seduced from her duty. The death of Edward IV.² is said to have been hurried by the pain of mind he felt at the conduct of Louis XI., who broke the engagement he had made to marry the dauphin to the princess Elizabeth of York, but an intermittent fever was the immediate cause of his death. When expiring, he made his favorites, Stanley and Hastings, vow reconciliation with the queen and her family; and, propped with pillows, the dying monarch exhorted them to protect his young sons. He died with great professions of penitence, at the early age of forty-two. If the king left any directions for the government of his kingdom during his son's minority, they were not acted upon, for no will of his is extant, save one made at the time of his invasion of France, 1475. Excepting the control of the marriages of his daughters, this document gave no authority to the queen,³ though it secures to her, with many affectionate expressions, all the furniture, jewels, and other movables she had used at various places, and the possession of her dower, which had been, unfortunately for her, settled from the confiscated possessions of the house of Lancaster.

Edward expired at Westminster, April 9, 1483. On the day of his death his body, with the face, arms, and breast uncovered, was laid out on a board for nine hours, and all the nobility, and the lord mayor and aldermen of London,

¹ M. Michelet, *History of France*, vol. ix. 309; and Comines.

² Philip de Comines.

³ *Excerpta Historica*, p. 366.

sent for to recognize it, and testify that he was really dead. Afterwards he was robed and clad royally: the whole psalter was read over the body, and it was watched by bannerets and knights, in long black gowns and hoods.¹ At the mass of requiem, the queen's chamberlain, lord Dacre, offered for her. Her son, the marquess of Dorset, and Lord Hastings bore distinguished parts at the funeral; but the earl of Lincoln, son of the duchess of Suffolk, Edward IV.'s sister, attended as chief mourner at his uncle's burial. The royal corpse was finally taken by water to Windsor, and interred with great pomp in the beautiful chapel of St. George.

Skelton (the unworthy laureate of Henry VII. and Henry VIII.) has made Edward IV. the subject of a poem, which probably first brought him into notice at the court of Elizabeth of York, daughter to the deceased monarch. The verses are cast as if king Edward himself thus spoke:—

“I made the Tower strong, I wist not why,—
 Knew not for whom! I purchased Tattersal;²
 I strengthened Dover on the mountain high,
 And London I convoked to fortify her wall;
 I made Nottingham a palace-royal,
 Windsor, Eltham, and many other mo;
 Yet at the last I went from them all,
Et ecce nunc in pulvere dormio!
 Where is now my conquest and royal array?
 Where be my coursers and my horses high?
 Where is my mirth, my solace, and my play?
 As vanity is nought, all is wandered away!”

Then addressing his widowed queen by the familiar epithet which tradition says he was accustomed to call her, Edward is supposed to say:—

“Oh, lady Bessee! long for me ye may call,
 For I am departed until the doomsday;
 But love ye that Lord who is sovereign of all.”

Elizabeth was left, in reality, far more desolate and unprotected in her second than in her first widowhood. The young king was pursuing his studies at Ludlow castle, and

¹ Sandford.

² A stately castle in Lincolnshire.

presiding over his principality of Wales, under the care of his accomplished uncle, Rivers, and the guardianship of his faithful chambèrlain, Vaughan, the same person who carried him in his arms after the queen and his royal father on all public occasions, when the little prince was a lovely babe of eighteen months old.

Elizabeth sat at the first council after the death of her husband, and proposed that the young king should be escorted to London with a powerful army. Fatally for himself and his royal master's children, jealousy of the Woodvilles prompted Hastings to contradict this prudent measure. He asked her, insolently, "Against whom the young sovereign was to be defended? Who were his foes? Not his valiant uncle Gloucester! Not Stanley, or himself! Was not this proposed force rather destined to confirm the power of her kindred, and enable them to violate the oaths of amity they had so lately sworn by the death-bed of their royal master?" He finished by vowing "that he would retire from court, if the young king were brought to London surrounded by soldiers." Thus taunted, the hapless Elizabeth gave up, with tears, the precautionary measures her maternal instinct had dictated; the necessity for which not a soul in that infatuated council foreboded but herself, and even *she* was not aware of her real enemy. The turbulent and powerful aristocracy, at the head of whom was Hastings, and who had ever opposed her family, were the persons she evidently dreaded. The duke of Gloucester had been very little at court since the restoration, and never yet had entered into angry collision with the Woodvilles. He was now absent, at his government of the Scottish borders. When he heard of the death of the king, he immediately caused Edward V. to be proclaimed at York, and wrote a letter of condolence¹ to the queen so full of deference, kindness, and submission, that Elizabeth thought she should have a most complying friend in the first prince of the blood. The council commanded earl Rivers to bring up the young king unattended by the militia of the Welsh border,—those hardy soldiers who had more than once

¹ Carte. Hall.

turned the scale of conquest in favor of York; and if they had now been headed by the valiant Rivers, they would have insured the safety of Edward V.

Astounding tidings were brought to the queen, at midnight on the 3d of May, that the duke of Gloucester, abetted by the duke of Buckingham, had intercepted the young king with an armed force on his progress to London, had seized his person, and arrested earl Rivers and lord Richard Gray on the 29th of April. Elizabeth then bitterly bewailed the time that she was persuaded from calling out the militia. In that moment of agony she, however, remembered that while she could keep her second son in safety the life of the young king was secure. "Therefore," says Hall,¹ "she took her young son, the duke of York, and her daughters, and went out of the palace of Westminster into the Sanctuary, and there lodged in the abbot's place; and she, and all her children and company, were registered as sanctuary persons." Dorset, the queen's eldest son, directly he heard of the arrest of his brother, weakly forsook his important trust as constable of the Tower, and came into sanctuary to his mother. "Before day broke, the lord chancellor, then archbishop Rotherham,² who lived in York place, beside Westminster abbey, having received the news of the duke of Gloucester's proceedings, called up his servants, and took with him the great seal and went to the queen, about whom he found much heaviness, rumble, haste, and business with conveyance of her [household] stuff into sanctuary. Every man was busy to carry, bear, and convey household stuffs, chests, and fardels [packages]; no man was unoccupied, and some walked off, with more than they were directed, to other places. The queen sat alow [below] on the rushes in dismay." Another chronicler adds to this picturesque description, "that her long fair hair, so renowned for its beauty, escaped from its confinement, and, streaming over her person, swept on the ground;"—a strange contrast with the rigid etiquette of royal widows' costume, which commanded not only that such profusion of glittering tresses should be hid under hood and veil, but that even the queen's forehead

¹ Quarto edition, p. 350.

² Archbishop of York.

should be covered with a white frontlet, and her chin, to the upper lip, with a piece of lawn called a barb. The faithful archbishop acquainted the sorrowing queen with a cheering message, "sent him by lord Hastings in the night. 'Ah, woe worth him!' replied Elizabeth, 'for it is he that goeth about to destroy me and my blood.'—"Madame,' said the archbishop, 'be of good comfort; I assure you, if they crown any other king than your eldest son, whom they have with them, we will on the morrow crown his brother, whom you have with you here. And here is the great seal, which in likewise as your noble husband gave it to me, so I deliver it to you for the use of your son.' And therewith he delivered to the queen the great seal, and departed from her in the dawning of day; and when he opened his window, and looked forth on the Thames, he saw the river covered with boats full of the duke of Gloucester's servants, watching that no one might go to the queen's asylum."¹ Sir Thomas More (and he ought to be good authority for anything relating to chancellors' seals) affirms that the archbishop, alarmed at the steps he had taken, went afterwards to Elizabeth, then in sanctuary, and persuaded her to return the great seal; but Gloucester never forgave him for its original surrender.

The apartments of the abbot of Westminster are nearly in the same state, at the present hour, as when they received Elizabeth and her train of young princesses. The noble hall now used as a dining-room for the students of Westminster school was, doubtless, the place where Elizabeth seated herself in her despair, "*alow* on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed."² Still may be seen the circular hearth in the midst of the hall, and the remains of a *louvre* in the roof, at which such portions of smoke as chose to leave the room departed. But the merry month of May was entered when Elizabeth took refuge there, and round about the hearth were arranged

¹ Hall, p. 350.

² Hall's expression is, that the queen fled to the *abbot's place*, or palace, within Westminster abbey; an assertion which proves that Elizabeth was not *then* an inmate of the sanctuary building. It must be remembered that the whole of the abbey garden, cemetery, dwellings, and precincts were sanctuary ground, as well as the building called 'the Sanctuary.'

branches and flowers, while the stone floor was strewn with green rushes. At the end of the hall is oak panelling, latticed at top, with doors leading by winding stone stairs to the most curious nest of little rooms that the eye of antiquary ever looked upon. These were, and still are, the private apartments of one of the dignitaries of the abbey, where all offices of buttery, kitchen, and laundry are performed under many a quaint gothic arch, in some places (even at present) rich with antique corbel and foliage. This range, so interesting as a specimen of the domestic usages of the middle ages, terminates in the abbot's own private sitting-room, which still looks down on his little quiet flower-garden. Nor must the passage be forgotten leading from this room to the corridor, furnished with lattices, still remaining, where the abbot might, unseen, be witness of the conduct of his monks in the great hall below. Communicating with these are the state-apartments of the royal abbey, larger in dimensions and more costly in ornament, richly dight with painted glass and fluted oak panelling. Among these may be especially noted one called the organ-room, likewise the antechamber to the great Jerusalem-chamber; which last was the abbot's state reception-room, and retains to this day, with its gothic window of painted glass, of exquisite workmanship, its curious tapestry and fine original oil portrait of Richard II.¹

Such are the principal features of the dwelling, whose monastic seclusion was once broken by the mournful plaints of the widowed queen, or echoed to the still more unwonted sounds of infant voices; for, with the exception of the two beautiful and womanly maidens, Elizabeth and Cicely, the royal family were young children. The queen took with her into sanctuary Elizabeth, seventeen years old at this time, afterwards married to Henry VII. The next princess,

¹ The fireplace before which Henry IV. expired had been enriched by Henry VII. with elaborate wood entablatures bearing his armorial devices; an addition which is the most modern part of this exquisite remnant of domestic antiquity. The authors of this work are indebted for the examination of the secluded portions of Westminster abbey to the courteous permission of the Rev. Henry Milman.

Mary, had died at Greenwich, a twelvemonth before this calamitous period. Cicely, whom Hall calls "less fortunate than fair," was in her fifteenth year; she afterwards married lord Welles. These three princesses had been the companions of their mother in 1470, when she had formerly sought sanctuary. Richard duke of York, born at Shrewsbury in 1472, was at this time eleven years old. Anne, born in 1474, after the date of her father's will (in which only the eldest daughters are named), was about eight years old. Katherine, born at Eltham about August, 1479, then between three and four years old; she afterwards married the heir of Devonshire. Bridget, born at Eltham, November 20, 1480, then only in her third year; she was devoted to the convent from her birth, and was afterwards professed a nun at Dartford.

The queen had, in council, appointed May 4th for her son's coronation; his false uncle, however, did not bring him to London till that day. Edward V. then entered the city, surrounded by officers of the duke of Gloucester's retinue, who were all in deep mourning for the death of the late monarch. At the head of this posse rode Gloucester himself, habited in black, with his cap in his hand, oftentimes bowing low, and pointing out his nephew (who wore the royal mantle of purple velvet) to the homage of the citizens. Edward V. was at first lodged at the bishop of Ely's palace;¹ but as the good bishop (in common with all the high clergy) was faithful to the heirs of Edward IV., the young king was soon transferred to the regal apartments in the Tower, under pretence of awaiting his coronation. Gloucester's next object was to get possession of prince Richard, then safe with the queen. After a long and stormy debate between the ecclesiastical peers and the temporal peers at a council held in the Star-chamber (close to Elizabeth's retreat), it was decided "that there might be sanctuary men and women, but as children could commit no crime for which an asylum was needed, the privileges of sanctuary

¹ Its site was the spot now called Ely place, close to Hatton garden. It was from these once famous gardens that Richard asked for the strawberries on the eventful morning of the 13th of June.

could not extend to them; therefore the duke of Gloucester, who was now recognized as lord protector, could possess himself of his nephew by force if he pleased." The archbishop of Canterbury was unwilling that force should be used, and he went, with a deputation of the temporal peers, to persuade Elizabeth to surrender her son. When they arrived at the Jerusalem-chamber, the archbishop urged "that the young king required the company of his brother, being melancholy without a playfellow." To this Elizabeth replied, "Troweth the protector—ah! pray God he may prove a protector!—that the king doth lack a playfellow?"¹ Can none be found to play with the king but only his brother, which hath no wish to play because of sickness? as though princes, so young as they be, could not play without their peers,—or children could not play without their kindred, with whom (for the most part) they agree worse than with strangers!"

At last she said, "My lord, and all my lords now present, I will not be so suspicious as to mistrust your truths." Then taking young Richard by the hand, she continued, "Lo, here is this gentleman, whom I doubt not would be safely kept by me, if I were permitted; and well do I know there be some such deadly enemies to my blood that, if they wist where any lay in their own bodies, they would let it out if they could. The desire of a kingdom knoweth no kindred: brothers have been brothers' bane, and may the nephews be sure of the uncle? Each of these children are safe while they be asunder. Notwithstanding, I here deliver him, and his brother's life with him, into your hands, and of you I shall require them before God and man. Faithful be ye I wot well, and power ye have, if ye list, to keep them safe; but if ye think I fear too much, yet beware ye fear not too little! And therewithal," continued she, to the child, "farewell! mine own sweet son. God send you good keeping! Let me kiss you once ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again!" And therewith she kissed and blessed him, and turned her back and wept,

¹ Hall, p. 355.

leaving the poor innocent child weeping as fast as herself.¹ When the archbishop and the deputation of lords had received the young duke, they brought him "into the Star-chamber, where the lord protector took him in his arms with these words:—'Now welcome, my lord, with all my very heart!' He then brought him to the bishop's palace at St. Paul's, and from thence honorably through the city to the young king at the Tower, out of which they were never seen abroad."²

Meantime, preparations went on, night and day, in the abbey and the vicinity for the coronation of Edward V. Even the viands for the banquet were bought,³ which Hall declares were afterwards spoilt and thrown away. On the 13th of June, Richard of Gloucester called a council at the Tower, ostensibly to fix the precise time of the coronation, but in reality to ascertain which of the lords were in earnest to have young Edward for their king. The first attack on Elizabeth took place at this council-table, when Gloucester, after finding Hastings incorruptible in his fealty to the heirs of Edward IV., broke out into a strain of invective against him, as leagued with that "witch, dame Gray, called his brother's wife, who, in conjunction with Jane Shore, had by their sorceries withered his arm." He showed his arm, which all present well knew had long been in that state. Hastings, being about to deny any alliance with the queen or the powers of darkness, was rudely interrupted, dragged forth to the Tower-yard, and beheaded, without trial, before Gloucester's dinner was served. The same morning Hastings had exulted much on hearing the news that lord Richard Gray, the queen's son, and earl Rivers, her brother,

¹ Sir Thomas More; and Hall, p. 358. These historians, with great appearance of truth, place Elizabeth's surrender of the duke of York some days before the executions of her son Richard Gray and her brother at Pontefract.

² Ibid.

³ Harl. MSS., 433, 1651, is a note of 14*l.* 11*s.* 5*d.* paid to John Belle, being a composition for his charges of 32*l.* for the supply of wild fowl bought for the intended coronation of "Edward, the bastard son of king Edward IV." He was thus designated in the charge the court-tailor made for his dress prepared for this ceremony. The partisans of Richard III. have made some odd mistakes, as if he wore the dress at his uncle's coronation; but he no more wore the dress than he ate this wild fowl.

whom he especially hated, had been put to death at Pontefract.¹

From that moment Elizabeth found her worst anticipations more than realized. The next blow was the attempt made at St Paul's cross, by Dr. Shaw, to prove her marriage invalid and her children illegitimate. This man, however, overshot his mark, by attacking Cicely of York,² Richard's mother: he repeated the scandals her son Clarence had cast upon her name, and reaped no fruits but disgrace for his blundering malice. Soon afterwards, the faction of the duke of Gloucester presented a petition to prevent the crown from falling to the issue of "the pretended marriage between king Edward and Elizabeth Gray, made without the assent of the lords of the land, and by the sorcery of the said Elizabeth and her mother Jaquetta (as the public voice is through the land), privily and secretly in a chamber, without proclamation by banns according to the laudable custom of the church of England; the said king Edward being married and troth-plight a long time before to one Eleanor Butler, daughter to the old earl of Shrewsbury."³ A forced recognition of Richard as king, in the hall of

¹ Dr. Lingard has proved, by the date of the will of earl Rivers, made at Sheriff-Hutton June 23d, that they had, for some purpose, been misinformed.

² All Richard's private councils were held at the dower-residence of his mother at Baynard's castle, where she was then abiding. He wrote to her accounts of most of his proceedings (see Walpole's *Historic Doubts*), and from the tenor of his letters there is little doubt but what she favored his usurpation. Shaw's attack was that of an officious partisan, eager to be busy before he had sufficient information of what was required from him. He was brother to Richard's friend, the lord mayor.—See *Archæologia* on the subject of Cicely of York. Thomas Hayward, the dramatist, affirms that Dr. Shaw was chaplain and confessor to Edward IV.

³ Neither this petition, nor the copy of it in the act of parliament, casts a slur on the character of dame Eleanor Talbot, afterwards Butler; it was probably a marriage in early youth. Eleanor has been an enigma to the genealogy of Talbot; but Milles, in his *Catalogue of Honor*, clearly identifies her (p. 743). She was daughter to the brave son of the great earl of Shrewsbury, young John Talbot, as he is called by Shakspeare, and of his first wife Joan Chedder, who left him only daughters. Her eldest sister married John Mowbray, third duke of Norfolk. Eleanor married Thomas Butler, lord of Sudely, and seems to have lived and died a stainless character; she was a great benefactress to St. Bennet's college, Cambridge. Her niece, Anne Talbot, likewise married a lord Sudely, which has occasioned some mistakes.

Crosby house, his town residence, followed the presentation of this petition, and from that day, June 26th, the son of Elizabeth Woodville was considered as deposed. The coronation of Richard III. took place ten days after.

Among the gloomy range of fortresses belonging to the Tower, tradition has pointed out the Portcullis tower as the scene of the murder of the young princes. The royal children were probably removed to this building when their uncle came to take possession of the regal apartments in the Tower on the 4th of July.¹ "Forthwith the two young princes were both shut up, and all their people removed but only one, called Black Will, or Will Slaughter, who was set to serve them, and four keepers to guard them. The young king was heard to say, sighingly, 'I would mine uncle would let me have my life, though he taketh my crown.' After which time the prince never tied his points, nor anything attended to himself; but, with that young babe his brother, lingered in thought and heaviness till the traitorous deed delivered them from wretchedness."

During Richard's progress to the north he roused sir James Tyrrel from his pallet bed in his guard-chamber one night at Warwick, and sent him to destroy the royal children.² Sir Robert Brakenbury refused to co-operate, but gave up the keys of the Tower for one night to the usurper's emissary. "Then sir James Tyrrel devised that the princes should be murdered in bed, to the execution whereof he appropriated Miles Forest, one of their keepers, a fellow flesh-bred in murder; and to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square knave. All their other attendants being removed from them, and the harmless children in bed, these men came into their chamber, and, suddenly lapping them in the clothes, smothered and stifled them till thoroughly dead: then laying out their bodies in the bed, they fetched sir James to see them,

¹ Hall, after sir T. More, p. 375, whose words, somewhat modernized and abbreviated, have been followed.

² Later discoveries have shown that Tyrrel was vice-constable of England under Edward IV., and that he was commonly employed by his master to put illegal executions into effect, much after the mode of Louis XI.'s familiar, Tristan.

who caused the murderers to bury them at the stair-foot, deep in the ground, under a heap of stones. Then rode sir James in great haste to king Richard, and showed him the manner of the murder, who gave him great thanks, but allowed not their burial in so vile a corner, but would have them buried in *consecrated* ground. Sir Robert Brakenbury's priest then took them up, and where he buried them was never known,¹ for he died directly afterwards. But when," continues sir Thomas More, "the news was first brought to the unfortunate mother, yet being in sanctuary, that her two sons were murdered, it struck to her heart like the sharp dart of death: she was so suddenly amazed that she swooned and fell to the ground, and there lay in great agony, yet like to a dead corpse. And after she was revived and came to her memory again, she wept and sobbed, and with pitiful screeches filled the whole mansion. Her breast she beat, her fair hair she tare and pulled in pieces, and, calling by name her sweet babes, accounted herself mad when she delivered her younger son out of sanctuary for his uncle to put him to death. After long lamentation, she kneeled down and cried to God to take vengeance, 'who,' she said, 'she nothing doubted would remember it;' and when, in a few months, Richard unexpectedly lost his only son, the child for whose advancement

¹ Sir Thomas More has, in these accounts, followed the deposition of the criminals who perpetrated the dark deed. Tyrrel was condemned so late as 1499, for some minor Yorkist plot, and gave this information before his execution in 1502. His evidence, and that of his satellites, was fully corroborated by the bones discovered under the stairs of the Record office, in 1664, which office was no other *than the chapel within the Tower*; a spot which embraced the two requisite objects of concealment and consecration. The murderous usurper, whose first pang of conscience originated in the unchristian manner of the burial of his victims, ordered them to be exhumed from under the stairs where they were first put, and laid in a *hallowed place*. The priest of the Tower found no spot equally sacred and secret as the entrance to his own chapel, in which service was then performed every day. The desecration of the chapel, and the change of its name to that of the Record office, have prevented historians from identifying it as a consecrated spot, perfectly agreeing with Richard's directions. Henry VII., who could only gain intelligence of the *first* burial, vainly searched for the bodies, as the priest of the Tower, who could have directed him, had died soon after he transferred the bodies, and the secret died with him, till the alteration of the chapel into a *dépôt* for papers revealed it in the reign of Charles II.

he had steeped his soul in crime, Englishmen declared that the imprecations of the agonized mother had been heard."¹

The wretched queen's health sank under the load of intense anguish inflicted by these murders, which had been preceded by the illegal execution of her son, lord Richard Gray, and of her chivalric brother, at Pontefract. She was visited in sanctuary by a priest-physician, Dr. Lewis,² who likewise attended Margaret Beaufort, mother to Henry Tudor, earl of Richmond,³ then an exile in Bretagne. The plan of uniting the princess Elizabeth with this last scion of the house of Lancaster was first suggested to the desolate queen by Dr. Lewis. She eagerly embraced the proposition, and the good physician becoming, by means of daily visits, the medium of negotiation between the two mothers, the queen finally agreed to recognize Henry Tudor as king of England, if he were able to dispossess the usurper and obtain the hand of her daughter. Buckingham, having been disgusted by Richard, his partner in crime, rose in arms. The queen's son, Dorset (who had escaped out of sanctuary by the agency of his friend Lovel, one of the tyrant's ministers), raised an insurrection in Yorkshire with the queen's valiant brother, sir Edward Woodville; but, on Buckingham's defeat, fled to Paris, where he continued the treaty for the marriage of his half-sister the princess-royal, and Henry Tudor.

After the utter failure of Buckingham's insurrection, Elizabeth was reduced to despair, and finally was forced to leave sanctuary and surrender herself and daughters into the hands of the usurper, March, 1484. For this step she has been blamed severely by those who have not taken a clear and close view of the difficulties of her situation. She had probably, in the course of ten months, exhausted her own means, and tired the hospitality of the monks at Westminster. Moreover, though the king could not lawfully

¹ This dreadful scene is noted by sir Thomas More as happening during Richard III.'s absence at York, where he was re-crowned in September, 1484.

² Hall, pp. 390-392. His priesthood is proved by the appellation 'Sir.' It must have given him peculiar facilities for conferring with Elizabeth in the abbey of Westminster.

³ Grandson to Katherine of Valois, queen of Henry V. See her biography.

infringe the liberties of sanctuary, he could cut off supplies of food, and starve out the inmates,¹ for he kept a guard round the abbey. To use the words of a contemporary, "During the queen's stay at Westminster abbey, the church and monastery were enclosed like a camp, and strictly guarded by soldiers under one 'Nuffield;' and none were suffered to go in or out without especial warrant, lest, as Richard III. feared, the princesses should be conveyed away by sea."² Notwithstanding this terrible restraint, Elizabeth would not leave her retreat without exacting a solemn oath, guaranteeing the safety of her children from Richard, which the usurper took in the presence of the lord mayor and aldermen, as well as the lords of the council. The terms of Elizabeth's surrender are peculiarly bitter; for it is evident that she and her daughters not only descended into the rank of mere private gentlewomen, but she herself was held in personal restraint, since the annuity of seven hundred marks allotted by act of parliament for her subsistence, was to be paid, not to her, but to John Nesfield, squire of the body to king Richard, "for the finding, exhibition, and attendance of dame Elizabeth Gray (late *calling herself* queen of England)."³ Thus Elizabeth had not a servant she could call her own, for this myrmidon of king Richard's was to find her not only with food and clothes, but attendance.

After leaving sanctuary, some obscure apartments in the palace of Westminster are supposed to have been the place of her abode. From thence she wrote to her son Dorset at Paris to put an end immediately to the treaty of marriage between the earl of Richmond and the princess Elizabeth, and to return to her. The parties who had projected the marriage were struck with consternation, and greatly incensed at the queen's conduct; but these steps were the evident result of the personal restraint she was then en-

¹ Hubert de Burgh was nearly starved to death by Henry III. There have been instances of actual starvation.

² Westmonasterium, vol. ii. p. 34. Nuffield is the same as Nesfield in the Parliamentary History.

³ Parliamentary Rolls, quoted in Drake's Parl. Hist.

during. If Richard III. chose to court her daughter as his wife, queen Elizabeth ought to be acquitted of blame; for it is evident that if she had been as yielding in the matter as commonly supposed, she would not have been under the control of John Nesfield.

The successful termination of the expedition undertaken by the earl of Richmond, to obtain his promised bride and the crown of England, at once avenged the widowed queen and her family on the usurper, and restored her to liberty. Instead of being under the despotic control of the royal hunchback's man-at-arms, the queen made joyful preparation to receive her eldest daughter, who was brought to her at Westminster from Sheriff-Hutton with honor, attended by a great company of noble ladies.¹ Queen Elizabeth had the care of her daughter till the January following the battle of Bosworth, when she saw her united in marriage to Henry of Richmond, the acknowledged king of England.

One of Henry VII.'s first acts was to invest the mother of his queen with the privileges and state befitting her rank as the widow of an English sovereign. She had never been recognized as queen-dowager, excepting in the few wrangling privy councils that intervened between the death of her husband and her retreat into the abbey of Westminster, and even during these her advice had been disregarded and her orders defied; therefore to Henry VII., her son-in-law, she owed the first regular recognition of her rights as widow of an English sovereign. Unfortunately, Elizabeth had not been dowered on the lands anciently appropriated to the queens of England, but on those of the duchy of Lancaster,² which Henry VII. claimed as heir of John of Gaunt. However, a month after the marriage of her daughter to Henry VII. the queen-dowager received possession of some of the dower-palaces, among which Waltham, Farnham, *Masshebury*, and Baddow may be noted.³ Henry likewise adds a

¹ Lord Bacon's Life of Henry VII., p. 2.

² This change seems first to have been made by Henry IV., who by his will caused his widow, Joanna of Navarre, to be dowered on the duchy of Lancaster; a custom continued to the days of Edward IV.

³ Memoir of Elizabeth of York, by sir Harris Nicolas.

pension of 102*l.* per annum from his revenues. The scandalous entries on the Parliamentary rolls, whereby she was deprived of her dower in the preceding reign, were ordered by the judges to be burnt, their first lines only being read, "because from their falseness and shamefulness they were only deserving of utter oblivion."

Although so much has been said in history regarding Henry VII.'s persecution of his mother-in-law, this, the only public act passed regarding her which appears on the rolls, is marked with delicacy and respect. If she were deprived of her rights and property once more, no evidence exists of the fact, excepting mere assertion. Nor are assertions, even of contemporaries, to be credited without confirmatory documents at any era, when a country was divided into factions furious as those which kept the reign of Henry VII. in a continual ferment. It is possible that Henry VII. personally disliked his mother-in-law; and in this he was by no means singular, for there never was a woman who contrived to make more personal enemies; but that he ever deprived her of either property or dignity remains yet to be proved. This queen had passed through a series of calamities sufficient to wean the most frivolous person from pleasure and pageantry; she had to mourn the untimely deaths of three murdered sons, and she had four daughters wholly destitute, and dependent on her for their support; it can therefore scarcely be matter of surprise that, in the decline of life, she seldom shared in the gayeties of her daughter's court. Nevertheless, she appeared there frequently enough to invalidate the oft-repeated assertions that she fell into disgrace with the king for encouraging the rebellions of the earl of Lincoln and Lambert Simnel. Was such conduct possible? The earl of Lincoln had been proclaimed heir to the throne by Richard III., and, as such, was the supplanter of all her children; and Lambert Simnel represented a youth who was the son of Clarence her enemy and the grandson of the mighty earl of Warwick,¹ the sworn foe of all the house of

¹ The existence of the young earl of Warwick was a profound court secret, till the imposture of Lambert Simnel obliged Henry VII. to show the real person to the public.

Woodville. However, at the very time she is declared to be in disgrace for such unnatural partiality, she was chosen by the king, in preference to his own beloved mother, as sponsor to his dearly-prized heir, prince Arthur. "On September 20, 1486, Elizabeth of York gave birth to an heir, and on Sunday following her mother, the queen-dowager, stood godmother to him in Winchester cathedral." After describing the procession, in which the princess Cicely carried the infant, the historian adds:—"Queen Elizabeth [Woodville] was in the cathedral, abiding the coming of the prince; she gave a rich cup of gold, covered, which was borne by sir Davy Owen. The earl of Derby gave a gold salt, and the lord Maltravers gave a coffer of gold; these standing with the queen as sponsors."¹ Soon afterwards Henry VII. sought to strengthen his interest in Scotland, by negotiating a marriage between James III. and his mother-in-law, a husband certainly young enough to be her son; yet his violent death alone prevented her from wearing the crown-matrimonial of Scotland,—when she would have been placed in a situation to injure her son-in-law, if such had been her wish.

The last time the queen-dowager appeared in public was in a situation of the highest dignity. The queen-consort had taken to her chamber, previously to her accouchement in the close of the year 1489, when her mother, queen Elizabeth Woodville, received the French ambassador² in great state, assisted by Margaret, the king's mother. The next year, Henry VII. presented his mother-in-law with an annuity of 400*l*.³ No surrender of lands of equal value has yet been discovered; yet, strange to say, historians declare she was stripped of everything, because about this time she retired into the convent of Bermondsey. Here she had every right to be, not as a prisoner, but as a cherished and highly honored inmate; for the prior and monks of Bermondsey were solemnly bound, by the deeds of their charter, to find hospitality for the representatives of their great founder, Clare earl of Gloucester, in the state-rooms of the

¹ Lelandi Collectanea, vol. iv. p. 249.

² Ibid.

³ Memoir of Elizabeth of York, by sir Harris Nicolas.

convent.¹ Now, Edward IV. was heir to the Clares, and Elizabeth, queen-dowager, had every right, as his widow, to appropriate the apartments expressly reserved for the use of the founder.² She had a right of property there; and as it was the custom in the middle ages for royal persons to seek monastic seclusion when health declined, not only for devotional purposes, but for medical advice, where could Elizabeth better retire than to a convent bound by its charter to receive her? Eighteen months after she was seized with a fatal illness at Bermondsey, and, on her death-bed, dictated the following will:—

“In the name of God, etc., 10th April, 1492, I, Elizabeth, by the grace of God queen of England, late wife to the most victorious prince of blessed memory, Edward IV.

“*Item.* I bequeath my body to be buried with the body of my lord at Windsor, without pompous interring or costly expenses done thereabout. *Item.* Whereas I have no worldly goods to do the queen’s grace, my dearest daughter, a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children according to my heart and mind, I beseech God Almighty to bless her grace, with all her noble issue; and, with as good a heart and mind as may be, I give her grace my blessing, and all the aforesaid my children. *Item.* I will that such small stuff and goods that I have be disposed truly in the contentation of my debts, and for the health of my soul, as far as they will extend. *Item.* That if any of my blood will wish to have any of my said stuff, to me pertaining, I will they have the preferment before all others. And of this my present testament I make and ordain my executors,—that is to say, John Ingilby, prior of the Charter-house of Shene, William Sutton and Thomas Brent, doctors. And I beseech my said dearest daughter, the queen’s grace, and my son, Thomas marquess of Dorset, to put their good wills and help for the performance of this my testament. In witness whereof to this my testament, these witnesses—John, abbot of Bermondsey, and Benedict Cun, doctor of physic. Given the year and day aforesaid.”

The daughters of Elizabeth attended her death-bed, and paid her affectionate attention; the queen alone was prevented, having taken to her chamber preparatory to the birth of the princess Margaret. Elizabeth died the Friday before Whitsuntide, and, as she expressed an earnest wish for speedy and private burial, her funeral took place on Whit-Sunday, 1492. Her will shows that she died destitute of personal property; but that is no proof of previous per-

¹ Quoted by Malcolm from *Annales Abbatae de Bermondsey*, formerly belonging to the Howard family, now in the British Museum.

² The noble panellled halls and state-chambers in this convent were, in 1804, standing nearly in the same state as when Elizabeth occupied them.

secution, since several of our queens, who were possessed of the undivided dower appanage, and whose children were provided for, died not much richer.¹ Indeed, it was not easy, in that era, for persons who had only a life income to invest their savings securely; therefore they seldom made any. Elizabeth had four daughters wholly dependent on her for support, since the calamities of the times had left them portionless; and after the death of their mother, the queen, their sister was much impoverished by their maintenance. The great possessions of the house of York were chiefly in the grasp of the old avaricious duchess Cicely of York, who survived her hated daughter-in-law several years. Edward IV. had endowed his proud mother as if she were a queen-dowager; while his wife was dowered on property to which he possessed no real title.

Some discontented Yorkist, who witnessed the parsimonious funeral of Elizabeth, has described it, and preserved the interesting fact that the only lady who accompanied the corpse of the queen on its passage from the river to Windsor castle was one mistress Grace, a natural daughter of Edward IV.² "On Whit-Sunday, the queen-dowager's corpse was conveyed by water to Windsor, and there privily, through the little park, conducted into the castle, without any ringing of bells or receiving of the dean, but only accompanied by the prior of the Charter-house, and Dr. Brent, Mr. Haute,³ and mistress Grace (a bastard daughter of king Edward IV.), and no other gentlewomen; and, as it was told to me, the priest of the college received her in the castle [Windsor], and so privily, about eleven of the clock, she was buried, without any solemn dirge done for her obit. On the morn thither came Audley, bishop of Rochester, to do the office, but that day nothing was done solemnly for her saving; also a hearse, such as they use for the common people, with wooden candlesticks about it, and a black [pall] of cloth of gold on it, four candlesticks of silver gilt, every one having a taper of no great weight. On the Tuesday hither came, by water,

¹ See vol. i., *Lives of Eleanora of Castile and Marguerite of France*, whose creditors were not paid till long after their deaths. Queen Philippa died in debt.

² Arundel MSS., 30.

³ This name is not very legible.

king Edward's three daughters, the lady Anne, the lady Katherine, and the lady Bridget [the nun-princess] from Dartford, accompanied by the marchioness of Dorset, the daughter of the duke of Buckingham; the queen's niece,¹ the daughter of the marquess of Dorset; lady Herbert, also niece to the queen; dame Katherine Gray; dame Guildford (governess to the children of Elizabeth of York): their gentlewomen walked behind the three daughters of the dead. Also that Tuesday came the marquess of Dorset, son to the queen; the earl of Essex, her brother-in-law; and the viscount Welles, her son-in-law. And that night began the dirge. But neither at the dirge were the twelve poor men clad in black, but a dozen divers old men,"—that is, old men dressed in the many-colored garments of poverty,—“and they held old torches and torches' ends. And the next morning one of the canons, called master Vaughan, sang Our Lady mass, at the which the lord Dorset offered a piece of gold; he kneeled at the hearse-head. The ladies came not to the mass of requiem, and the lords sat about in the quire. My lady Anne came to offer the mass-penny, and her officers-at-arms went before her: she offered the penny at the head of the queen, wherefore she had the carpet and the cushion. And the viscount Welles took his (wife's) offering, and dame Katherine Gray bare the lady Anne's train: every one of the king's daughters offered. The marquess of Dorset offered a piece of gold, and all the lords at their pleasure; the poor knights of Windsor, dean, canons, yeomen, and officers-at-arms, all offered: and after mass the lord marquess paid the cost of the funeral.”

At the east end of St. George's chapel, north aisle, is the tomb of Edward IV., being a monument of steel, representing a pair of gates between two towers of ancient gothic architecture.² On a flat stone at the foot of this monument are engraven, in old English characters, the words—

King Edward and his Queen, Elizabeth Widdville.

¹ Daughter of her sister Katherine, who married Buckingham.

² This beautiful work of art is said to be by the hand of Quentin Matsys, the Flemish blacksmith-painter; it has the appearance of black lace.

The actual place of interment of Elizabeth Woodville was supposed to be discovered March 4, 1789. The workmen employed in new-paving the choir of St. George's chapel,¹ Windsor, perceived some decay in the stones which close the entrance of the vault where the body of Edward IV. is deposited. Two of the canons and the surveyor entered that vault, and viewed king Edward's body, which is enclosed in a wooden and then a leaden coffin. The skeleton was entire, nobly proportioned, and of the gigantic height of six feet three inches. The head of the king reclined to the right, where was a quantity of long brown hair, which had fallen off the skull, but remained entire. There was no trace of envelope, cere-cloth, robe, ring, or royal insignia, plunderers in Cromwell's time, when the vault was opened, having carried off all these. Upon Edward's coffin was found another of wood, much decayed; it contained the skeleton of a woman: from the marks of age on the skull, this was supposed to be the remains of his queen, Elizabeth Woodville,²—thus realizing the emphatic words of Southey:—

"Thou, Elizabeth, art here—
Thou to whom all griefs were known;
Who wert placed upon the bier
In happier hour than on a throne."

¹ At the east end of St. George's chapel an excavation was formed, in 1817, in the solid bed of chalk, of the full size of the edifice above, when two stone coffins, containing the bodies of the second daughter of queen Elizabeth Woodville and prince George, the third son of Elizabeth, who died in infancy, were discovered. The coffin of the princess Mary, a beautiful girl of fifteen, who died the year before her father, was opened; a curl of hair, of the most exquisite pale gold, had insinuated itself through the chinks of the coffin; the eyes, of a beautiful blue, were unclosed and bright, but fell to dust soon after the admission of air. Some of the beautiful hair of the young princess, cut off by sir Henry Halford, and given by him to Miss Reynett, of Hampton Court, was presented by that lady to the author of this biography.

² European Magazine, March 5, 1789. On the walls of the vault were written in chalk, in the abbreviated characters of the times, "EDWARDUS IV.," and the names of the assistants at the funeral.



ANNE OF WARWICK.

ANNE OF WARWICK,

QUEEN OF RICHARD III.

Anne of Warwick, last Plantagenet queen—Place of her birth—Coronets of York and Lancaster—Her armorial bearings—Parentage—Childhood—Richard of Gloucester—His early acquaintance with Anne—Anne at Calais—Marriage of her sister—Returns to England—Embarks with her family—Naval battle—Distress before Calais—Lands in France—Marriage with Edward prince of Wales—Remains with queen Margaret—Tewkesbury—Richard of Gloucester wishes to marry her—Her aversion—She is concealed by Clarence—Richard discovers her—She resides with her uncle—Disputes regarding her property—Compelled to marry Richard—Divorce meditated—Birth of her son—Residence at Middleham—Death of Edward IV.—Gloucester departs for London—Anne's arrival at the Tower—Coronation—Her progress to the north—Her son—Re-coronation of Richard and Anne at York—Bribe to the queen—Death of her son—Her fatal grief—Rumors of divorce—Conversation of her husband regarding her—Rumors of her death—Her alarm and complaints—Her kindness to Elizabeth of York—The queen's death and burial.

ANNE of Warwick, the last of our Plantagenet queens, and the first who had previously borne the title of princess of Wales,¹ was born at Warwick castle, in the year 1454.² On each side of the faded, melancholy portrait of this un-

¹ There have been but six princesses of Wales in England: the first three were left widows; and it is singular that, although two of them were afterwards queen-consorts, neither of them derived that dignity from the prince of Wales she had wedded. The first English princess of Wales, Joanna, the widow of Edward the Black Prince, died of a broken heart. The miseries of Anne of Warwick, the widow of Edward of Lancaster, prince of Wales, this biography will show. The misfortunes of Katharine of Arragon, consort of Henry VIII., and widow to Arthur prince of Wales, will be related in the course of the present volume. Caroline of Anspach, consort of George II., after a lapse of two hundred years, was the only princess of Wales who succeeded happily to the throne-matrimonial of this country. Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, widow to Frederick prince of Wales, lost a beloved husband in the prime of life, and never was queen. The troublous career of the sixth princess of Wales, Caroline of Brunswick, is still in public memory.

² Rous Roll, Herald's college. This represents the great earl of Warwick with the Neville bull at his feet, though after his marriage he assumed the Beauchamp bear and ragged staff, celebrated as his badge in history and poetry.

fortunate lady, in the pictorial history of her maternal ancestry called the Rous roll, two mysterious hands are introduced, offering to her the rival crowns of York and Lancaster; while the white bear, the cognizance assumed by her mighty sire, Warwick the king-maker, lies muzzled at her feet, as if the royal lions of Plantagenet had quelled the pride of that hitherto tameless bear on the blood-stained heath of Barnet.

The principal events which marked the career of her father have been traced in the memoirs of the two preceding queens. Richard Neville, surnamed the king-making earl of Warwick, was heir, in the right of the countess his mother, to the vast inheritance of the Montagues, earls of Salisbury. He aggrandized himself in a higher degree by his union, in 1448, with Anne, the sister of Beauchamp earl of Warwick, who had become sole heiress of that mighty line by the early death of her niece the preceding year. Richard was soon after summoned to the house of lords, in right of his wife, as earl of Warwick. He possessed an income of 22,000 marks per annum, but had no male heir, his family consisting but of two daughters: the eldest, lady Isabel,¹ was very handsome. Bucke calls lady Anne "the better woman of the two," but he gives no reason for the epithet he uses.

When, on the convalescence of king Henry, Margaret of Anjou recovered her former influence in the government, Warwick, having good reason to dread her vengeance, withdrew, with his countess and young daughters, to his government of Calais, where the childhood and early youth of the lady Anne were spent. Occasionally, indeed, when the star of York was in the ascendant, Warwick brought the ladies of his family either to his feudal castle, or his residence in Warwick lane. The site of this mansion is still known by the name of Warwick court. Here the earl exercised semi-barbarous hospitality in the year 1458,² when a pacification was attempted between the warring houses of York and Lancaster; six hundred of the retain-

¹ Born at Warwick castle, 1451.—Rous Roll, Herald's college.

² Stowe's London.

ers of Anne's father were quartered in Warwick lane, "all dressed alike in red jackets, with the bear and ragged staff embroidered both before and behind. At Warwick house six oxen were daily devoured for breakfast, and all the taverns about St. Paul's and Newgate street were full of Warwick's meat; for any one who could claim acquaintance with that earl's red-jacketed gentry might resort to his flesh-pots, and, sticking his dagger therein, carry off as much beef as could be taken on a long dagger."

At this period the closest connection subsisted between the families of the duke of York and the earl of Warwick. Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Richard III., was two years older than the lady Anne; he was born October 2, 1452, at his father's princely castle of Fotheringay. He was the youngest son of Richard duke of York and his duchess Cicely, the earl of Warwick's aunt. "At his nativity," says Rous, a contemporary chronicler, "the scorpion was in the ascendant; he came into the world with teeth, and with a head of hair reaching to his shoulders. He was small of stature, with a short face and unequal shoulders, the right being higher than the left."¹

Passing over events already related, that led to the deposition of Henry IV., positive proof may be found that Anne of Warwick and Richard of Gloucester were companions when he was about fourteen, and she twelve years old. After Richard had been created duke of Gloucester at his brother's coronation, it is highly probable he was consigned to the guardianship of the earl of Warwick, at Middleham castle; for, at the grand enthronization of George Neville, the uncle of Anne, as archbishop of York, Richard was a guest at York palace, seated in the place of honor in the chief banqueting-room upon the dais, under a cloth of estate, or canopy, with the countess of Westmoreland on his left hand, his sister, the duchess of Suffolk, on his right, and the noble maidens his cousins, the lady Anne and the lady Isabel,

¹ The oft-quoted testimony of the old countess of Desmond ought not to invalidate this statement, for many a lady would think any prince handsome who has danced with her. Rous knew Richard well; he not only delineated him with the pen, but with pencil.—See the Rous Roll.

seated opposite to him.¹ These ladies must have been placed there expressly to please the prince, by affording him companions of his own age, since the countess of Warwick, their mother, sat at the second table, in a place much lower in dignity. Richard being the son of lady Anne's great-aunt, an intimacy naturally subsisted between such near relatives. Majerres, a Flemish annalist, affirms that Richard had formed a very strong affection for his cousin Anne; but succeeding events proved that the lady did not bestow the same regard on him which her sister Isabella did on his brother Clarence, nor was it to be expected, considering his disagreeable person and temper. As lady Anne did not smile on her crooked-backed cousin, there was no inducement for him to forsake the cause of his brother, king Edward. It was in vain his brother Clarence said, in a conference with Warwick, "By sweet St. George, I swear! that if my brother Gloucester would join me, I would make Edward know we were all one man's sons, which should be nearer to him than strangers of his wife's blood."²

Anne was, at this juncture, with her mother and sisters at Calais. "For," continues Hall,³ "the earl of Warwick and the duke of Clarence sailed directly thither, where they were solemnly received and joyously entertained by the countess of Warwick and her two daughters; and after the duke had sworn on the sacrament ever to keep part and promise with the earl, he married Isabel in the Lady church at Calais, in the presence of the countess and her daughter Anne." The earl of Warwick, accompanied by his countess and lady Anne, returned with the newly-wedded pair to England, where he and his son-in-law soon raised a civil war that shook the throne of Edward IV. After the loss of the battle of Edgecote, the earl of Warwick escaped with his family to Dartmouth, where they were taken on board a fleet, of which he was master.

On the voyage they encountered the young earl Rivers, with the Yorkist fleet, who gave their ships battle, and took most of them; but the vessel escaped which contained the

¹ Leland's Collectanea, vol. vi. p. 4.

² Hall, p. 272.

³ Ibid., pp. 271, 272.

Neville family. While this ship was flying from the victorious enemy a dreadful tempest arose, and the ladies on board were afflicted at once with terror of wreck and the oppression of sea-sickness. To add to their troubles, the duchess of Clarence was taken in labor with her first child.¹ In the midst of this accumulation of disasters, the tempest-tossed bark made the offing of Calais; but, in spite of the distress on board, Vauclere, whom Warwick had left as his lieutenant, held out the town against him, and would not permit the ladies to land: he, however, sent two flagons of wine on board, for the duchess of Clarence, with a private message assuring Warwick "that the refusal arose from the towns-people," and advising him to make some other port in France.² The duchess of Clarence soon after gave birth, on board ship, to the babe who had chosen so inappropriate a time for his entrance into a troublesome world, and the whole family landed safely at Dieppe the beginning of May, 1470. When they were able to travel, the lady Anne, her mother and sister, attended by Clarence and Warwick, journeyed across France to Amboise, where they were graciously received by Louis XI., and that treaty was finally completed which made Anne the wife of Edward, the promising heir of Lancaster.³

This portion of the life of Anne of Warwick is so inextricably interwoven with that of her mother-in-law, queen Margaret, that it were vain to repeat it a second time. Suffice it to observe that the bride was in her seventeenth, the bridegroom in his nineteenth year, and that Prevost affirms that the match was one of ardent love on both sides. The prince was well educated, refined in manner, and, moreover, his portrait in the Rous roll bears out the tradition that he was eminently handsome. The ill-fated pair remained in each other's company from their marriage at Angers, in August, 1470, till the fatal field of Tewkesbury, May 4, 1471.⁴ Although the testimony of George Bucke must be received with the utmost caution,⁵ yet he quotes a

¹ Hall, p. 279.² Comines.³ Ibid.⁴ Hall, p. 280.⁵ Sir John Bucke was in the service of Richard III., and high in his favor; he was beheaded at Leicester after the battle of Bosworth, and his family nearly

contemporary Flemish chronicler,¹ who asserts that "Anne was with her husband, Edward of Lancaster, when that unfortunate prince was hurried before Edward IV. after the battle of Tewkesbury; and that it was observed Richard duke of Gloucester was the only person present who did not draw his sword on the royal captive, out of respect to the presence of Anne, as she was the near relative of his mother, and a person whose affections he had always desired to possess." English chroniclers, however, affirm that at this very moment Anne was with her unhappy mother-in-law, queen Margaret.

The unfortunate prince of Wales, last scion of the royal house of Lancaster, was buried the day after the battle of Tewkesbury, under the central tower of that stately abbey. Some nameless friend (in all probability his youthful widow), when opportunity served, caused the spot of his interment to be marked with a gray marble slab, enriched with a monumental brass, of which (or rather of its outlines in the stone) there is a small drawing in the *Dinely MS.*, with the following memorandum:—"This fair tombstone of gray marble, the brass whereof hath been picked out by sacrilegious hands, is directly under the tower of the church at the entrance of the quire, and said to be laid over prince Edward, who lost his life in cool blood in that dispute between York and Lancaster."² When the pavement of the nave of Tewkesbury abbey was repaired in the last century, the marble slab which covered the remains of gallant-springing young Plantagenet was taken up and flung into a corner with other broken monuments and fragments of less interest, to the great regret of some of the towns-people, who obtained permission to place a brass tablet over the royal grave, with a Latin inscription to this effect:—

ruined. For this reason the utmost degree of personal prejudice guides the pen of Richard's historian, his descendant, when vindicating that usurper, and aspersing the reputation of every connection of Henry VII.

¹ W. Kennett: *Bucke*, vol. i. p. 549.

² This precious relic, from the *Itinerary* of some historical antiquary of the days of Charles II., was shown to me by J. Gutch, Esq., of Worcester, by whom I was kindly favored with a tracing of the outlines of the brass, which is certainly an historical curiosity of no slight interest.

“Lest all memory of Edward prince of Wales should perish, the pious care of the good people of Tewkesbury has provided this tablet, to mark the spot of his interment.”¹

After Margaret of Anjou was taken away to the Tower of London, Clarence privately abducted his sister-in-law, under the pretence of protecting her. As he was her sister's husband, he was exceedingly unwilling to divide the united inheritance of Warwick and Salisbury, which he knew must be done if his brother Gloucester carried into execution his avowed intention of marrying Anne. But very different was the conduct of the young widow of the prince of Wales from that described by Shakspeare. Instead of acting as chief mourner to the hearse of her husband's murdered father, she was sedulously concealing herself from her abhorred cousin; enduring every privation to avoid his notice, and concurring with all the schemes of her self-interested brother-in-law Clarence so completely as to descend from the rank of princess of Wales to the disguise of a servant in a mean house in London, in the hopes of eluding the search of Gloucester,—incidents too romantic to be believed without the testimony of a Latin chronicler of the highest authority,² who affirms it in the following words:—“Richard duke of Gloucester wished to discover Anne, the youngest daughter of the earl of Warwick, in order to marry her; this was much disapproved by his brother, the duke of Clarence, who did not wish to divide his wife's inheritance: he therefore hid the young lady.” Concealment was needful, for Anne was actually under the same attainder in which her hapless mother and queen Margaret were included. Her mother thus was totally unable to protect her, being a prisoner in the Beaulieu sanctuary, the egress from thence being guarded securely by the armed bands of Edward IV.

¹ The original tombstone, having been sought and identified by the present learned vicar, the Rev. E. Davies, has been polished, and placed as a basement for the font, to preserve it from further desecration. The remains of “false, perjured, fleeting Clarence” repose in the same abbey. The grave of Isabella Neville, his duchess, in the Lady chapel behind the altar, has been recently opened, and his skeleton was discovered behind hers in the vault.

² Continuator of the Chronicle of Croyland, p. 557. This person, from some of his expressions, appears to have at one time belonged to the privy council of king Edward IV.

Nearly two years wore away since the battle of Tewkesbury, during which period the princess of Wales was concealed and a fugitive, whilst her mother, the richest heiress in the land, suffered the greatest distress. The poor lady pleaded in her petition to the commons' house, "that she had never offended his most redoubted highness, for she, immediately after the death of her lord and husband (on whose soul God have mercy), for none offence by her done, but dreading only the trouble at that time within this realm, entered into sanctuary of Beaulieu for surety of her person, and to attend to the weal and health of the soul of her said lord and husband, as right and conscience required her to do." In fact, the death of her husband at Barnet field and the lost battle of Tewkesbury were crowded together; yet she declares that within five days of her retreat into the New Forest sanctuary she had commenced her labors and suits to the king's highness for a safeguard, meaning a passport or safe-conduct to go and come where she chose. She dwells on her indefatigability in writing letters to the king with her own hands, *in the absence of clerks*; and not only had she thus written letters to the king's highness, "but soothly also to the queen's good grace [Elizabeth Woodville], to Cicely duchess of York, my right redoubted lady the king's mother, to my lady [Elizabeth of York] the king's eldest daughter, to my lords the king's brethren:" these were the dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, the one already her son-in-law and the father of her grandchildren, and the other on the watch to become her son-in-law whensoever he could gain access to her hapless youngest daughter. But the list of influential personages to whom the widow of the great Warwick wrote propitiatory letters, without the aid of clerks, is not yet concluded. She declares she wrote "to my ladies the king's sisters:" these were Anne duchess of Exeter, and Elizabeth duchess of Suffolk; likewise "to my lady [duchess] of Bedford," the queen's mother. To a very hard-hearted set of relatives and family connections these letters were addressed, for lady Warwick remained destitute and desolate, but sedulously watched by an armed guard, which, to her dismay and to the alarm of the ecclesiastics

of the Beaulieu sanctuary, the Yorkist king sent to terrify them. Edward showed himself thus forgetful of the obligations his wife and children had recently owed to sanctuary, and at the same time, notwithstanding his pretended skill in fortune-telling, he could not foresee that his children would again be reduced to a similar refuge, aggravated by the military tyranny of which he had set the example in the case of the forlorn countess of Warwick. There is little doubt that if ever the letters mentioned in the petition of Anne of Warwick's unfortunate mother come to light, some allusion will be found to her daughter, for every connection she enumerates had been all their lives on the most intimate terms with both mother and daughter.

The cunning of the duke of Gloucester at length discovered his cousin, Anne of Warwick, under the disguise of a cook-maid in the city of London. Immediately after this discovery he entered her in the sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and thither transferred her person. The attainder hanging over her forced her to accept of this assistance.¹ The unhappy widow was afterwards removed to the protection of her uncle George,² the archbishop of York, and was even permitted to visit and comfort her mother-in-law, queen Margaret, at the Tower; but as she still resisted marrying Richard, she was deprived of her uncle's protection, her last refuge against her hated cousin. Years, however, fled away before the misfortunes of the princess of Wales came to a crisis. A coincidence of dates leads to the surmise that her marriage with Gloucester had some connection with the retreat of her mother from Beaulieu sanctuary. A letter of Paston's, dated 1473, observes, "that the countess of Warwick is out of Beaulieu sanctu-

¹ Continuator of Croyland Chron.

² Continuator of Chronicle of Croyland. Edward IV. had, since his restoration, pretended to show some favor to the archbishop, had hunted with him at Windsor, and even invited himself to dine with him at the More: upon which the archbishop foolishly took from a hiding-place all the plate and jewels he had concealed before the battles of Tewkesbury and Barnet, and borrowed much more of his acquaintance. Edward, instead of visiting, arrested him, seized all these riches, and sent him prisoner to Hammes.—Leland's Collectanea, vol. i. p. 509.

ary, and that sir James Tyrrel¹ conveyeth her northwards; but the duke of Clarence liketh it not." And on April 2, 1473, he notifies that "the world seemeth queasy, for all the persons about the king's person have sent for their armor, on account of the quarrel regarding the inheritance of Anne."² The dispute was debated in council, and the king made an award, assigning certain lands to the duke of Gloucester, and adjudging the rest of the estate to Clarence. This award was made at the expense of Anne countess of Warwick, the mother of the young ladies, and the true heiress of the vast estates of Despencer and Beauchamp. The act of parliament specified "that the countess of Warwick was no more to be considered, in the award of her inheritance, than if she were dead."³ In fact, Rous accuses Richard of incarcerating, during his life, "the venerable countess Anna, the rightful mistress of the Warwick patrimony, when in her distress she fled to him as her son-in-law for protection,"—an ill deed which has not commonly been enumerated in the ample list of Richard's iniquities.

The marriage of the lady Anne and Richard duke of Gloucester took place at Westminster,⁴ 1473, probably a few days before the date of Paston's letter. Prevost affirms she was compelled by violence to marry Richard. Some illegalities were connected with this ceremony, assuredly arising from the reluctance of the bride, since the Parliamentary rolls of the next year contain a curious act, empowering the duke of Gloucester "to continue the full possession and enjoyment of Anne's property, even if she were to *divorce him*, provided he did his best to be reconciled and remarried to her,"—ominous clauses relating to a wedlock of a few months!—which proved that Anne meditated availing herself of some informality in her abhorred marriage; but had she done so, her husband would have remained in possession of her property. The informalities most likely arose

¹ The same functionary who afterwards murdered the princes of York.

² Parliamentary Rolls, 1473.

³ Carte, reign of Edward IV., 1473.

⁴ Sprott Fragment, as to place, but it gives date 1474. Hutton gives 1473 as the year.

from the want of the proper bulls to dispense with relationship; and as the free consent of both bride and bridegroom was an indispensable preliminary to such dispensation, the absence of these legal instruments negatively prove that the unfortunate Anne of Warwick never consented to her second marriage. The birth of her son Edward at Middleham castle, 1474, probably reconciled the unhappy duchess of Gloucester to her miserable fate; but that her marriage was never legalized may be guessed by the rumors of a subsequent period, when the venomous hunchback, her cousin-husband, meditated in his turn divorcing *her*.

Richard and Anne lived chiefly at Middleham castle, in Yorkshire, an abode convenient for the office borne by the duke as governor of the northern marches. As a very active war was proceeding with Scotland, in the course of which Richard won several battles and captured Edinburgh,¹ his reluctant wife was not much troubled with his company, but devoted herself to her boy, in whom all her affections centred, and the very springs of her life were wound up in his welfare. During her abode at Middleham she lost her sister the duchess of Clarence, who died December 12, 1476.

The death of Edward IV. caused a great change in the life of Anne. The duke of Gloucester, who had very recently returned from Scotland, left Anne and his boy at Middleham when he departed, with a troop of horse, to intercept his young nephew Edward V. on progress to London. Richard's household-book² at Middleham affords some notitia regarding the son of Anne of Warwick during his father's absence. Geoffrey Frank is allowed 22s. 9d. for green cloth, and 1s. 8d. for making it into gowns for my lord prince and Mr. Neville; 5s. for choosing a king of West Witton, in some frolic of rush-bearing, and 5s. for a feather for my lord prince; and Dirick, shoemaker, had 13s. 1d. for his shoes; and Jane Collins, his nurse, 100s. for her year's wages. Among the expenses which seem to have occurred on the progress of the young prince up to London, on the occasion of the coronation of his parents, are his offerings at Fountain's abbey

¹ Holinshed.

² Harleian MSS., 433.

and other religious houses. For mending his whip, 2*d.*, and 6*s.* 8*d.* to two of his men, Medcalf and Pacok, for running on foot by the side of his carriage.

After a succession of astounding crimes, Richard effected the usurpation of his nephew's throne, and Anne of Warwick was placed in the situation of consort to an English monarch. She arrived in London, with her son, in time to share her husband's coronation, yet we should think her arrival was but just before that event, as her rich dress for the occasion was only bought two days preceding the ceremony. There is an order to "Piers Curteys,¹ to deliver for the use of the queen four and a half yards of *purpille* cloth of gold upon damask, July 3*d.*" Short time had the tire-women of Anne of Warwick to display their skill in the fitting of her regal robes, since this garment was to be worn on the 5*th* of the same month. Sunday, July 4*th*, Richard, who had previously been proclaimed king, conducted his queen and her son in great state, by water, from Baynard's castle to the Tower, where his hapless little prisoners were made to vacate the royal apartments, and were consigned to a tower near the water-gate, since called 'the bloody tower.'² The same day Anne's only child, Edward, was created prince of Wales.³ The grand procession of the king and queen, and their young heir, through the city, took place on the morrow, when they were attended from the Tower by four thousand northern partisans, whom the king and queen called "gentlemen of the north," but who were regarded by the citizens as an ungentle and suspicious-looking pack of vagabonds. The next day, July 5*th*, the coronation of Richard and his queen took place, with an unusual display of pageantry, great part of which had been prepared for the coronation of the hapless Edward V.

"On the following day," says Crafton, "the king, with queen Anne his wife, came down out of the white hall into

¹ Harleian MSS., 433, 1598.

² Hutton's Bosworth. Hutton affirms, from Tyrrel and Dighton's confessions, that this tower was the scene of the deaths of Edward V. and his brother, in the same month that Richard III. was crowned.

■ Hall and More.

the great hall of Westminster, and went directly to the King's bench, where they sat some time; and from thence the king and queen walked *barefoot* upon striped cloth into king Edward's shrine, all their nobility going before them, every lord in his degree." The duke of Norfolk bore the king's crown before him, between both his hands, and the duke of Buckingham, with a white staff in his hand, bore the royal hunchback's train. "Queen Anne had both earls and barons preceding her. The earl of Huntingdon bore her sceptre, viscount Iisle the rod with the dove, and the earl of Wiltshire her crown. Then came," continues a contemporary manuscript,¹ "our sovereign lady the queen, over her head a canopy, and at every corner a bell of gold; and on her head a circlet of gold, with many precious stones set therein; and on *every side* of the queen went a bishop; and my lady of Richmond² bare the queen's train. So they went from St. Edward's shrine to the seats of state by the altar, and when the king and queen were seated, there came forth their highnesses' priests and clerks, singing most delectably Latin and pricksong,³ full royally. This part of the ceremonial concluded, "the king and queen came down from their seats of estate, and the king had great observance and service." Our authority states that the king and queen "put off their robes, and stood all naked from their waists upwards⁴ till the bishop had anointed them." Their majesties afterwards assumed their robes of cloth of gold, and cardinal Morton crowned them both with much solemnity. "The priests and clerks sung *Te Deum* with great royalty. The homage was paid at that part of the

¹ Harleian MSS., 2115; communicated by John Bruce, Esq.

² Mother of Henry Tudor, afterwards Henry VII.

³ Meaning they sang from musical notes set in alternate parts.

⁴ This expression, which appears startling at first, merely implies the fact that Richard and Anne were then divested of their regal mantles and insignia, preparatory to being anointed, and remained in their undergarments. The attire in use during the administration of that rite is particularly described, in the Order for the Coronation of the Kings of France, as "close-fitting tunics of silk, having apertures on the breast and between the shoulders, which at the time prescribed were drawn aside, in order that the consecrating prelate might trace the sign of the cross with the tip of the thumb moistened in the chrism as ordained in the pontifical."

mass called the offertory, during which time the queen sat with the bishops and peeresses, while Richard received the kiss of fealty from his peers. The bishops of Exeter and Norwich stood on each side the queen; the countess of Richmond was on her left hand, and the duchess of Norfolk knelt behind the queen with the other ladies. Then the king and queen came down to the high altar and kneeled, and anon the cardinal turned him about with the holy sacrament in his hand, and parted it between them both, and thus they received the good Lord." Their crowns were offered, as usual, at St. Edward's shrine. The king proceeded out of the abbey-church, and the queen followed, bearing the sceptre in her right hand, and the dove with the rod in her left, so going forth till they came to the high daïs at Westminster hall; and when they came there, they left their canopies standing, and retired to their chamber.

Meantime, the duke of Norfolk¹ came riding into Westminster hall, his horse trapped with cloth of gold down to the ground, and he voided it of all people but the king's servants. And the duke of Buckingham called to the marshal, saying how "the king would have his lords sit at four boards in the hall;" and at four o'clock the king and queen came to the high daïs. On the queen's right hand stood my lady Surrey, and on her left the lady Nottingham, holding a canopy of state over her head. "The king sat at the middle of the table, the queen at the left hand of the table, and on each side of her stood a countess, holding a cloth of pleasance when she listed to drink. The champion of England after dinner rode into the hall, and made his challenge without being gainsayed. The lord mayor served the king and queen with ipocras, wafers, and sweet wine; and by that time it was dark night. Anon came into the hall great lights of wax-torches and *torchettes*; and as soon as the lights came up the hall, the lords and ladies went up to the king and made their obeisance. And anon the king and queen rose up and went to their chambers, and every man

¹ Grafton asserts that there were three duchesses of Norfolk present. If so, the infant wife of Richard duke of York must have been one of them.

and woman departed and went their ways, where it liked them best."¹

After the coronation, queen Anne went to Windsor castle, with the king and her son. Here Richard left her, while he undertook a devious journey, ending at Tewkesbury. The queen and prince then commenced a splendid progress, in which they were attended by many prelates and peers, and the Spanish ambassador, who had come to propose an alliance between the eldest daughter of his sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, and the son of Richard III. The queen took up her abode at Warwick castle, the place of her birth and the grand feudal seat of her father, which belonged to the young earl of Warwick (the son of her sister Isabel and the duke of Clarence), and it is especially noted that the queen brought him with her.² Richard III. joined his queen at Warwick castle, where they kept court with great magnificence for a week. It must have been at this visit that the portraits of queen Anne, Richard III., and their son were added to the Rous roll. The popular opinion concerning Richard's deformity is verified by the portrait, for his figure, if not crooked, is decidedly hunchy; nor must this appearance be attributed to the artist's lack of skill in delineating the human form, for the neighboring portrait by the same hand, representing Anne's father, the great earl of Warwick, is as finely proportioned as if meant for a model of St. George. Richard, on the contrary, has high thick shoulders, and no neck. Surely, if the king's ungainly figure had not been matter of great notoriety, an artist capable of making such a noble sketch as that of the earl would not have brought the king's ears and shoulders in quite such close contact.³ Warwick was dead, Richard

¹ Grafton, collated with the Harleian MSS., p. 2115.

² The whole paragraph is from Rous's Latin Chronicle. Rous himself was at Warwick castle at this time; for he was a priest belonging to the Neville family, and lived at Guy's Cliff.

³ Richard's ugliness, frowardness, and ill-temper, from his birth, are mentioned by Holinshed (quarto edition, p. 362, vol. iii., 1806); likewise his deformity. Holinshed's authority must have been a contemporary, since he mentions in the preceding page the princess Katherine, daughter to Edward IV., as still alive. Sir Thomas More likewise asserts the same; his father, sir John More, who was

was alive, when this series of portraits closes; therefore, if any pictorial flattery exists, in all probability Richard had the advantage of it. Among other contemporary descriptions of Richard not generally known is the following metrical portrait.¹ The author seems inclined to apologize for drawing him as he really was:—

“The king’s own brother, he, I mean,
Who was deformed by nature;
Crook-backed and ill-conditioned,
Worse-faced,—an ugly creature,
Yet a great peer; for princes—peers—
Are not always beauteous.”

Three portraits of Anne of Warwick are in existence: two of them are from the pencil of Rous, her family priest, artist, and chronicler. He prepared the Rous roll, now in the Herald’s college, and the Beauchamp illustrated pedigree. Our artist, Mr. Harding, has preferred her portrait from the Beauchamp pedigree, because it is the best looking. Anne, in our engraving, appears as she did on her coronation-day, when the crown-matrimonial had just been placed on her brow. The crown circle of alternate crosses and pearl trefoils has four plain arches of gold, which meet on the top under a large pearl, on which is a little cross. The features of Anne are regular and elegant, of the Plantagenet cast, which she derived from her great-grandsire John of Gaunt. She wears a close dress, and is without jewels, save a row of large pearls round her throat: the royal mantle, with its cordon, is attached to her dress. Her sceptre is a plain rod, surmounted with a cross of pearls. Her hair is simply and gracefully flowing, and a veil, depending from the back of her head, relieves the heavy outline of the arched crown, which, with all its symbolical intimations of imperial dignity, is an ill exchange for the beautiful floriated circlet of our earlier queens. Another

an old judge, must have seen Richard, and had no great reason to be fond of Henry VII., since that king had sent him to prison because his son, sir Thomas More, as speaker of the commons, opposed some of his pecuniary extortions.

¹ A curious MS., in the possession of sir Thomas Phillipps, of Middle Hill, supposed to be written by R. Glover, a herald: it is called the Honor of Cheshire.

likeness of Anne of Warwick exists in a pictorial roll of her family, belonging to the duke of Manchester;¹ it resembles the present one, though much younger. But the most curious portrait of Anne of Warwick is to be seen in the Rous roll alluded to in the commencement of this biography; she is there thin to emaciation, yet her face, which has assumed the form of a long triangle, has a most expressive character: she is not dressed royally, but wears one of the transparent gauze head-dresses seen on the portrait of her sister-in-law, queen Elizabeth Woodville. It is *outré* in form, with two enormous wings stiffened on frames; her hair is seen through it, strained back from the temples, and has the appearance of being powdered. Such was her appearance when she was worn with the consumptive illness which subsequently brought her to the grave.

From Warwick castle queen Anne and king Richard went to Coventry, where was dated, August 15, 1483, a memorandum of an account of 180*l.* owed to Richard Gowles, mercer, London, for goods delivered for the use of queen Anne, as specified in bills in the care of John Kendal, the king's secretary. The court arrived at York August 31st. The re-coronation of the king and queen, likewise the reinvestiture of prince Edward of Gloucester as prince of Wales, took place soon after at this city; measures which must have originated in the fact that the sons of Edward IV. having been put to death during the northern progress of the court, the usurper considered that oaths of allegiance, taken at the re-coronation, would be more legal than when the right heirs were alive. The overflowing paternity of Richard, which, perhaps, urged him to commit some of his crimes, thus speaks in his patents for creating his son prince of Wales:—"Whose singular wit and endowments of nature, where-with (his young age considered) he is remarkably furnished, do portend, by the favor of God, that he will make an hon-

¹ Engraved by Mr. Drummond, in his *History of Noble Families*. The duke of Manchester is the head of Anne's kindred line of Montague. Mr. Courthope, of the Herald's college, has kindly favored the author with an excellent copy of this contemporary drawing, together with one of Anne's first husband, the Lancastrian prince of Wales.

est man." ¹ But small chance was there for such a miracle, if his life had been spared. It is curious that Richard III. should express hopes for his son's future honesty, at the very moment when he was putting him in possession of his murdered cousins' property.

After the coronation had been performed in York cathedral, queen Anne walked in grand procession through the streets of the city, holding her little son by the right hand: he wore the demi-crown appointed for the heir of England. The Middleham household-book mentions that five marks were paid to Michell Wharton for bringing the prince's jewels to York on this occasion. The same document proves that the court was at Pontefract September 15th,—that fearful fortress, recently stained with the blood of Richard's victims. Richard gave, by the way, in charity to a poor woman, 3s. 6*d.*; the charge of baiting the royal charrette was 2*d.*; and the expenses of the removal of my lord prince's household to Pontefract, 24*s.* A formidable insurrection, headed by the duke of Buckingham, recalled Richard to the metropolis: he left his son, for security, among his northern friends, but queen Anne accompanied her husband.

It is a doubtful point whether Anne approved of the crimes which thus advanced her son. Tradition declares she abhorred them, but parliamentary documents prove she shared with sir James Tyrrel the plunder of Richard's opponents, after the rebellion of Buckingham was crushed. She received one hundred marks, the king seven hundred marks, and sir James Tyrrel two manors from sir William Knyvet, being the purchase-money for his life. Anne's share of this plunder amounts to considerably more than her proportion of queen-gold. If Anne had even passively consented to the unrighteous advancement of her family, punishment quickly followed; for her son, on the last day of March, 1484, died at Middleham castle "an unhappy death." ² This expression, used by Rous, his family chron-

¹ White Kennet's notes to Bucke. The prince was seven years old, according to Rous.

² Continuator of Croyland. The June following the death of the prince, Richard III. added in his own hand, to the audit of expenses paid for the

icler, leads his readers to imagine that this boy, so deeply idolized by his guilty father, came by his end in some sudden and awful manner. His parents were not with him, but were as near as Nottingham castle when he expired.

The loss of this child, in whom all Anne's hopes and happiness were garnered, struck to her heart, and she never again knew a moment's health or comfort; she seemed even to court death eagerly. Nor was this dreadful loss her only calamity. Richard had no other child; his declining and miserable consort was not likely to bring another; and if *he* did not consider her in the way, his guilty and ruffianly satellites certainly did, for they began to whisper dark things concerning the illegality of the king's marriage, and the possibility of its being set aside. As Edward IV.'s parliament considered that it was possible for Anne to divorce Richard in 1474, it cannot be doubted that Richard could have resorted to the same manner of getting rid of her when queen. Her evident decline, however, prevented Richard from giving himself any trouble regarding a divorce; yet it did not restrain him from uttering peevish complaints to Rotherham, archbishop of York, against his wife's sickliness and disagreeable qualities. Rotherham, who had just been released from as much coercion as a king of England dared offer to a spiritual peer who had not appeared in open insurrection, ventured to prophesy, from these expressions, "that Richard's queen would suddenly depart from this world." This speech got circulated in the guard-chamber, and gave rise to a report that the queen, whose personal sufferings in a protracted decline had caused her to keep her chamber for some days, was actually dead. Anne was sitting at her toilette, with her tresses unbound, when this strange rumor was communicated to her. She considered it was the forerunner of her death by violent means, and, in a great agony, ran to her husband, with her hair dishevelled as it was, and with streaming eyes and pite-

clothing of his son, "whom God pardon,"—a proof that a lively remembrance of the boy was still active in the father's heart, and that he lost no opportunity of offering prayer for the small sins which the object of his guilty ambition might have committed.—See White Kennet's notes to Bucke.

ous sobs asked him, "What she had done to deserve death?" Richard, it is expressly said, soothed her with fair words and smiles, bidding her "be of good cheer, for in sooth she had no other cause."¹

The next report which harassed the declining and dying queen was, that her husband was impatient for her demise, that he might give his hand to his niece, the princess Elizabeth of York. This rumor had no influence on the conduct of Anne, since the continuator of the Croyland Chronicle mentions the queen's kindness to her husband's niece in these words:—"The lady Elizabeth (who had been some months out of sanctuary) was, with her four younger sisters, sent by her mother to attend the queen at court, at the Christmas festivals kept with great state in Westminster hall. They were received with all honorable courtesy by queen Anne, especially the lady Elizabeth was ranked most familiarly in the queen's favor, who treated her as a sister; but neither society that she loved, nor all the pomp and festivity of royalty, could cure the languor or heal the wound in the queen's breast for the loss of her son."² The young earl of Warwick was, after the death of Richard's son, proclaimed heir to the English throne, and as such took his seat at the royal table³ during the lifetime of his aunt, queen Anne. As these honors were withdrawn from the ill-fated boy directly after the death of the queen, it is reasonable to infer that he owed them to some influence she possessed with her husband, since young Warwick, as her sister's son, was her heir as well as his.

Within the year that deprived Anne of her only son, maternal sorrow put an end to her existence by a decline, slow enough to acquit her husband of poisoning her,—a crime of which he is accused by most writers. She died at Westminster palace on March 16, 1485, in the midst of the greatest eclipse of the sun that had happened for many years. Her funeral was most pompous and magnificent. Her husband was present, and was observed to shed tears,⁴ deemed hypocritical by the by-stander; but those who knew

¹ Holinshed. Sir Thomas More.

³ Rous Chronicle.

² Continuator of Croyland Chronicle.

⁴ Baker's Chronicle.

that he had been brought up with Anne, might suppose that he felt some instinctive yearnings of long companionship when he saw her deposited in that grave where his ambitious interests had caused him to wish her to be. Human nature, with all its conflicting passions and instincts, abounds with such inconsistencies, which are often startlingly apparent in the hardest characters.

The queen was interred near the altar at Westminster, not far from the place where subsequently was erected the monument of Anne of Cleves. No memorial marks the spot where the broken heart of the hapless Anne of Warwick found rest from as much sorrow as could possibly be crowded into the brief span of thirty-one years.

ELIZABETH OF YORK,

SURNAMED THE GOOD,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF HENRY VII.

CHAPTER I.

Elizabeth born heiress of England—Baptism—Fondness of her father Edward IV.—Mourner at her grandfather's obsequies—Promised in marriage—Reverses of fortune—Taken into sanctuary—Birth of her brother—Her father's will—Contracted to the dauphin—Education—Autograph—Marriage-contract broken—Death of her father—Takes sanctuary with her mother—Their calamities—Murder of her brothers—Again heiress of England—Betrothed to Henry Tudor—Elizabeth and her sisters declared illegitimate—Low-born suitor—His death—Kindness of queen Anne—Elizabeth received at court—Narrative of Brereton—Death of Queen Anne—Addresses of Richard III.—Elizabeth is sent to Sheriff-Hutton—Biography of Henry Tudor—Engagement renewed with Elizabeth—Defeat and death of Richard III.—Progress of Elizabeth to London—Coronation of Henry—Marriage of Elizabeth and Henry—Rejoicings of the people.

THE birth of Elizabeth of York was far from reconciling the fierce baronage of England to the clandestine marriage of their young sovereign, Edward IV., with her mother,¹—a marriage which shook his throne to the foundation. The prospect of female heirs to the royal line gave no satisfaction to a population requiring from an English monarch not only the talents of the statist, but the abilities of the military leader,—not only the wisdom of the legislator, but the personal prowess of the gladiatorial champion. After three princesses (the eldest of whom was our Elizabeth) had been successively produced by the queen of Edward IV., popular discontent against the house of York reached its climax. The princess Elizabeth was born at the palace of Westminster, February 11, 1466.² She was baptized in Westminster abbey, with as much pomp as if she had been the heir-apparent of England; indeed, the attention Edward IV. bestowed upon

¹ See the Life of Elizabeth Woodville, queen of Edward IV.

² According to the inscription on her tomb in Westminster abbey.



ELIZABETH OF YORK.

her in her infancy was extraordinary. He was actuated by a strong presentiment that this beautiful and gracious child would ultimately prove the representative of his line.

The infant princess, at a very tender age, took her place and precedence, clothed in deep mourning, when the corpse of her grandfather, Richard duke of York, with that of his son, Edmund earl of Rutland, were reinterred at the church of Fotheringay. The bodies were exhumed from their ignoble burial at Pontefract, and conveyed into Northamptonshire with regal state. Richard duke of Gloucester, a youth of fourteen, followed them as chief mourner. Edward IV., his queen, and their two infant daughters, Elizabeth and Mary,¹ met the hearses in Fotheringay churchyard, and attended the solemn rites of the reinterment clad in black weeds. The next day the king, the queen, and the royal infants offered at requiem. Margaret countess of Richmond offered with them. Thus early in life was our Elizabeth connected with this illustrious lady, whose after-destiny was so closely interwoven with her own. There are some indications, faintly defined, that Margaret of Richmond had the charge of the young Elizabeth, since her name is mentioned immediately after hers as present and assisting at York's requiem. Wherefore should the heiress of the line of Somerset offer at the obsequies of the duke of York, the mortal enemy of her house, without some imperious court etiquette demanded her presence?

Some years passed before the important position of Elizabeth, as heiress of the realm, was altered by the birth of brothers. Her father settled on her for life the manor of Great-Lynford, in Buckinghamshire;² he likewise authorized his exchequer to pay his queen 400*l.* yearly, in liquidation of her expenses, incurred for her daughters Elizabeth and Mary; and this revenue was to be continued till their

¹ Sandford, who is supposed to have been guided by a contemporary herald's journal, dates this event July 30, 1466, and yet mentions the princess Mary as assisting at this funeral. If the herald made no mistake in his date, it must be inferred that Elizabeth was born February, 1465, instead of 1466; a date in unison with the many proofs of that fact adduced by sir Harris Nicolas in his valuable *Memoir of Elizabeth of York*.

² *Privy-purse Expenses, and Memoir of Elizabeth, by sir Harris Nicolas.*

disposal in marriage. These royal children were nursed at the palace of Shene. The hand of his infant heiress was more than once deceitfully proffered by Edward IV. as a peace-offering to his enemies when fortune frowned upon him. He thus deluded the Nevilles, when he was their prisoner at Middleham. Next he endeavored to interrupt the treaty of marriage between the Lancastrian prince of Wales and Anne of Warwick, by offering "my lady princess"¹ to queen Margaret as a wife for her son. On the subsequent flight of Edward IV. from England, the young Elizabeth and her two little sisters were the companions of their distressed mother in Westminster Sanctuary. The birth of her eldest brother Edward, in that asylum, removed the princess Elizabeth, for some years, from her dangerous proximity to the disputed garland of the realm. When liberated from the Sanctuary by her victorious father, she was carried with the rest of his children, first to her grandmother's residence of Baynard's castle, on one of the city wharves; and then to the Tower of London, and was sojourning there during the dangerous assault made on that fortress by Falconbridge from the river. The full restoration of Edward IV. succeeded these dangers, and peaceful festivals followed the re-establishment of the line of York. At a ball given in her mother's chamber at Windsor castle, in honor of the visit of Louis of Bruges, 1472, the young Elizabeth danced with her royal father, she being then six or seven years old: she afterwards danced with the duke of Buckingham, the husband of her aunt, Katherine Woodville. The same year, her father offered her in marriage to the young exiled earl of Richmond, intending by that means to beguile him into his power.

When the princess was about nine years old, her father made an expedition to France, with the avowed purpose of reconquering the acquisitions of Henry V.² Before he embarked he made his will, dated at Sandwich, in which he thus mentions Elizabeth:—

¹ See biography of Margaret of Anjou.

² *Excerpta Historica*, by sir Harris Nicolas; likewise his *Memoir of Elizabeth of York*.

"*Item.* We will that our daughter Elizabeth have ten thousand marcs towards her marriage; and that our daughter Marie have also ten thousand marcs, so that they be governed and ruled by our dearest wife the queen. . . . And if either of our said daughters do marry *thaimself* without such advice and assent, so as they be thereby disparaged (as God forbid), then she so marrying herself have no payment of her ten thousand marcs."

A French war was averted by the kingdom of France submitting to become tributary to Edward IV. In the articles of peace, Elizabeth was contracted to the dauphin Charles, eldest son of the astute monarch Louis XI.; thus was her hand for the fourth time tendered to her father's adversaries. Edward IV. surrendered to his son-in-law the titular right to the long-contested dukedom of Guienne, or Aquitaine, on condition that these territories were to be considered part of Elizabeth's dower. From the hour of her contract with the heir of France, Elizabeth was always addressed at the English court as *madame la dauphine*,¹ and a certain portion of the tribute that Louis XI. paid to her father was carried to account for her use as the daughter-in-law of the king. She was taught to speak and write French: she could likewise speak and write Spanish. She could, at an early age, read and write her own language; for her royal sire sent for a scrivener, "the very best in the city," who taught her and her sister Mary to write court-hand as well as himself, but not a very beautiful species of penmanship, according to the subjoined specimen, which Elizabeth inscribed in a book of devotion.²

the boke of
Elizabeth the kinge
daughter

¹ Comines; likewise Guthrie.

² Cottonian MSS., Vesp. f. xiii.

This book is mine, Elizabeth, the king's daughter, is the meaning of the above words, which are written in the old English character, now confined to law deeds, but which was soon after superseded by the modern or Italian hand.

As the appointed time of Elizabeth's marriage with the dauphin Charles approached, her dower was settled, and rich dresses in French fashion were made for her; when suddenly, without any previous intimation, the contract was broken by Louis XI. demanding the heiress of Burgundy in marriage for the dauphin. This slight offered to Elizabeth infuriated her father so much that the agitation is said to have had a fatal effect on his health. Comines, a contemporary in the confidence of the king of France, more than once in his history expresses his indignation at seeing the tribute-money sent every year from France to Edward's "château de Londres, which had before greater heaps of treasure and precious things than it could hold." He likewise dwells with evident satisfaction on the report "that the death of Edward IV. was caused by Louis XI. rejecting the princess-royal Elizabeth as a wife for his little dauphin Charles. But," observes Comines, rather insolently, "it was very well known that the girl, who is now queen of England, was a great deal too old for monseigneur the dauphin, who is now king of France."¹ Elizabeth was four, perhaps five, years older than Charles, and there was still more disparity in person than in years; for her stature was tall and stately, and his was dwarfish.

The fortunes of the young Elizabeth suffered the most signal reverse directly she lost her royal sire and only efficient protector. From Westminster palace she was, with her second brother and young sisters, hurried by the queen her mother into the Sanctuary of Westminster, which had formerly sheltered her in childhood. But Elizabeth of York was no longer an unconscious child, who sported as gayly with her little sisters in the abbot of Westminster's garden as she did in the flowery meads of Shene; she had grown up into the beauties of early womanhood, and was the sharer of her royal mother's woes. The sad tale of that

¹ Mémoires de Philippe de Comines, p. 160.

queen's calamities has already been told by us.¹ How much the princess Elizabeth must have grieved for her two murdered brothers may be gathered from the words of her literary dependant, Bernard Andreas,² who knew her well. "The love," he says, "she bore her brothers and sisters was unheard of and almost incredible."

The treaty of betrothment, privately negotiated between Elizabeth of York and Henry of Richmond by their respective mothers,³ was the first gleam of comfort that broke on the royal prisoners in sanctuary after the murder of the innocent princes in the Tower. The young princess promised to hold faith with her betrothed; in case of her death before her contract was fulfilled, her next sister Cicely was to take her place. But it is a singular fact, that neither at this time, nor at any other period of her life, was the slightest proposal made by the partisans of the house of York for placing Elizabeth on the throne as sole sovereign. Even her near relatives, her half-brother Dorset, and her uncle Lionel Woodville, bishop of Salisbury, when they raised the standard of revolt against Richard III. at Salisbury (simultaneously with Buckingham's rebellion in the autumn of 1483), proclaimed the earl Richmond Henry VII., although he was a distant exile, who had done no more for the cause than taken an oath to marry Elizabeth if he ever had it in his power. As these nobles had but just escaped from sanctuary, which they had shared with Elizabeth of York and her mother, and must have recently and intimately known their plans and wishes, this utter silence on her claims as the heiress of Edward IV. is the more surprising. In truth, it affords another remarkable instance of the manner in which Norman prejudice in favor of Salic law had corrupted the common or unwritten law of England regarding the succession.⁴ The violation of this ancient

¹ See the Life of queen Elizabeth Woodville.

² He was her eldest son's tutor, and left a Latin Life of Henry VII. Some entries in her privy-purse expenses show that the memory of her murdered brothers was dear to her heart, even in the last year of her life.

³ See the Life of queen Elizabeth Woodville.

⁴ See Introduction, vol. i.; likewise an act of parliament, second of Mary I.,

national law had given rise to the most bloody civil wars which had vexed the country since the Conquest.

Before Buckingham's revolt took place, the royal ladies in sanctuary had enjoyed the protection of their near relatives, Dorset and bishop Lionel Woodville, who had taken refuge there in their company; and how efficient a protection an ecclesiastic of the high rank of bishop Lionel must have proved when they were sheltered in the very bosom of the church may be imagined. But the bishop and Dorset were both obliged to fly to France, owing to the utter failure of Buckingham's insurrection, and after their exile the situation of Elizabeth of York and her mother became very irksome. A cordon of soldiers, commanded by John Nesfield, a squire of Richard III.'s guard, watched night and day round the abbey, and the helpless prisoners were reduced to great distress. Thus they straggled through the sad winter of 1483, but surrendered themselves in March. Elizabeth's mother has been unjustly blamed for this measure, yet it was the evident effect of dire necessity. The princess Elizabeth was forced to own herself the illegitimate child of Edward IV.; she had to accept a wretched annuity, and, as a favor, was permitted to contemplate the prospect of marrying a private gentleman.¹ Such were the conditions of a cruel act of parliament, passed under the influence of Richard III.'s military despotism in the preceding January. The act, it is well known, was indited by bishop Stillington, the mortal foe of her mother's house, who added to this the more intolerable injury of projecting a union between Mr. William Stillington, his natural son, and the princess. This unfortunate lover of Elizabeth met with a fate far severer than his presumption merited; for, being shipwrecked on the coast of Normandy, "he was (adds Comines) taken prisoner, and, by mistake, starved to death,"—a mistake perhaps instigated by some of the indignant kindred of the princess, who were then refugees in France.

quoted by Burnet, vol. ii., declaring that Mary succeeded "not by statute, but by common or oral law."

¹ See the coarsely-worded oath taken by Richard III. in presence of the lord mayor and aldermen, binding himself to protect his brother Edward's illegitimate daughters if they submitted to the above conditions.

The princess Elizabeth was certainly separated from her unfortunate mother when they left sanctuary, since that queen was placed under the control of the same officer who had so inexorably kept watch and ward round the abbey. Meantime, the princess and her sisters were received at court with some appearance of regard by Richard III., and with great affection by his queen, "who always," says a contemporary,¹ "treated Elizabeth of York as a sister." Indeed, it ought to be remembered that Elizabeth was one of Anne of Warwick's nearest female relatives, independently of the wedlock with Richard III. As the princess was seen so frequently in the company of queen Anne after leaving sanctuary, she was most likely consigned to her charge: she was certainly lodged in the palace of Westminster. Here she found her father's old friend, lord Stanley, in an office of great authority, having been appointed by the usurper steward of the royal household, a place he held in the reign of Edward IV.² It is well known that this nobleman was step-father to Henry of Richmond, the betrothed husband of the princess Elizabeth; and that his wife, Margaret Beaufort, was exiled from the court and in disgrace with the usurper, for having projected the union of her son with the princess. How Stanley contrived to exonerate himself is not ascertained.³ In fact, there is from this

¹ Continuator of the Croyland Chronicle.

² As to this fact, see Dr. Lingard, vol. v. p. 266, 4th ed. Likewise Lodge's *Memoir of the Earl of Derby*.

³ The reconciliation between the usurper and Stanley is matter of mystery. That Stanley himself temporized with the tyrant, and bided his time for his overthrow, is proved by the result; but that Richard should in any way rely on him, or trust to his aid in an hour of need, is by no means consistent with the character for sagacity with which it has pleased modern historians to invest that king. It is greatly to be doubted, after all, whether Richard's abilities in any wise exceeded those called into exercise by a desperate charge at the head of his cavalry forces, the species of warfare in which he excelled. Richard and Stanley (if we may trust to the metrical journal of a herald belonging to the Stanley family) had been, during the reign of Edward IV., perpetually quarrelling in the north. Stanley was, by Richard's myrmidons, wounded in the council-chamber in the Tower, when Hastings was illegally beheaded on the memorable 13th of June; yet a few days afterwards we find him witness to the "surrender of the great seal to the lord king Richard III., which took place in the first year of his reign, June 27, 1483," in that high chamber next the chapel which

period an utter hiatus in all authentic intelligence regarding the proceedings of Elizabeth, from the time when she sat with queen Anne royally attired in Westminster hall at Christmas, 1484, till the death of Richard III.

In the absence of regular information, perhaps a metrical narrative, called the "Song of the Lady Bessy,"¹ deserves some attention, being written by Humphrey Brereton, an officer and vassal belonging to lord Stanley: he is proved to have been a contemporary of Elizabeth, and his costume and language are undeniably of that era. A cautious abstract from Brereton, limited to those passages which are connected with his asserted agency in renewing Elizabeth's engagements with Henry of Richmond, here follows. The princess, according to Brereton, having accidentally met lord Stanley at a time and place convenient for conference, urged him passionately, by the name of "father Stanley," and with many reminiscences of all he owed to her father, to assist her in the restoration of her rights. At first lord Stanley repulsed her, declaring he could not break the oath he had sworn to king Richard, observing, moreover, that women were proverbially "unstable of council." Elizabeth

is in the dwelling of "Cicely duchess of York, called Baynard castle, Thames street, on the water of Thames."—Rymer, vol. xii. p. 189. Stanley is, with the exception of Buckingham, the only nobleman witness to this act of usurpation. Subsequently, the son of his wife, Margaret Beaufort (a wife whom he was known to love entirely), had been proclaimed king of England in Buckingham's revolt. Yet Margaret, though an active agent, received no other punishment than having the command of her lands and liberty given to her own husband, who naturally possessed control over both. Notwithstanding all motives for caution, Richard placed Stanley in a station of such high domestic trust that his life must every hour of the day and night have been at his mercy. The brother, sons, and nephews of Stanley, under whose command remained his feudal powers in the north, in some degree established his security against violence from Richard. But Richard could have had little reciprocal guarantee against Stanley's machinations when he appointed him guardian of his table and bed as lord steward of his palace. Nothing but Stanley's oath at Richard's coronation could have been the security of the usurper; but how, after breaking so many oaths himself, Richard could expect one kept for his sake, is marvellous. It is necessary for the reader to have a clear view of the relative positions of the usurper and the man who caused the revolution that placed Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York on the throne of England, or their history is incomprehensible.

¹ Edited by T. Hayward, Esq., F.S.A.

renewed her importunities, but when he seemed quite inflexible,—

“Her color changed as pale as lead,
Her *faux*¹ that shone as golden wire,
She tare it off beside her head.”

After this agony she sunk into a swoon, and remained some time speechless. Lord Stanley was overcome by the earnestness of her anguish. “Stand up, lady Bessy,” he said. “Now I see you do not feign, I will tell you that I have long thought of the matter as you do; but it is difficult to trust the secrecy of women, and many a man is brought to great woe by making them his confidantes.” He then added, “that his adherents would rise at his bidding, if he could go to the northwest in person, but that he durst not trust a scribe to indite his intentions in letters.” This difficulty the princess obviated, by declaring that she could “indite and write as well as the scrivener who taught her.” Then lord Stanley agreed she should write the letters without delay.

Among the other circumstances related by the princess to lord Stanley in this interview, there is one in strong coincidence with the propensity to dabble in fortune-telling and astrology, which was a weakness belonging to the house of York.² She said “that her father, being one day studying a book of magic in the palace of Westminster, was extremely agitated, even to tears; and though earls and lords were present, none durst speak to him but herself. She came and knelt before him for his blessing, upon which he threw

¹ This old word signifies a torch, or a profusion of long fair hair. There is an extraordinary similarity in sir Thomas More’s description of her mother’s paroxysm of anguish on hearing of the death of her sons, beginning, “Her fair hair she tare.”—See Life of queen Elizabeth Woodville. The quotation is from the ‘Song of the Lady Bessy.’

² Edward IV. and George of Clarence recriminated magical practices on each other; and Henry VII. averred that their sister, Margaret of Burgundy, tormented him more by her sorceries than by all her political cabals. Nor was the house of Lancaster free from these follies: the dark prediction that a young king of England should be destroyed by one whose name began with the letter G had been originally made for the annoyance of duke Humphrey of Gloucester, “but fulfilled in our days,” says Rous of Warwick (who records the circumstance), “by that wretch Richard III.”

his arms around her, and lifted her into a high window; and when he had set her there, he gave her the *reason* or horoscope he had drawn, and bade her show it to no one but to lord Stanley, for he had plainly calculated that no son of his would wear the crown after him. He predicted that she should be queen, and the crown would rest in her descendants." When Stanley and the princess had agreed in their intentions,—

"We must part, lady, the earl said then,
But keep this matter secretly,
And this same night, at nine or ten,
In your chamber I think to be:
Look that you make all things ready.
Your maids shall not our counsel hear,
And I will bring no man with me,
But Humphrey Brereton,¹ my trusty squire."

That evening lord Stanley and Brereton disguised themselves in "manner strange," and went and stood at a private wicket, till the princess, recognizing Stanley by a signal made with his right hand, admitted him. It was the cold season, for there was fire in her apartment, of which Brereton gives this pretty sketch:—

"Charcoals in chimneys there were cast,
Candles on sticks were burning high;
She oped the wicket and let him in,
Saying, 'Welcome, lord and knight so free!'
A rich chair was set for him,
Another for that fair lady.
They ate the *spice*,² and drank the wine,
To their study³ then they went;
The lady then so fair and free,
With rudd as red as rose in May,
She kneeled down upon her knee."

In this attitude Elizabeth commenced writing the letters dictated by lord Stanley. Their contents are detailed by

¹ This is the author of the narrative, who frequently betrays himself as a principal actor in the scene, by unconsciously assuming the first person.

² Spice means 'comfits;' such, with cakes and sweet wine, was the evening repast in the middle ages. To this day children's sugar-plums, and all sorts of bonbons and comfits, are called *spice* in the north of England.

³ That is, they began to consult or study the business on which they were bent.

Brereton. He is too exact in all points of fact, as to the genealogy and individual particulars of the persons he named, to leave a single doubt that his metrical narrative was written from facts, and by a contemporary of Elizabeth of York; for, careless as he is in regard to the general history of his era, which, indeed, had assumed neither form nor shape in his lifetime, he is wonderfully accurate in all the peculiarities of the costume and private history of his day, and the closer he is sifted, the more truthful does he seem in minute traits, which must have been forgotten had the work been written a century afterwards. The dictation of these letters proves this assertion, for he shows the odd expedients men in authority resorted to when they could neither read nor write, and therefore had to depend wholly on the fidelity of a scrivener on whose transcription they placed their seals as proof that the missive was to meet credence from the recipient party; and such person was often beset with doubts as to whether the engrossed scroll (which bore no identity of handwriting) was not a treacherous fiction sealed with a stolen signet. The expedients of the unlearned but sagacious Stanley, in this dilemma, are well worthy of attention; to convince his friends that these letters really were no forgery, he relates to each some particular incident only known between themselves, and which no false scribe could invent. To his eldest son, for instance, he bade the princess "commend him, and charged him to remember, when they parted at Salford bridge, how hard he pulled his finger, till the first joint gave way, and he exclaimed with the pain." By such token lord Stanley bade him "credit this letter, and meet him at a conference in London disguised like a Kendal merchant." Sir William Stanley was requested "to come to the conference like a merchant of Beaumorris, or Caernarvon, with a retinue of Welshmen who could speak no English;" sir John Savage, Stanley's nephew, was summoned "as a Chester merchant." But, of all, the letter to Gilbert Talbot, and the reminiscences lord Stanley recalled to him, are the richest in costume and the peculiar features of the age. Lord Stanley thus directs the princess:—

"Commend me to good Gilbert Talbot
 (A gentle squire forsooth is he);
 Once on a Friday, well I wot,
 King Richard called him traitor high.
 But Gilbert to his falchion prest
 (A bold esquire, forsooth, is he),
 There durst no serjeant him arrest,
 He is so perilous of his body.
 In Tower street¹ I met him then,
 Going to Westminster Sanctuary;
 I lighted beside the horse I rode,—
 The purse from my belt I gave him truly; ■
 I bade him ride down to the north-west,
 And perchance he might live a knight to be;
 Wherefore, lady Bessy, at my request,
 Pray him to come and speak with me."

After the princess had written these despatches, and lord Stanley had *sealed* them with his *seal*,³ they agreed that Humphrey Brereton, who had always been true to king Edward IV., should set out with the letters to the north-west of England. Lord Stanley and his man slept that night in Elizabeth's suite of apartments, but she watched till dawning of day.

"And Bessy waked all that night,
 There came no sleep within her eye;
 Soon in the morn, as the day-spring,
 Up riseth the young Bessye,
 And maketh haste in her dressing.
 To Humphrey Brereton gone is she.
 And when she came to Humphrey's bower,
 With a small voice called she;
 Humphrey answered that lady bright,
 Saying, 'Who calleth here so early?'

¹ The squabble between the king and Talbot probably took place at the Tower; and the brave squire got into Tower street, meaning to take boat to Westminster Sanctuary, when Stanley met him, and provided him with money and a steed for his flight into Cheshire.

² Stanley gave him his purse from his belt: it is in the strict costume of the era. Gilbert Talbot, the hero here described, greatly distinguished himself at Bosworth. He was dubbed knight-banneret on the field, and richly rewarded by Henry VII.; he was one of the officers of Katharine of Arragon, who made him her ranger of Needwood forest.

³ Such was the important use of the seal, when letters were written in one set hand by a scribe.

'I am king Edward's daughter right,
The countess Clere, young Bessy;
In all haste, with means and might,
Thou must come to lord Stanley!' "

The lady "fair and sweet" guided Humphrey to the bedside of his master, who gave him directions for the safe delivery of six letters. Humphrey summoned sir William, the brother of lord Stanley, at Holt castle, lord Strange at Latham house, Edward and James Stanley from Manchester, with their cousin sir John Savage. Lastly, he arrived at Sheffield castle, with his missive for "Gilbert Talbot fair and free," whose reception of Elizabeth's letter is highly characteristic:—

"When he that letter looked upon,
A loud laughter laughed he.
'Fair fall that lord in his renown,
To stir and rise beginneth he;
Fair fall Bessy, that countess Clere,
That such counsel giveth truly!
Greet well my nephew, nigh of blood,
The young earl of Shrewsbury;
Bid him not dread or doubt of good,
In the Tower of London though he be:
I shall make London gate to tremble and quake,
But my nephew rescued shall be.
Commend me to that countess *clear*,
King Edward's child, young Bessy;
Tell her I trust in Jesu, who hath no peer,
To bring her her love¹ from over the sea.' "

The iteration of the expression "countess clear," which is applied, by all her partisans, to Elizabeth of York, certainly meant more than a descriptive epithet relative to her complexion, or why should the term "countess" be always annexed to it? In truth, the lady Bessy was, by indubitable right, the moment her brothers were dead, the heiress of the mighty earldom of Clere, or Clare, as the representative of her ancestress Elizabeth de Burgh,² the wife of Lionel, second son of Edward III. The title of duke of Clarence, which originally sprang from this inheritance, might be resumed by the crown; but the great earldom of Clere, or Clare, was a female fief, and devolved on Elizabeth. Her

¹ Henry of Richmond.

² See the biography of queen Philippa, vol. i.

partisans certainly meant to greet her as its rightful and legitimate owner when they termed her "countess Clere," for however clear or bright she might be, that species of complexion by no means brought any rational connection with the title of countess.

When Brereton returned from his expedition, he found lord Stanley walking with king Richard in the palace garden.¹ Stanley gave him a sign of secrecy, and Humphrey asserted before the king, "that he had been taking a vacation of recreation among his friends in Cheshire." After a coaxing and hypocritical speech of Richard, regarding his affection for the "poor commonalty," he went to his own apartments in the palace. Brereton then obtained an interview of the princess, to whom he detailed the success of his expedition. Elizabeth received the intelligence with extraordinary gratitude, and agreed to meet her confederates in secret council when they arrived from the north. The place of meeting was an old inn in the London suburbs, between Holborn and Islington; an eagle's foot was chalked on the door, as the token of the place of meeting for the disguised gentlemen who came from Cheshire and Lancashire. The eagle's foot is one of the armorial bearings of sir Reginald Braye,² who was a retainer belonging to lord Stanley, and, as all historians³ are well aware, was deeply concerned in the revolution which placed Elizabeth and Richmond on the English throne. The inn thus indicated was conveniently stationed for the rendezvous, as travellers from the north must perforce pass the door. Thither, according to our poet, the princess and Stanley repaired secretly by night. After Elizabeth had conferred with her allies, and satisfied herself that they would not murder Richmond, out of their Yorkist prejudices, if he trusted himself among the northern powers, she agreed to

¹ Cotton-garden was one of the pleasancess or gardens of Westminster palace.

² Lady Braye, his representative (an English peeress by summons), has in her possession a portrait of sir Reginald Braye, wearing a tabard "powdered" with the eagle's foot. Brereton does not mention sir Reginald Braye, excepting by this indication; but it is sufficient, and is, moreover, one of those minute traits which verify this metrical chronicle.

■ Sir Thomas More. Holinshed. Hall.

send him a ring of betrothal, with a letter, informing him of the strength of the party propitious to the union of York and Lancaster. Humphrey Brereton undertook the dangerous task of carrying the despatches. He embarked at Liverpool, a port then little known to the rest of England; but the shipping, and all other matters there, were at the command of the house of Stanley.

When the malady of queen Anne became hopeless and she evidently drew near her end, a rumor prevailed in the palace, and from thence spread over the country, that the king, on her demise, intended to espouse his niece Elizabeth. It was a report that excited horror in every class of the English people, and in no one (as all historians expressly declare) so much as in the mind of the young princess herself, who detested the idea of the abhorrent union.¹ It may be inferred that she had not concealed her aversion from her uncle, since, after the queen's death, she was sent into restraint at the castle of Sheriff-Hutton, in Yorkshire. Richard himself, perceiving the public disgust, gave up the idea of marrying Elizabeth. Immediately the funeral of his wife was over, he called a meeting of the civic authorities, in the great hall of St. John's, Clerkenwell, just before Easter, 1485, and, in their presence, distinctly disavowed any intention of espousing his niece, and forbade the circulation of the report, "as false and scandalous in a high degree." A little while before this proclamation, the same chronicler² states, "that a convocation of twelve doctors of divinity had sat on a case of the marriage of an uncle and niece, and had declared that the kindred was too near for a pope's bull to sanction."

If the princess Elizabeth had not manifested decided repugnance to the addresses of her uncle, she might, perhaps, have met with better treatment than consignment to a distant fortress; yet, in the face of this harsh usage, sir George Bucke, the apologist for Richard III., has had the hardihood to affirm that she was so desirous of marrying her uncle as to be anxious to hasten the death of her aunt. In confirmation of this assertion he adduces an infamous

¹ Sir Thomas More. Holinshed. Hall.

² Continuator of Croyland.

letter, which he says he saw in the cabinet of the earl of Arundel, among the Howard papers, addressed by the princess Elizabeth to the duke of Norfolk, Richard's great supporter. Bucke pretends that she, in this letter, solicited the good offices of the duke of Norfolk in her favor, adding, "that the king was her joy and maker in this world, and that she was his in heart and thought." So far Bucke affects to quote her words, but he adds, in a most uncandid manner, "she *hinted* her surprise at the duration of the queen's illness, and her apprehensions that she would *never* die."¹ Why did not Bucke quote the very words of the princess, that all the world might judge how far the expressions he called a *hint* extended? Meantime, this letter has never been seen to the present hour, and Bucke is too violent a partisan and too unfaithful an historian to be believed on his mere word. Persons often act inconsistently in respect to the characters of others, but never in regard to their own. During many trials the retiring conduct of Elizabeth bore fully out her favorite motto, which consisted of the words HUMBLE AND REVERENT. Nor is it probable that her sweet and saintly nature should have blazed out, in one sentence of a letter, into all the murderous ambition that distinguished her father and uncles, and then subsided forever into the ways of pleasantness and peace. If this princess had had a heart capable of cherishing murderous thoughts against "her kind aunt, queen Anne," she would have shown some other symptoms of a cruel and ungrateful nature. She certainly did not; therefore it is unjust to condemn her on a supposed hint in a letter which no one but an enemy ever read.²

While our princess is incarcerated in her northern prison, it is needful to bestow a few pages on the paladin appointed

¹ Bucke's Hist.; W. Kennet, p. 568.

² The house of Howard have, from that time to the present, possessed many members illustrious for their literary talents, and, above all, for their research into documentary history; and though search has been made in their archives for this royal autograph letter, yet from that hour to the present it has never been found. Sir James Mackintosh would never (as a lawyer) have given credence to sir George Bucke's mere assertion if he had known that the document was not forthcoming.

to her rescue. The romantic incidents of the early life of our first Tudor sovereign are, indeed, little known. Henry Tudor was the son of Edmund earl of Richmond¹ and Margaret Beaufort, only child of John duke of Somerset. His mother was little more than thirteen² when he was born at Pembroke castle,³ June 26, 1456. Margaret has thus prettily recorded the date of his birth in one of her letters:—⁴“For,” says the proud and happy mother, “it was on this day of St. Anne that I did bring into the world my good and gracious prince, and only-beloved son.” The father of this infant survived but till the succeeding November. The countess of Richmond, afterwards the pride of English matrons, the most noble as well as most learned lady in the land, was left a widow and a mother at fourteen, with a little earl of five months old in her arms, whom she had to rear and protect amidst all the horrors of a civil war, which had just begun to rage when her husband died.

When the infant earl of Richmond was about three years old,⁵ he was presented by his fond young mother to his great-uncle Henry VI., who solemnly blessed him, and, placing his hand on the child's head, said, “This pretty boy will wear the garland in peace for which we so sinfully contend,”—an oracular saying carefully treasured by the young mother of the boy, and remembered afterwards by his party to his advantage. Soon after, the little earl was taken under the protection of his uncle, Jasper earl of Pembroke; and as he was the next heir, through his mother, to the whole ambitious race of Somerset, who were filling England with their seditious efforts to be recognized as legitimate branches of the royal line of Lancaster, the boy was conveyed to the remote castle of Pembroke, for his personal security from the inimical house of York. He was not five years old when his only protector, Jasper Tudor, was forced to fly

¹ Son of queen Katherine and Owen Tudor.—See her Life.

² Hall, 287.

³ Brooke's Succession of Kings.

⁴ Hayne's State-Papers. His mother does not mention the *year* of his birth, but he died at fifty-two, in 1508, which gives this date.—See Speed, 979.

⁵ Lord Bacon makes the infant Tudor some years older, and says he was serving Henry VI. with the ewer of water when the prediction was made; but Henry VI. had not an opportunity of thus blessing the child later in his reign.

from the lost field of Mortimer's Cross. Pembroke castle was stormed by sir William Herbert, one of Edward IV.'s partisans, and the earldom of Pembroke was given to him as a reward. The poor little earl of Richmond was found in the castle,¹ not altogether friendless, for he was protected by Philip ap Hoell, whom he in after-life described gratefully as "our old servant and well-beloved *nurriour*,"² an expression which plainly shows that Henry had a Welshman by way of nurse. The new earl of Pembroke was a just and brave man, and, moreover, had a good and merciful lady for his helpmate. So far from hurting the little prisoner whom they had seized with his uncle's castle, the lady Herbert took him to her maternal arms, and brought him up with her own family, "and in all kind of civility well and honorably educated him."³ The excellence of this good deed will be better appreciated when it is remembered that Henry was the heir of the dispossessed earl of Pembroke, and consequently was considered by some to have more right to the castle than the Herberts.

The family of lady Herbert consisted of three sons and six daughters, companions of Henry's childhood, and with the lady Maud Herbert there is reason to suppose he had formed a loving attachment. When he was fourteen, his generous protector lord Pembroke was illegally murdered by Warwick's faction, after Banbury fight. Young Tudor still remained with his maternal friend, lady Herbert, till another revolution in favor of Lancaster restored Jasper Tudor once more to his earldom and castle, who with them took re-possession of his nephew. But the few months Jasper was able to hold out the castle was a period of great danger. The nephew and uncle narrowly escaped destruction from a plot contrived by Roger Vaughan, a bold and crafty marchman, belonging to a fierce clan of his name, vowed vassals of the Mortimers and their heirs. Jasper had the satisfaction of turning the tables on Roger, by cutting off his head. But he was soon after besieged in the castle by Morgan Thomas, who, according to the orders of

¹ Hall, 287.

² Sir Harris Nicolas, *Privy-purse Expenses*, 212.

³ This most interesting passage in Henry's life is taken from Hall, 287.

Edward IV., dug a trench round the fortress, and would soon have captured its inmates if David Thomas (brother to the besieger) had not taken pity on the Tudors and favored their escape to Tenby,¹ whence with a few faithful retainers they embarked for France, and were cast by a tempest on the coast of Bretagne. Duke Francis II. received them hospitably, and for two or three years they lived peacefully, yet under some restraint.

But the existence of young Henry Tudor disquieted Edward IV., though in the very height of victorious prosperity, and he sent Stillington, bishop of Bath (the ready tool for any iniquity), on a deceitful mission to the court of Bretagne, offering Henry the hand of his eldest daughter with a princely dower, and to Jasper restoration of his earldom, if they would return to England and be his friends. Henry and Jasper were both deceived so far as to be placed without resistance in the hands of the English deputation, and the whole party were only waiting at St. Malo for a favorable wind, when the duke of Bretagne was seized with a sudden qualm of conscience: he sent his favorite, Peter Landois, to inform young Henry privately that he would be murdered if he trusted himself on board Edward's ships. It seems Edward IV. had bargained that his envoy should pay the duke of Bretagne a large sum directly the unfortunate Lancastrian nobles were surrendered. Stillington had just delivered the cash agreed upon, and this was the way the duke contrived to keep the purchase-money and save the lives of his guests. The earl of Richmond had caught a quotidian ague at St. Malo,² and was lying in such a state of suffering under its feverish fits that he troubled himself very little with the message of the duke; but the moment his affectionate uncle heard it, he summoned his faithful servants, who ran with the sick youth in their arms to take sanctuary at St. Malo, nor could any promises of Stillington induce them to come out. Edward IV. complained bitterly to duke Francis of the trick he had played him, but he well deserved to lose his money.

Meantime, the countess Margaret, the mother of the young

¹ Hall, 303.

² *Ibid.*, 323.

earl, remained at the court of Edward without exciting any great jealousy. She had married lord Henry Stafford, and was again a widow. Edward IV. gave her to his vowed partisan, lord Stanley. Her husband's esteem for her virtues was great, and her influence over him sufficient to inspire him with a very fatherly interest for her poor exiled boy, from whom she had been cruelly divided since his infancy. From the hour when young Richmond was placed in sanctuary at St. Malo, he was virtually a prisoner. As Henry considered that his life was in great danger, he resolved to render himself capable of taking orders, as a last refuge from the malice of Edward IV. With this intention, as well as for the purpose of whiling away the heavy hours of captivity, he became a proficient in Latin, and all the learning of the times.¹

The danger passed away, the learning remained to his future benefit. Yet Richmond and his uncle must have led a harassed life for many years during their exile; nor had they always the comfort of being together, for the records of Vannes prove that, after being some time in an honorable state of restraint in the capital of Bretagne, watched by guards yet treated as princes, on some suspicion of their intention to withdraw themselves, Henry and his uncle were arrested at the request of Edward IV. Jasper was confined in the castle of Joscelyn, and young Henry in the castle of Elvin. The Bretons to this day point out one of the two towers of Elvin as his prison.² The death of his great persecutor Edward IV. caused an amelioration of his captivity. A few months opened to him an immediate vista to the English crown.

After the destruction of the heirs of York had been effected by their murderous uncle Richard III., Christopher Urswick came to Bretagne with a proposal from the countess Margaret to her son, that he should marry the rightful heiress of the realm, Elizabeth of York. Henry imme-

¹ Speed, 926.

² From *l'Essai sur les Antiquités du Département du Morbihan*, par J. Mahe, Chanoine de la Cathédrale de Vannes. Extract made by Rev. J. Hunter, in illustration of the 'Song of the Lady Bessy.'

diately requested an interview with the duke of Bretagne, to whom he confided his prospects, and received from him promises of assistance and permission to depart. Soon after came a gentleman, Hugh Conway, bringing great sums from his mother, with directions to effect a landing as soon as possible in Wales. Henry sailed for England with forty ships furnished him by the duke of Bretagne. According to general history, he heard of Buckingham's failure and returned immediately; yet the local traditions of Wales declare that he landed and remained in concealment for several months at Tremostyn, in Flintshire.¹ "In the ancient castle of Tremostyn, in Flintshire, is a great room at the end of a long gallery, said by the tradition of the place to have been the lodging of Henry VII. when earl of Richmond, for he resided secretly in Wales at the time he was supposed to have been in Bretagne. None of our historians," adds Pennant, "account for a certain period in Henry's life after he had departed from the protection of the duke of Bretagne. While Henry was thus lurking at Mostyn, a party of Richard's forces arrived there on suspicion, and proceeded to search the castle. He was about to dine, but had just time to leap out of a back window, and make his escape by means of a hole, which is to this day called the 'king's hole.'"²

With Henry's visit to Wales was probably connected the report mentioned in history of his desire to marry lady Katherine Herbert, the youngest daughter of his former generous protectors. After the defeat of Buckingham, he for a time lost all hope of alliance with the royal Elizabeth. His former love, Maud Herbert, had been married to the earl of Northumberland, but Henry sent word that he wished to have her younger sister.³ The messenger, however, met with the most unaccountable impediments in his journey; and before he could communicate with lady Northumberland, new schemes were agitated for his union with the princess Elizabeth, and Henry was forced to sacrifice his

¹ Pennant's Wales.

² Pennant. To sir Richard ap Howel, the lord of Mostyn castle, Henry VII. gave his belt and sword, worn on the day of Bosworth.

³ Hall.

private affections. The people imagined that the union of the rival roses was arranged by Providence for the purpose of putting an end to the long agonies England had endured on account of the disputed succession. Great crowds went to behold a natural prodigy of a rose-bush, which produced blossoms where the rival colors of the rose of York and Lancaster were for the first time seen blended. This the English considered was an auspicious omen.¹

It must have been about this time that the ring and letter arrived from Elizabeth of York which renewed her engagement to him. In Brereton's narrative, he declares he met the earl of Richmond at Begar monastery; this was twenty-eight miles from Rennes, conveniently situated for intercourse with England, where there were two convents connected with that of Begar on the earl of Richmond's own estate in Yorkshire. Brereton found the earl of Richmond sitting at the butts in an archery-ground; he was dressed in a black velvet surcoat, which reached to the knees: he describes him as long-faced, and pale in complexion. He was in company with lord Oxford, who had just escaped to him from his tedious imprisonment in Hammes castle, and lord Ferrers (of Groby), who was the same person as the marquess of Dorset, Elizabeth's brother: Richmond was likewise attended by a gentleman of the name of Lee. The French authors affirm that Henry was in love with Lee's daughter Katherine, but that the girl gave up his promise for fear of ruining his fortunes.² Henry received Brereton civilly: he kissed the ring of rich stones that Elizabeth had sent him, but, with the characteristic caution which had distinguished him, remained three weeks before he gave him an answer.

Once more Henry was in imminent peril, from the treachery of the Breton government. Duke Francis fell dangerously ill, and his minister, Landois, covenanted to deliver the earl into the hands of Richard III. ; as it was, Richmond, who

¹ Camden's Remains.

² Prevost. It is worthy of remark that one of Elizabeth's maids of honor was mistress Lee. In every page some curious coincidence with forgotten fact is to be found in Brereton's work.

was near the French border, had to ride for his life, and with only five persons arrived safely at Angers, from whence he visited the French court, and received promises of assistance from the lady-regent, sister to Charles VIII. He followed the royal family of France to Paris, where he renewed a solemn oath to marry Elizabeth of York if he could dispossess the usurper; and the day after this oath, all the English students at the university of Paris tendered him their homage as king of England.¹ He likewise received a message from duke Francis, who, having recovered his health, disclaimed the iniquities of Landois, and promised Henry assistance for his fresh descent on England. The lady-regent of France advanced him a sum of money, but required hostages for its payment; upon which Henry very adroitly left in pledge the person of his intended brother-in-law, the marquess of Dorset, whose late communications with England had excited some suspicions.

Richmond reckoned himself a prisoner during the whole of his connection with Bretagne. "He told me," says Comines, "just before his departure, that from the time he was five years old he had been either a fugitive or a captive, and that he had endured a fifteen years' imprisonment from duke Francis, into whose hands he had fallen by extremity of weather. Indeed, I was at the court of Bretagne when he and his uncle were first seized." Edward IV. paid the duke of Bretagne a yearly sum for his safe-keeping; and, if the extreme poverty of Richard III. had permitted him to continue the pension, it is to be feared the crown of England and the hand of its heiress, the 'lovely lady Bessy,' would never have been won by Henry Tudor.

Henry sailed with the united fleets of France and Bretagne from Harfleur, August 1st, on his chivalric enterprise to win a wife and crown. His navy met with no interruption, for Richard's poverty kept the English ships inactive. The fleet safely made Milford-Haven in seven days; but Henry landed with his uncle Jasper at a place called Dale, some miles from his armament. When his uncle first set foot on his native shore, the people received him joyfully, with these significant

¹ Guthrie, vol. ii. 764.

words, "Welcome! for thou hast taken good care of thy nephew;"¹ a sarcastic reflection on the conduct of Richard III. to his nephews. This welcome was indicative of the public feeling, for Richmond was greeted everywhere on his route from Milford as a deliverer, and as far as Shrewsbury every town threw open its gates for his admittance. His old friend, lord Herbert, though not openly his partisan, secretly favored his march; but Gilbert Talbot, with the bold decision of character so well described by Brereton, joined him promptly at the head of the vassalage of his nephew, the earl of Shrewsbury:² so did sir John Savage. Henry now pressed forward for the midland counties, suffering in mind doubts respecting the conduct of the Stanleys, although he received the most comforting messages from his mother. At last he arrived at Tamworth. Lord Stanley was encamped at Atherstone, and Richard III. was advancing to Leicester. On the evening of the 20th of August, Henry had a very narrow escape; he went out from his camp at Tamworth, and met lord Stanley by assignation in the dark, in a field near Atherstone. Here Stanley explained to his son-in-law "how necessary it was for him to appear Richard's friend till the very moment when the battle joined, or the loss of his son's life would be the consequence, since Richard would not excuse him from his palace-duty without he left his heir, George lord Strange, as a hostage; that the axe was even now suspended over George's head, and would fall on the slightest symptoms of revolt shown by the Stanleys." Had Richmond been wholly satisfied, he surely would have got a guide from Stanley back to his camp, for on his return he lost his path, and wandered in the greatest peril of being captured by Richard's scouts: he dared not inquire his way, lest his foreign accent should betray him. At last rendered desperate, he knocked at the door of a lone hut on Atherstone moor, and finding therein the master, a simple shepherd, was by him refreshed, and afterwards kindly guided

¹ Gough's History of Myddle, edited by sir Thomas Phillippis, Bart., and printed at the Middle Hill press.

² Hall; who strongly confirms Brereton's statement, without knowing anything of him.

to Tamworth, where he rejoined his forces, not before his army¹ had been thrown into consternation at his absence.

That very evening, at sunset, king Richard entered Leicester, mounted on a magnificent white courser, and clad in the same suit of burnished steel armor he wore at Tewkesbury; on his helmet was placed a regal crown, which he had worn ever since he joined his military muster at Nottingham. His countenance was stern and frowning, his manner that of high command, as he rode surrounded by the pomp of war in the van of the finest cavalry forces in Europe. His army, amounting to thirteen thousand men, was sufficient to have crushed Richmond's petty band, but that its strength was impaired by secret disaffection. King Richard slept at the principal inn at Leicester (known since by the name of the Blue Boar), because Leicester castle was ruinous and uninhabitable. The room in which he passed the night is fresh in the memory of many persons: the ancient inn has been but recently destroyed, for the erection of a row of small houses. Richard occupied a ghostly gothic chamber: he slept on his military chest in the shape of a bedstead, and the discovery of his treasure, a hundred years afterwards, occasioned a horrid murder. Early in the morning of the day preceding Bosworth fight, Richard III. left Leicester by the south gate at the head of his cavalry. A poor old blind man, who had been a wheelwright, sat begging near the bridge: as the king approached he cried out, that "if the moon changed again that day, which had changed once in the course of nature that morning, king Richard would lose life and crown." He hinted, here, at the secret disaffection of the Percy² who had married Henry of Richmond's old love, Maud Herbert. As Richard rode over Leicester bridge, his left foot struck against a low wooden post. "His head shall strike against that very pile," said the oracular beggar, "as he returns this night."³

Hutton's Bosworth. This adventure is glanced at by Rapin, Guthrie, and Speed, but most pleasingly detailed in an old chronicle printed by Hutton.

² The Percy bears the crescent as crest.

³ Twelve Strange Prophecies: Tracts, British Museum.

On the evening of the 21st the two rival armies encamped on the appropriately-named heath of Redmore, near Bosworth. Richard went out at twilight to reconnoitre: he found a sentinel fast asleep at the outposts; he promptly stabbed him to the heart, with these stern soldierly words:—"I found him asleep, and I leave him so." Such was the usurper's preparation for that fearful night of unrest, of which Shakspeare has made such poetical use. Our chroniclers¹ more briefly describe the troubled slumber of Richard on the last night of his existence, by saying that, in his sleep, he "was most terribly pulled and haled by divels." They report, moreover, that other agents were busy in the camp besides these diabolical phantasma of the tyrant's over-charged brain, for the morning light showed that some daring hand had placed a placard on the duke of Norfolk's tent, containing these lines:—

"Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

Notwithstanding his ill rest, Richard was the next morning energetically active, reckoning on overwhelming Richmond at once by a tremendous charge of cavalry. Richmond must have possessed great moral courage to risk a battle, for his father-in-law was, till the moment of onset, dubious in his indications. At last lord Stanley and his brother sir William joined Richmond's forces, and the odds were turned against the usurper; yet the battle raged on Redmore heath for more than two hours. King Richard made in person three furious charges, the last being the most desperate, after his friend the duke of Norfolk was slain, when Richard, overthrowing all opposers, "cut his way" to where Richmond's standard flew, in hopes of a personal encounter with his rival. After killing the standard-bearer, Brandon, "he was borne down by numbers at the foot of the hill near Amyon lays." His blood tinged the pretty brooklet which issues from the hill: it literally ran red that day, and to this hour the common people refuse to drink of its waters. The body of Richard was in a few

¹ Speed, 932. Holinshed. Hall.

minutes plundered of its armor and ornaments.¹ The crown was hidden by a soldier in a hawthorn-bush, but was soon found and carried to lord Stanley, who placed it on the head of his son-in-law, saluting him by the title of Henry VII., while the victorious army sang *Te Deum* on the blood-stained heath.

“Oh, Redmore! then it seemed thy name was not in vain.”

It was in memory of the picturesque fact that the red-berried hawthorn once sheltered the crown of England, that the house of Tudor assumed the device of a crown in a bush of the fruited hawthorn. To the same circumstance may be referred the loyal proverb of—

“Cleave to the crown, though it hang on a bush.”

While these events were transacting, the royal maiden who was to prove the prize of the victor remained in the lonely halls of the Yorkshire castle of Sheriff-Hutton, with no companion but its young and imbecile owner,² her cousin Warwick. A sudden outburst of joy throughout the country, and the thronging of the population of the district about the gates of her prison, told Elizabeth that her cause had prospered, and that Richard was overthrown. Soon after came Sir Robert Willoughby, sent by the new king, Henry VII., from Bosworth, with orders to bring the princess Elizabeth and her cousin to London with all convenient speed. The princess commenced her journey directly, and was attended by a voluntary guard of the nobility and

¹ The local traditions of Leicestershire affirm that when Richard's body was brought into Leicester, the town he had lately quitted with the utmost military pomp, it was stripped and gashed, and hanging, with the head downwards, across a horse ridden by one of his heralds, Blanche Sanglier. As the body was carried across Leicester bridge, the head dangling like a thrum-mop, it (as was very likely) struck against the piece of wood projecting from the bridge, and thus the gossips found the blind wheelwright's saying fulfilled. The nuns of the Gray Friars begged the poor maltreated corpse of their benefactor, and interred it humbly, but decently, in their church.

² Sheriff-Hutton was one of the chief baronial residences of the great earl of Warwick, and therefore the residence of his grandson, whom king Richard III. did not pretend to rob of his mother's share of the Neville inheritance. Henry VII. put him in confinement in the Tower, after Willoughby had conveyed him from Sheriff-Hutton.

gentry of the counties through which she passed, and many noble ladies likewise came to wait upon her: in this state she was escorted to London, and consigned to the care of her mother, queen Elizabeth, at Westminster palace.

Henry VII., in the mean time, set out from Leicester, and by easy journeys arrived in the metropolis. The lord mayor and citizens met him at Shoreditch, and recognized him as king of England.¹ He came, not invested with military terrors like a conqueror,—not even as an armed and mounted cavalier,—but made his entry, to the surprise of every one, in a covered chariot, a mode of travelling never before used excepting by females, “without,” adds Bacon, “it was considered necessary so to convey a traitor or enemy of the state, dangerous for the people to recognize.” His own poet, Bernard Andreas, who had accompanied him from Bretagne, welcomed him to London at Shoreditch, with Latin verses written in his praise. The king went direct to St. Paul’s, where *Te Deum* was sung, and he offered his banners, not those taken at Bosworth, but three on which were figured his devices of the fiery dragon of Cadwallader, a dun cow, and the effigy of St. George. He then retired to his lodging prepared at the palace of the bishop of London, close to St. Paul’s church-yard. While he remained the guest of the bishop, he assembled his privy council, and renewed to them his promise of espousing the princess Elizabeth of York. The discontents of the Yorkist party commenced from this era; they found with indignation that Henry chose to be recognized by parliament as the independent sovereign of England, without the least acknowledgment of the title he derived from his betrothment with their princess. His coronation took place soon after, without the association of the princess in its honors.

Elizabeth, it is said, suffered great anxiety from the reports of his intended marriage, either with the heiress of Bretagne or lady Katherine Herbert. In the course of her meditations she recalled to memory that her father had, in her infancy, offered her in marriage to “this comely prince;” perhaps she did not know the evil intentions of that treaty;

¹ Continuation of Hardyng.

at all events, she deemed herself Henry's betrothed wife, not only from motives of political expediency, but according to the sanction of her deceased parent.¹ Yet it was near Christmas, and no preparations had been made for the marriage of the royal pair, when the house of commons, on their grant to the king of tonnage and poundage for life, added to it a petition "that he would take to wife and consort the princess Elizabeth, which marriage they hoped God would bless with a progeny of the race of kings." The members of the assembled houses of parliament then rose up and bowed to the king, as a sign of their earnest co-operation in this wish:² the king replied "that he was very willing so to do." He might have added, for the further satisfaction of all malcontent at the delay, that the prevalence of the two great plagues of poverty and pestilence were reasonable impediments to gorgeous and crowded ceremonies; for the private records of the exchequer prove that there was not a doit in the royal purse, and the public annals show how severely the new disease called 'the sweating sickness,' or *sudor Anglicus*, was devastating the metropolis.

The parliament was prorogued from the 10th of December till the 27th of January by the lord chancellor, who announced "that, before its reassembling, the marriage of the king and the princess Elizabeth would take place;" from which time she was treated as queen.³ A great tournament was proclaimed, and magnificent preparations made for the royal nuptials. Elizabeth and Henry were within the prohibited degrees: to obtain a special dispensation was a work of time, but in order to indulge the wishes of the nation for their immediate union, an ordinary dispensation

¹ Bernard Andreas's Memoir, quoted by Speed. ² Parliamentary History.

³ Plumpton Papers, p. 48.—Camden Society. The learned editor of this valuable collection justly points out the importance of the tenth letter as an historical document, but suggests (from another document) that a mistake is made in the date, and that parliament was appointed to reassemble on the 23d, instead of the 27th; but we think, as the royal marriage took place on the 18th, the Plumpton correspondent is right. Since "there was to be great justing," many of the peers and knights of the shire would take a part at this passage of arms, and they would be scarcely fit for business under a week or eight days.

was procured from the pope's resident legate, by which license the royal pair were united at Westminster, January 18, 1486. Their wedding-day was, in the words of Bernard Andreas, "celebrated with all religious and glorious magnificence at court, and by their people with bonfires, dancing, songs, and banquets, throughout all London." Cardinal Bouchier, who was at the same time a descendant of the royal house of Plantagenet¹ and a prince of the church, was the officiating prelate at the marriage. "His hand," according to the quaint phraseology of Fuller, who records the circumstance, "held that sweet posie, wherein the white and red roses were first tied together."

¹ By descent from Isabel Plantagenet, sister of Richard duke of York, who married Bouchier earl of Essex.

ELIZABETH OF YORK,

SURNAMED THE GOOD,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF HENRY VII.

CHAPTER II.

Epithalamium—Origin of the anthem of ‘God save the king’—The queen’s residence at Winchester—Delicate health—Illness with ague—Birth of prince Arthur—Queen founds the Lady-chapel at Winchester cathedral—Her dower—Meets her cousin Warwick at Shene—Joins the king at Kenilworth—Views his entry at Bishopsgate street—Goes with him to Greenwich—Her procession by water to London—Coronation—Assists at the feast of St. George—Presides at the marriages of her aunt and sisters—Party to her sister’s marriage-settlement—Takes her chamber—Birth of the princess Margaret—Of prince Henry—Of the princess Elizabeth—Queen writes to the king in France—Perkin Warbeck’s rebellions—Queen’s progress with the king to Latham house—Queen’s expenditure—Her friendship for the king’s mother—The royal children—Troubles of England—Queen’s sojourn at Calais—Marriages of her children—Death of prince Arthur—Routine of the queen’s life—Expenditure—Visit to Hampton Court—Residence at the palace of the Tower—Birth of seventh child—Illness—Death—Lying in state at the Tower—Chapelle ardente—Stately funeral—Elegy by sir Thomas More—Statue—Portrait.

A VERY elegant Latin epithalamium was written on the marriage of Elizabeth of York by a learned prebendary of St. Paul’s, John de Gigli.¹ It is a great curiosity, and, though too long as a whole for the limits of the present work, an English version of a few passages relating to the royal pair are subjoined.

“Hail! ever honored and auspicious day,
When in blest wedlock to a mighty king—
To Henry—bright Elizabeth is joined.
Fairest of Edward’s offspring, she alone
Pleased this illustrious spouse.”

Then, after much rejoicing at the happy prospect of peace and re-establishment of the ancient laws, and some unneces-

¹ Bibl. Harl., 336; date 1486. John de Gigli was afterwards, in 1497, made bishop of Worcester.

sary allusions to Nestor, Priam, Hector, and invocation of the pagan deities, the reverend poet addresses Henry to this effect :—

“Though it may please you proudly to derive
Ancestral titles from the ancient stock
Of Frankish kings, your royal forefathers,
Your beauty more commends you to our hearts,—
Features benign, and form of graceful mould,
Virtue's concomitants which wait on you,
And with each other vie to make you shine
In splendor more adorned.”

The poet tells Henry that the fruit of war is won, the ermine has descended upon him, the crown is on his head, the sceptre in his hand, peace smiles for England, and he only requires a spouse to complete his happiness, and thus calls his attention to Elizabeth :—

“So here the most illustrious maid of York,
Deficient nor in virtue nor descent,
Most beautiful in form, whose matchless face
Adorned with most enchanting sweetness shines.
Her parents called her name Elizabeth,
And she, their first-born, should of right succeed
Her mighty sire. *Her title will be yours,*
If you unite this princess to yourself
In wedlock's holy bond.”

Alluding to Henry's tardiness in celebrating his nuptials, the royal *fiancée* is made to express the most passionate impatience. She says :—

“Oh, my beloved ! my hope, my only bliss !
Why then defer my joy ? Fairest of kings,
Whence your delay to light our bridal torch ?
Our noble house contains two persons now,
But one in mind, in equal love the same.
Oh, my illustrious spouse ! give o'er delay
Your sad Elizabeth entreats ; and you
Will not deny Elizabeth's request,
For we were plighted in a solemn pact,
Signed long ago by your own royal hand.”

Henry is then reminded that her youthful affections had been given to him, and that she had patiently cherished this idea for years :—

“How oft with needle, when denied the pen,
Has she on canvas traced the blessed name

Of Henry, or expressed it with her loom
 In silken threads, or 'broidered it in gold;
 And now she seeks the fanes and hallowed shrines
 Of deities propitious to her suit,
 Imploring them to shorten her suspense,
 That she may in auspicious moment know
 The holy name of bride.

* * * * *
 Your hymeneal torches now unite,
 And keep them ever pure. Oh! royal maid,
 Put on your regal robes in loveliness.
 A thousand fair attendants round you wait,
 Of various ranks, with different offices,
 To deck your beauteous form. Lo! this delights
 To smooth with ivory comb your golden hair,
 And that to curl and braid each shining tress,
 And wreath the sparkling jewels round your head,
 Twining your locks with gems: this one shall clasp
 The radiant necklace framed in fretted gold
 About your snowy neck, while that unfolds
 The robes that glow with gold and purple dye,
 And fits the ornaments, with patient skill,
 To your unrivalled limbs; and here shall shine
 The costly treasures from the Orient sands.
 The sapphire, azure gem, that emulates
 Heaven's lofty arch, shall gleam, and softly there
 The verdant emerald shed its greenest light,
 And fiery carbuncle flash forth rosy rays
 From the pure gold."

The epithalamium concludes with the enthusiastic wish of the poet that a lovely and numerous progeny may bless these royal nuptials with children's children, in long succession to hold the reins of the kingdom with justice and honor. He predicts that a child shall shortly gambol in the royal halls, and grow up a worthy son of Richmond, emulating the noble qualities of his august parents, and perpetuating their name in his illustrious descendants forever. Nor was the Latin composition of the learned De Gigli the only poetical tribute to these nuptials. An anthem was written for the occasion in the following words, in which a strong resemblance will be immediately traced to "God save the king:" the similarity of the music is still stronger.¹

¹ This anthem, set to musical notes of the old square form, and with the baritone clef on the third line, genuine signs of antiquity, was found with other ancient papers in the church-chest at Gayton, Northamptonshire; the date is

“God save king Henrie wheresoe’er he be,
And for queene Elizabeth now pray wee,
And for all her noble progenye;
God save the church of Christ from any follie,
And for queene Elizabeth now pray wee.”

Three successive dispensations were granted by pope Innocent, all dated subsequently to the royal marriage. He addresses the king and queen as “thou king Henry of Lancaster, and thou Elizabeth of York;” and proceeds to state, “that as their progenitors had vexed the kingdom of England with wars and clamors, to prevent further effusion of blood it was desirable for them to unite in marriage.” He calls Elizabeth “the undoubted heir of that famous king of immortal memory, Edward IV.,” thus effacing the brand her unnatural uncle had cast on her birth. Three bulls were obtained, one after the other, before Henry could find one to please him; at last a clause was introduced, declaring that if Elizabeth died without issue, the succession of the crown was to be continued in Henry’s progeny by another wife,—a great injustice to her sisters.

Elizabeth, very soon after the marriage, gave hopes that this injurious clause would prove of none effect. She retired to the city of Winchester to pass the summer, holding her court there, surrounded by her sisters, her mother, and her mother-in-law, Margaret of Richmond, for whom she appears to have cherished the greatest esteem. The king left his bride at Lent, for the purpose of making a long and dangerous progress through the northern counties, which had been so entirely devoted to Richard III. as to have upheld him on the throne by military force. It was impossible for Elizabeth, in her delicate and hopeful situation, to accompany her husband on this progress; for he had to suppress two dangerous insurrections on the road, and one notable plot laid for his destruction. At last Henry got safely to the late usurper’s favorite city of York, where the good people discreetly tried the effect of a little personal flattery. At his magnificent entry they made the air

1486, the year of the marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York.—See History and Origin of “God save the King,” by E. Clark, p. 26.

ring with shouts of "King Harry! king Harry! our Lord preserve that sweet and well-favored face!" And so well was this compliment taken, that Henry reduced their crown-rents from 161*l.* to 18*l.* 5*s.*

The queen had fixed her residence at Winchester by her husband's express desire, as he wished her to give birth to his expected heir in the castle of that city, because tradition declared it was built by king Arthur, his ancestor. The queen's bedchamber was arranged according to ancient etiquette, which had been studied sedulously by the king's mother, the countess Margaret, who has favored posterity with her written rules on the subject. The royal patient was enclosed, not only from air, but from the light of day. "Her highness's pleasure being understood as to what chamber she be delivered in, the same must be hung with rich cloth of arras,—sides, roof, windows and all, except *one* window, where it must be hanged so that she may have light when it pleaseth her. After the queen had taken to her chamber," a peculiar ceremony in royal etiquette, now obsolete, she bade farewell to all her lords and court officers, and saw none but those of her own sex, "for," continues the countess Margaret, "women were made all manner of officers, as butlers, sewers, and pages, who received all needful things at the great chamber-door." The queen gave her family a surprise, by the birth of a son some weeks sooner than was expected; yet the child was healthy, and very lively. He was born September 20, 1486, at Winchester castle. The health of the queen, it appears, was always delicate, and she suffered much from an ague that autumn. Her mother-in-law, lady Margaret, busied herself greatly at this time; for, besides regulating the etiquette of the royal lying-in chamber, she likewise arranged the pageantry of the young prince's baptism, and set forth the length and breadth of his cradle, "fair adorned with painter's craft."¹ Elizabeth of York had the satisfaction of seeing her mother distinguished by the honor of standing godmother for this precious heir. Several cross-accidents attended his baptism: the day was violently stormy, and one of his god-

¹ Ordinances of the countess Margaret, mother of Henry VII.; Harleian MS.

fathers, the stout earl of Oxford, most unaccountably kept his royal godchild waiting in the cold cathedral three hours for his appearance. Oxford came in when the ceremony was nearly over, but he was in time to perform his part, which was that of sponsor, at the confirmation; and, taking the royal babe on his arm, he presented him to the officiating prelate at Winchester high altar. Then, while the king's trumpeters and minstrels went playing before, the child was borne to the king and queen, and had the blessing of God, Our Lady, St. George, and his father and mother.¹ The king, according to ancient custom, sat by the queen's bedside, ready to give their united blessing as the concluding ceremony of the royal baptism.

It cannot be denied that Henry VII., afterwards so cunning and worldly, was, at this epoch, imbued with all the dreamy romance natural to the studious and recluse life he had led in his prison-tower of Elven, where his hours of recreation had no other amusement than stories of Arthur and Uter Pendragon. He had hitherto spent his days in Wales or Bretagne, both Celtic countries, speaking the same language and cherishing the same traditions. Much the royal brain was occupied with ballads of the 'Mort d'Arthur,' with red dragons and green leeks, besides long rolls of Welsh pedigrees, in which Noah figured about midway. It was remarkable enough that a prince, educated on the coast of France, should have returned to England with tastes so entirely formed on the most ancient lore of our island,—tastes which he now gratified by naming the heir of England Arthur, after his favorite hero and ancestor. It was a mercy he did not name the boy Cadwallader, whom, by the assistance of some painstaking Welsh heralds, he claimed as his hundredth progenitor.² It was impossible for a king, who was a connoisseur in Welsh pedigrees, to meet with a mate better suited to him in that particular, for the queen was lineal princess of Wales by virtue of her descent from Gladis, who had married one of her Mortimer

¹ Lelandi Collectanea, iv. 390.

² It was likewise reported that Cadwallader had prophesied on his death-bed the restoration of his line as sovereigns of the whole island.—Hardyng.

ancestors, and their posterity was the nearest collateral line to Llewellyn the Great.¹ The memory of the Mortimers, as the conquerors and controllers of Wales, was little esteemed by the Welsh; but the infant prince Arthur was the object of their adoration, and his perfections are still remembered in their national songs.

Elizabeth's churching was conducted with remarkable solemnity of etiquette, according to the following routine:—The queen received her officers of the household, and the officers of arms, reclining on a grand state-bed, "richly beseen in 'tires," being, we presume, a cap with borders, "and with beads about her neck." A duchess, or at least a countess, helped her down from the bed, and led her to the chamber-door, where two duchesses received her, and a duke led her to the chapel, where the ceremony of churching took place. One of her lords carried a taper burning before her to the altar, where she offered, and all her ladies and gentlemen offered, according to their degree. And that day the queen sat in the great chamber under the king's canopy, and also had her largess cried.² The queen's ague continued, and it was long before she recovered her health: when it was restored, she founded a Lady-chapel at Winchester cathedral, as a testimony of gratitude for the birth of her heir.

The dower of Elizabeth deviated in some particulars from those of the queens her predecessors: as she was heiress of the Mortimers, some of their possessions in Herefordshire, and part of the great patrimony of Clare, formed portions of it. Her grandmother, Cicely duchess of York, was very richly endowed on this inheritance; and as Elizabeth Woodville, the queen's mother, had likewise to be maintained, the funds were barely sufficient for all claimants. The king, "in consideration of the great expenses and charges that his most dear wife Elizabeth, queen of England, must of necessity bear in her chamber, and others divers *wises*, by the advice of the lords spiritual and temporal, and the com

¹ Blackstone. Gladis was sister to Llewellyn the Great.

² MS. of the Norroy herald, time of Henry VII., late in possession of Peter le Neve, Esq.

mons in this present parliament, and by the authority of the same, ordaineth that his dear wife the queen be able to sue in her own name, without the king, by writs, etc., all manner of forms, rents, and debts due to her; and sue in her own name in all manner of actions, and plead, and be impleaded in any of the king's courts." ¹

The next year was agitated with the mysterious rebellion in behalf of the earl of Warwick, who was personated by a youth named Lambert Simnel. It was but a few months since the queen and young Warwick had been companions at Sheriff-Hutton: the public had since lost sight of him, and this rebellion was evidently got up to make the king own what had become of him. He had been kept quietly in the Tower, from whence, to prove the imposition of Lambert Simnel, he was now brought in grand procession through the city to Shene, where he had lived in 1485, and previously with Elizabeth of York, and her young brothers and sisters.² The queen received him with several noblemen, and conversed with him; but he was found to be very stupid, not knowing the difference between the commonest objects.³ The king wrote to the earl of Ormond, chamberlain to the queen, the following May, commanding him to escort her and the countess Margaret to Kenilworth, where he then was. The people were discontented that the coronation of Elizabeth had not taken place after her wedlock, and rebellions followed each other with great rapidity. Lambert Simnel fell into the king's power this autumn; and when Henry found he was a simple boy, too ignorant to be considered a responsible agent, he very magnanimously forgave him, and with good-humored ridicule promoted him to be turnspit in his kitchen at Westminster, and afterwards made him one of his falconers.

This act of grace was in honor of Elizabeth's approaching coronation. She preceded the king to London; and, on the 3d of November, 1487, she sat in a window at St. Mary's hospital, Bishopsgate street, in order to have a view of his

¹ Parliamentary Rolls, vol. vi.

² See Wardrobe-accounts of Edward IV., edited by sir Harris Nicolas, 157, 158.

³ Hall. Cardinal Pole says his uncle was as innocent as a child of a year old.

triumphant entry of the metropolis, in honor of the victory of Stoke. The queen then went with Henry to their palace at Greenwich. On the Friday preceding her coronation she went from London to Greenwich, royally accompanied on the broad-flowing Thames: all the barges of the civic companies came to meet her in procession. The bachelors' barge, whose pageant surpassed all the others, belonged to the gentleman-students of Lincoln's inn; "therein was a great red dragon," in honor of the Cadwallader dragon of the house of Tudor, "spouting flames of fire into the Thames," and "many other gentlemanly pageants, well and curiously devised, to do her highness sport and pleasure withal." This barge, rowed by the handsomest gentlemen of Lincoln's inn, kept side by side with that of Elizabeth, playing the sweetest melody, and exciting the admiration of all the citizens assembled on the banks of the river, or in boats, by the activity of the gallant rowers and the vivacity of their dragon. "When the queen landed at the Tower, the king's highness welcomed her in such manner and form as was to all the estates, being present, a very goodly sight, and right joyous and comfortable to behold."

The king then created eleven knights of the Bath; and the next day, Saturday, after dinner, Elizabeth set forth on her procession through the city to Westminster palace. The crowd was immense, it being Elizabeth's first public appearance in the metropolis as queen since her marriage, and all the Londoners were anxious to behold her in her royal apparel. She must have been well worth seeing: she had not completed her twenty-second year, her figure was, like that of her majestic father, tall and elegant, her complexion brilliantly fair, and her serene eyes and perfect features were now lighted up with the lovely expression maternity ever gives to a young woman whose disposition is truly estimable. The royal apparel, in which her loving subjects were so anxious to see her arrayed, consisted of a kirtle of white cloth of gold, damasked, and a mantle of the same, furred with ermine, fastened on the breast with a great lace or cordon, curiously wrought of gold and silk, finished with rich knobs of gold and tassels. "On her fair

yellow hair,¹ hanging at length down her back, she wore a caul of pipes [a piped net-work] and a circle of gold, richly adorned with gems." Thus attired, she quitted her chamber of state in the Tower, her train borne by her sister Cicely, who was still fairer than herself. She was preceded by four baronesses, riding gray palfreys, and by her husband's uncle Jasper, as grand steward. Her old friend lord Stanley (now earl of Derby) was high-constable, and the earl of Oxford lord chamberlain. Thus attended, she entered a rich open litter, whose canopy was borne over her head by four of the new knights of the Bath. She was followed by her sister Cicely and the duchess of Bedford, her mother's sister;² in one car, and her father's sister, the duchess of Suffolk, mother to the unfortunate earl of Lincoln, lately slain fighting against Henry VII. at the battle of Stoke. The duchess of Norfolk rode in another car, and six baronesses on palfreys brought up the noble procession. The citizens hung velvets and cloth of gold from the windows of Cheap, and stationed children, dressed like angels, to sing praises to the queen as she passed on to Westminster palace.

The next morning she was attired in a kirtle of purple velvet, furred with ermine bands in front. On her hair she wore a circlet of gold, set with large pearls and colored gems. She entered Westminster hall with her attendants, and waited under a canopy of state till she proceeded to the abbey. The way thither was carpeted with striped cloth, which sort of covering had been, from time immemorial, the perquisite of the common people. But the multitude in this case crowded so eagerly to cut off pieces of the cloth, ere the queen had well passed, that before she entered the abbey several of them were trampled to death, and the procession of the queen's ladies "broken and distroubled." The princess Cicely was the queen's train-bearer; the duke of Suffolk, her aunt's husband, carried the sceptre; and the

¹ Her hair is likewise termed *flavente*, or yellow, in the epithalamium.

² Katherine Woodville, widow of the duke of Buckingham (put to death by Richard III.). She was lately married to Jasper Tudor, whom the king had rewarded with the dukedom of Bedford.

king's uncle, Jasper duke of Bedford, carried the crown. The king resolved that Elizabeth should possess the public attention solely that day: he therefore ensconced himself in a closely-latticed box, erected between the altar and the pulpit in Westminster abbey, where he remained with his mother, *perdue*, during the whole ceremony. The queen's mother was not present, but her son Dorset, who had undergone imprisonment in the Tower on suspicion during the earl of Lincoln's revolt, was liberated, and permitted to assist at his sister's coronation.¹

A stately banquet was prepared in Westminster hall, solely for the queen and those who had assisted at her coronation. The king and the countess Margaret his mother were again present as unseen spectators, occupying a latticed seat erected in the recess of a window on the left of the hall. When the queen was seated at her coronation-feast, the lord Fitzwalter, her sewer, "came before her in his surcoat with tabard-sleeves, his hood about his neck, and a towel over all, and sewed all the messes." A sewer seems to have been an officer who performed at the royal table the functions of a footman, or waiter, at a modern dinner-party; and "sewing all the messes" was presenting the hot meats in a manner fit for the queen to partake of them. "The lady Katherine Gray and mistress Ditton went under the table, and sat at the queen's feet; and the countesses of Oxford² and Rivers knelt on each side, and now and then held a kerchief before her grace. And after the feast the queen departed with God's blessing, and the rejoicing of many a true Englishman's heart."³

The next day Henry partook of the coronation festivities. The queen began the morning by hearing mass with her

¹ Ives's Select Papers.

■ The countess of Oxford is the first peeress who is recorded to have earned her bread by her needle; and it is pleasant to find this long-suffering lady restored to her high rank, for after the imprisonment of her husband for his unshaken fidelity in the cause of queen Margaret, Edward IV. deprived her of her dower. She would have been starved with her little children if she had not been skilled in the use of the needle. With ■ spirit of perseverance which rivalled the heroism of her lord, she struggled through fifteen years of penury, till better times restored her husband, her rank, and fortune.

³ Lelandi Collectanea, vol. iv. pp. 216, 233.

husband in St. Stephen's chapel; after which "she kept her estate" (sat in royal pomp, under a canopy) in the parliament-chamber; the king's mother, who was scarcely ever separated from her daughter-in-law, was seated on her right hand. At dinner they observed the same order, and the beautiful princess Cicely sat opposite to her royal sister at the end of the board. After dinner there was a ball, at which the queen and her ladies danced. The following day the queen returned to Greenwich.

From the time of her coronation, Elizabeth appeared in public with all the splendor of an English queen. On St. George's day, 1488, she assisted at a grand festival of the order of the Garter, attired in the robes of the order. She rode with the countess of Richmond in a rich car, covered with cloth of gold, drawn by six horses, whose housings were of the same. The royal car was followed by her sister, the princess Anne, in the robes of the order, and twenty-one ladies dressed in crimson velvet, mounted on white palfreys, the reins and housings of which were covered with white roses.

The queen's aunt Katherine, widow of Buckingham, had been previously married to the duke of Bedford, the king's uncle, in the presence of Elizabeth and Henry. The viscount Welles, who was uncle by the half-blood to the king, received the hand of the queen's sister Cicely: to the heralds were given the bride's mantle and gown as fees and largess. The princess Katherine was married to the heir of the earl of Devonshire, and the princess Anne took the place of Cicely in attendance on the queen in public. She thus continued till her hand was claimed by Thomas earl of Surrey, for his heir lord Thomas Howard; this nobleman affirmed that the young pair had been betrothed in infancy in the reign of Richard III. by that king.¹ The marriage-settlement² of the lady Anne and lord Thomas was made by queen Elizabeth on one side, in behalf of her sister, and

¹ Bucke and Hutton.

² This deed is in the possession of his grace the duke of Norfolk, earl-marshal: it is dated February 12, 1495. The lady Anne had two sons, who, fortunately for themselves, died in infancy. She died early in life, and is buried under a magnificent monument at Framlingham.

the earl of Surrey for his son on the other. Henry VII. offered at the altar, and gave his sister-in-law away.

The ancient ceremonial of the queen of England taking to her chamber was always performed in earlier times, but its detail was not preserved till the autumn of 1489, when Elizabeth of York went through the formula previously to the birth of her eldest daughter Margaret. As described in a contemporary herald's journal, queen Elizabeth's brief retirement assumed the character of a religious rite. "On All-hallows'-eve," says this quaint chronicler,¹ "the queen took to her chamber at Westminster, royally accompanied; that is to say, with my lady the king's *moder*, the duchess of Norfolk, and many other *ganging* before her, and besides greater part of the nobles of the realm, being all assembled at Westminster at the parliament. She was led by the earl of Oxford and the earl of Derby (the king's father-in-law). The reverend father in God the bishop of Exeter said mass in his pontificals.² The earl of Salisbury held the towels when the queen received the Host, and the corners of the towels were golden; and after *Agnus Dei* was sung, and the bishop ceased, the queen was led as before. When she arrived at her own great chamber, she tarried in the ante-room before it, and stood under her cloth of estate; then was ordained a *voide* of refreshments. That done, my lord the queen's chamberlain,³ in very good words, desired, in the queen's name, 'all her people to pray that God would send her a good hour,' and so she entered into her chamber, which was hanged and ceiled with blue cloth of arras, enriched with gold fleurs-de-lis." No tapestry on which human figures were represented, according to this document, was suffered to adorn the royal bedchamber, "being inconvenient for ladies in such a case," lest, it may be supposed, the royal patient should be affrighted by the "figures which gloomily glare." There was a rich bed and pallet in the queen's

¹ Cottonian MS., Julius.

² Mass was probably said (though the authority does not mention it) at St. Stephen's, the private chapel of Westminster palace, situate near the royal state-chambers.

³ Sir Richard Pole, husband of Margaret countess of Salisbury, who was the queen's cousin-german.

chamber: the pallet had a fine canopy of velvet of many colors, striped with gold and garnished with red roses. Also there was an altar furnished with relics, and a very rich cupboard full of gold plate. When the queen had recommended herself to the good prayers of the lords, her chamberlain drew the traverse, or curtain, which parted the chamber, and from "thenceforth no manner of officer came within the queen's chamber, but only ladies and gentlewomen, after the old custom." This etiquette was, however, broken by the arrival of the prince of Luxembourg, ambassador-extraordinary from France, who, most earnestly desiring to see the queen, was introduced into her bed-chamber by her mother, queen Elizabeth Woodville, his near relative; no other man, excepting her lord chamberlain and Garter king-at-arms, was admitted.

The queen's retirement took place on the 1st of November, and the royal infant was born on the 29th of the same month.¹ She was named Margaret, after the king's mother, and that noble lady, as godmother, presented the babe with a silver box full of gold pieces. At the christening festivals a play was performed before the king and queen in the white hall of Westminster palace. Subsequently at the Christmas festival a court-herald complains "there were very few plays acted, on account of prevalent sickness; but there was an abbot of misrule, who made much sport." The queen's second son Henry, afterwards Henry VIII., was born at Greenwich palace, June 28, 1491. He was remarkable for his great strength and robust health from his infancy. During the temporary retirement of the queen to her chamber previously to the birth of her fourth child, the death of her mother, Elizabeth Woodville, occurred: the royal infant proving a girl, was named Elizabeth, perhaps in memory of its grandmother.

Towards the close of the same year, 1492, Henry VII. undertook an invasion of France, in support of the rights of Anne of Bretagne to her father's duchy. But the queen² wrote him so many loving letters, lamenting his absence and imploring his speedy return, that he raised the siege

¹ Speed.

² Bernard Andreas's MS., quoted by Speed.

of Boulogne, made peace, and came back to England on the 3d of November. His subjects were preparing for him plenty of employment at home, by rebellions in behalf of Perkin Warbeck, who at this time commenced his personification of Richard duke of York, the queen's brother, second son of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville.¹ The remaining years of the century were involved in great trouble to the king, the queen, and the whole country, the lord chamberlain, sir William Stanley (brother to the king's father-in-law), was executed, with little form of justice, for favoring the impostor, and the court was perturbed with doubt and suspicion. The bodies of the queen's brothers were vainly sought for at the Tower, in order to disprove the claims of the pretender; and when the queen's tender love for her own family is remembered, a doubt cannot exist that her mental sufferings were acute at this crisis.

In the summer of 1495, Elizabeth accompanied the king to Latham house, on a visit to his mother and her husband, Stanley earl of Derby. Perkin Warbeck was expected to invade England every day, and the king brought his wife with him to Lancashire, in order to regain for him the popularity he had lost by the execution of sir William Stanley. Warrington bridge was at this time built for the passage of the royal pair.² While a guest at Latham house, the king's life was in danger from an odd circumstance:³ the earl of Derby was showing him the country from the leads, when the family fool, who had been much attached to sir William, the brother of his lord, lately put to death by the king, drew near, and, pointing to a precipitous part of the leads undefended by battlements, close to which the royal guest was standing, said to his lord, in the deep, low tone of vengeance, "Tom! remember Will." These three words struck the conscience of the king, and he hurried

¹ Perkin has some historical partisans, who at this day argue in behalf of his identity with the duke of York; it should be, however, noticed that he chose his time of declaring himself very suspiciously,—viz., just after the death of his supposed mother, queen Elizabeth Woodville, who alone could have recognized him.

■ Song of the Lady Bessy; notes by Hayward.

■ White Kennet's Collections.

down-stairs to his mother and his consort with great precipitation. He returned with Elizabeth to London soon after this adventure, when they both attended the sergeants' feast at Ely place: the queen and her ladies dined in one room, and the king and his retinue in another.

Elizabeth was this year so deeply in debt that her consort found it necessary, after she had pawned her plate for 500*l.*, to lend her 2000*l.*¹ to satisfy her creditors. Whoever examines the privy-purse expenses of this queen, will find that her life was spent in acts of beneficence to the numerous claimants of her bounty. She loved her own sisters with the fondest affection; they were destitute, but she could not bear that princesses of the royal line of York should be wholly dependent on the English noblemen (who had married them dowerless) for the food they ate and the raiment they wore: she allowed them all, while single, an annuity of 50*l.* per annum for their private expenses, and paid to their husbands annuities for their board of 120*l.* each, besides perpetual presents. In her own person she was sufficiently economical: when she needed pocket-money, sums as low as 4*s.* 4*d.*, seldom more than 10*s.* or 20*s.* at a time, were sent to her from her accountant Richard Decons by the hands of one of her ladies, as the lady Anne Percy, or the lady Elizabeth Stafford, or mistress Lee, to be put in her majesty's purse. Then her gowns were mended, turned, and new bodied; they were freshly trimmed at an expense of 4*d.* to the tailor; they were newly hemmed when beat out at the bottom, for which he was paid 2*d.* She wore shoes which only cost 12*d.*, with latten or tin buckles;² but the rewards she proffered to her poor affectionate subjects, who brought her trifling offerings of early peas, cherries, chickens, bunches of roses, and posies of other flowers, were very high in proportion to what she paid for her own shoes. Notwithstanding the simplicity and economy of the queen's personal habits, all matters of her court-ceremonial were defined with precision rigorous as that of Chinese eti-

¹ Privy-purse Expenses of Henry VII.; *Excerpta Hist.*, edited by sir H. Nicolas.

² Privy-purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York; edited by sir Harris Nicolas.

quette. Thus, on New-year's morning the reception of the New-year's gifts presented by the king and queen to each other, and by their household and courtiers, was reduced to a solemn formula. "On the day of the new year, when the king came to his foot-sheet, his usher of his chamber-door said to him, 'Sire, here is a New-year's gift coming from the queen:' then the king replied, 'Let it come in.' Then the king's usher let the queen's messenger come within the *yate*"¹ (meaning the gate of the railing which surrounded the royal bed, instances of which are familiar to the public in the state-bedrooms at Hampton Court to this day, and it is probable that the scene was very similar), "Henry VII. sitting at the foot of the bed in his dressing-gown, the officers of his bedchamber having turned the top-sheet smoothly down to the foot of the bed when the royal personage rose. The queen, in the like manner, sat at her foot-sheet, and received the king's New-year's gift within the gate of her bed-railing. When this formal exchange of presents had taken place between the king and his consort, they received, seated in the same manner, the New-year's gifts of their nobles. And," adds the herald, assuming the first person, "I shall report to the queen's grace and them that be about her what rewards are to be given to them that bring her grace New-year's gifts, for I trow they are not as good as those of the king."²

The queen lost her little daughter Elizabeth in September, 1495; this infant, if her epitaph may be trusted, was singularly lovely in person. She was buried in the new chapel built by her father at Westminster abbey. A very tender friendship ever existed between the countess Margaret, the king's learned and accomplished mother, and her royal daughter-in-law: in her letters Margaret often laments the queen's delicate, or (as she terms it) *crazy* constitution. In one of them, written about this time, she thus mentions Elizabeth and her infants. It is written to the queen's chamberlain on occasion of some French gloves he had bought for the countess. "Blessed be God, the king, the

¹ MS. of Henry VII.'s Norroy herald; in possession of Peter le Neve, Esq.

² *Ibid.*

queen, and all our sweet children be in good health. The queen hath been a little *crazed* [infirm in health], but now she is well, God be thanked. Her sickness not so much amended as I would, but I trust it shall be hastily, with God's grace." The countess declares, "the gloves be right good, excepting they were too much for her hand;" and adds, with a little sly pride in the smallness of her own fingers, "that she thinks the French ladies be great ladies altogether, not only in estates, but in their persons."

Elizabeth's infants were reared and educated either at Shene or Croydon. Erasmus visited the princely children when he was the guest of lord Mountjoy; the family-picture he draws is a charming one, and, oh! how its interest is augmented when it is considered that sir Thomas More and himself filled up the grouping! He thus describes the queen's children:—"Thomas More paid me a visit when I was Mountjoy's guest, and took me for recreation a walk to a neighboring country palace, where the royal infants were abiding, prince Arthur excepted, who had completed his education. The princely children were assembled in the hall, and were surrounded by their household, to whom Mountjoy's servants added themselves. In the middle of the circle stood prince Henry, then only nine years old: he bore in his countenance a look of high rank, and an expression of royalty, yet open and courteous. On his right hand stood the princess Margaret, a child of eleven years, afterwards queen of Scotland. On the other side was the princess Mary,¹ a little one of four years of age engaged in her sports, whilst Edmund, an infant, was held in his nurse's arms." There is a group of portraits at Hampton Court representing three of these children: they have earnest eyes and great gravity of expression, but the childish features of the princess Margaret, who is then about six years of age, look oddly out of the hood-coif, the fashionable head-dress of the era; even the babies in arms wore the same head-dress.

¹ She married Louis XII. of France, and afterwards the duke of Suffolk; she was born 1498. Edmund, the queen's youngest son, was born at Greenwich, 1499, and died the succeeding year, which dates prove that the visit paid by Erasmus was during his short life.

For seven long years England was convulsed by the pretensions of Perkin Warbeck. In the summer of 1495 the young king of Scotland, James IV., committed a great outrage against the English monarch, by receiving the impostor and bestowing on him the hand of the beautiful lady Katherine Gordon, who was not only a princess of the royal blood of Scotland, but, by descent from Joanna Beaufort, was one of the nearest relatives Henry VII. and his mother had.¹ Perkin invaded the English border, and Henry levied an army to give him battle, saying, "He hoped now he should see the gentleman of whom he had heard so much." Before the king departed, queen Elizabeth ornamented his basnet with her own hands with jewels; he paid, however, the expenses of her outlay, which fact rather diminishes the romance of the queen's employment. Great danger impended during the succeeding years, lest the queen and her children should finally be displaced by the impostor; for as soon as the insurrections in his favor were subdued in one quarter, they broke out in an opposite direction. Perkin appeared as if by magic in Ireland, and then invaded the Cornish coast. His western partisans brought the war close to the metropolis: a sharp action was fought at Deptford bridge and Blackheath. Henry VII. was nearly in despair of success, and seems to have been in a thorough fright till the battle of Blackheath was decided in his favor,² June, 1497. Afterwards Perkin and his bride were severally taken prisoners.³ Lady Katherine Gordon was called 'the white rose,' from her delicate beauty and the pretensions of her husband to the rights of the house of York; she loved him, and she had followed him in all his adventures since her marriage, till he left her for security in the strong fortress of St. Michael's mount, which was captured by the royalists, and lady Katherine brought prisoner to the king, who was then at Winchester palace. When she entered his

¹ The princess Jane Stuart (younger daughter of James I. of Scotland and his queen Joanna) married the earl of Huntley. The wife of Perkin was second cousin to Henry VII.

² See his letter, published in sir Henry Ellis's collection, vol. i., first series; and likewise lord Bacon's Henry VII.; and Speed.

³ Perkin was taken in sanctuary, at Exeter, September, 1497.

presence she blushed excessively, and then burst into a passion of tears. King Henry remembered the near kindred of the distressed beauty to himself; he spoke kindly to her, and presented her to his queen, who took her into her service, where she remained till her second marriage with sir Matthew Cradock.¹ The compassion shown by Henry to the disconsolate 'white rose' raised some reports that he was captivated by her beauty; but he seems to have anticipated such gossip, by resigning her to the care of his queen.

There was no peace for England till after the execution of the adventurous boy who took upon himself the character of the queen's brother. For upwards of two years Henry VII. spared the life of Perkin, but, inspired with a spirit of restless daring, which showed as if he came "one way of the great Plantagenets," this youth nearly got possession of the Tower, and implicated the unfortunate earl of Warwick, his fellow-captive, in his schemes. It is reasonably supposed that Perkin was a natural son of Edward IV., for his age agrees with the time when that monarch took refuge in the Low Countries, 1470. Why Henry VII. spared his life so long is an historical mystery, unless he really was a merciful man, willing to abstain from blood if his turbulent people would have permitted him. That abstinence could no longer continue: Perkin, after undergoing many degradations, in the vain hope of dispelling his delusion of royalty, was hanged at Tyburn, November 16th, and the less justifiable execution of the earl of Warwick followed. This last prince of the race of Plantagenet was beheaded on Tower hill, November 28, 1499. The troubles and commotions of civil war entirely ceased with the existence of that unfortunate young man.

A plague so venomous broke out in England after this event, that Henry VII., fearing lest the queen should be among its victims, took her out of the country in May, and

¹ She is buried, with her second husband, at Swansea church. After the death of sir Matthew Cradock, she married a third, and then a fourth husband. For many curious particulars relative to this lady and her spouses, see Historical Notices of Sir Matthew Cradock, by the Rev. J. M. Traherne, editor of the Stradling Papers.

the royal family resided at Calais for more than a month. Some say that the queen entertained the archduke Philip of Austria most royally while she remained at Calais ; it is, however, certain that a marriage between her beautiful little daughter Mary¹ and Charles, son of the archduke Philip (afterwards the great emperor Charles V.), was agreed on at this time, and the marriage-treaty between Arthur prince of Wales and the youngest daughter of Spain, Katharine of Arragon, was concluded, the parents of that princess, king Ferdinand of Arragon and queen Isabel of Castile, having previously demurred regarding its completion as long as the unfortunate earl of Warwick lived.² The wedlock of Arthur and Katharine finally took place in the autumn of 1501 ; it filled Elizabeth's court with joyous festivity, and she herself took an active part in the scene.³ The following January the queen presided at the betrothment of her eldest daughter Margaret with James IV. of Scotland, performed in her palace and chapel of Shene, and publicly celebrated and announced at St. Paul's cathedral.⁴ Lady Katherine, the widow of Perkin Warbeck, was in attendance on the queen at these 'fiancilles,'⁵ and took precedence next to the royal family.

Much has been said regarding the coldness and unkindness of Henry VII. to his gentle partner ; but if he indulged in some public jealousy of her superior title to the crown of England, and permitted her not to govern the kingdom whose title she secured to him, at least he gave her no rival in her court or home. The nearer the private life of this pair is examined, the more does it seem replete with proofs of greater domestic happiness than usually falls to the lot of royal personages. Henry and Elizabeth were seldom

¹ Lord Bacon's Henry VII. : the marriage was never completed.

² Two Latin letters are extant, addressed by queen Elizabeth to the queen of Castile, on occasion of the betrothal of their children. The letters are words of personal interest, and are evidently composed by ecclesiastical scribes.

³ See Life of Katharine of Arragon.

⁴ For the curious particulars of this marriage, the journey and reception of the bride in Scotland, from the MS. of Somerset herald, who accompanied her, see *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, vol. i., by Agnes Strickland, 1850.

⁵ *Historical Notices of Sir M. Cradock*, by the Rev. J. M. Traherne, p. 7.

apart, and many little traits may be quoted which evince unity of purpose when they were together. Among others, there is a pleasing union of their names in a valuable missal, once belonging to a lady of the queen, for this line is written in the hand of king Henry:—"Madam, I pray you remembre me, your loving maister, Henry R." Directly underneath is added, in the queen's hand:—"Madam, I pray you forget not me. Pray to God [in order] that I may have part of your prayers. Elysabeth the Quene."¹

The conjugal affection between the king and queen was now to be tried by an affliction they had little anticipated. This was the death of their promising son, Arthur prince of Wales, who died on the 2d of April, within five months of his marriage. Henry and Elizabeth were at Greenwich palace when the news arrived of their heavy loss. The king's confessor, a friar-Observant, was deputed by the privy council to break the sad news to him. Somewhat before his usual time the confessor knocked at the king's chamber-door, and when admitted he requested all present to quit the room, and approached, saying, in Latin, "If we receive good from the hand of God, shall we not patiently sustain the ill he sends us?"—"He then showed his grace that his dearest son was departed to God. When the king

¹ Sir Harris Nicolas's Memoir of Elizabeth of York, prefixed to his edition of her Privy-purse Expenses. There is a beautiful vellum illuminated MS. at Stonyhurst college, which has either belonged to Elizabeth of York or her mother. It is the Offices of the Virgin. Every margin is highly wrought by the art of the illuminator, and each hour of the office of the Virgin is headed with a painting of some incident in her life, or scriptural illustration. The volume is a small quarto, bound in oak boards; they have been covered with crimson velvet and secured with clasps, which are now gone. On the last fly-leaf but one there is written the name, "Elizabeth Plantagenet, the Queen." The two first words are in paler ink than the last, which are evidently written by a different hand. Elizabeth of York always spelled her name *Elysabeth*, and queen, *quene*. The name of Plantagenet, though not written as a surname by the earlier personages of the royal line, was proudly challenged as such by Richard duke of York and his family.—See Parliamentary Rolls, 1458-60. All these considerations make us rather attribute the autograph to the queen of Edward IV. than to her daughter, especially as, in the directions for finding Easter, a date occurs of 1463, supposed to be the date of the book. This was the time of Elizabeth Woodville's marriage, and the autograph was perhaps the joint writing of the newly-married queen and Edward IV.

understood those sorrowful heavy tidings, he sent for the queen, saying, 'that he and his wife would take their painful sorrow together.' After she was come, and saw the king her lord in that natural and painful sorrow, as I have heard say,¹ she, with full great, and constant, and comfortable words, besought him that he would, after God, consider the weal of his own noble person, of his realm, and of her. 'And,' added the queen, 'remember that my lady, your mother, had never no more children but you only, yet God, by his grace, has ever preserved you, and brought you where you are now. Over and above, God has left you yet a fair prince and two fair princesses;² and God is still where he was, and we are both young enough. As your grace's wisdom is renowned all over Christendom, you must now give proof of it by the manner of taking this misfortune.' Then the king thanked her for her good comfort. But when the queen returned to her own chamber, the natural remembrance of her great loss smote so sorrowfully on her maternal heart that her people were forced to send for the king to comfort her. Then his grace in great haste came, and with true gentle and faithful love soothed her trouble, telling her what wise counsel she had given him before, and 'that, if she would thank God for her dead son, he would do likewise.' "

This scene gives no great reason for the constant assertion that Elizabeth was the victim of conjugal infelicity, or that she was treated with coldness and dislike by her husband. But it is in this reign that faction first employed domestic slander as a weapon against the sovereign on the throne, and in this, as in many other instances, when search is made into the silent but irrefragable witnesses of contemporary journals, household-books, and letters, the direct contrary is often proved which has been reported by common rumor. Lord Bacon hints that the king's reserve was on political matters, because it extended to his mother, who was indisputably an object of his tender affection. "His mother he revered much, but listened to little.

¹ This is taken from the Herald's Journal, vol. v.; Lelandi Collectanea, p. 373.

² Henry, afterwards Henry VIII., Margaret queen of Scotland, and Mary.

His queen, notwithstanding she presented him with divers children and a crown also, could do nothing with him. To her he was nothing uxorious; but if not indulgent, he was companionable, and without personal jealousy." It is most evident that Henry was neither governed by his wife nor his mother. But, when a man governs himself well, it is not often that his wedded partner endeavors to take upon herself that trouble. Henry was, in fact, a deeply reflective and philosophic character, wholly free from those starts of irrational passion which, above all other misdoings, degrade a man in the eyes of the females of his family. Every action of this monarch seems the result of calm deliberation; no decision was left to passion or accident. "For," says Lord Bacon, "he constantly kept notes and memorials in his own hand, especially touching persons, as whom to employ, whom to reward, keeping, as it were, a journal of his thought. There is to this day a merry tale that his monkey,¹ set on, as it was thought, by one of his chamber, tore his principal note-book all to pieces, when by chance he had left it about. Whereat the court, which liked not these pensive accounts, was much tickled with the sport." However pleased his courtiers and his monkey might be with the demolition of his royal journal, it was a great historical loss, and so must ever be considered.

The privy-purse accounts of his queen, brought to light by the inestimable labors of one of our greatest historical antiquaries,² contain many particulars of her life and manners, although they journalize but the last year of her life. She had musical tastes, and gave comparatively large sums for her instruments, which were of the piano or harpsichord species. Such was the clavichord,³ a keyed instrument of

¹ Henry VII. kept a menagerie, but had odd ideas regarding its government. He carried his notions of royal prerogative so far that he had four English mastiffs hanged as traitors because they overcame one of his lions, with whom they were set to fight. He likewise put to death one of his best falcons because he feared not to match with an eagle, ordering his falconers, in his presence, to pluck off the gallant bird's head, saying, "It was not meet for any subject to offer such wrong unto his lord and superior." These symbolical executions were meant as significant hints to his turbulent nobility.

² See *Privy-purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York*, edited by sir H. Nicolas.

³ 'Clavicordio' is the Italian word for harpsichord.

small size; the bass and treble were enclosed in two separate portable cases, and when played upon with both hands, were set side by side on a table before the performer. For a *pair* of clavichords, made or imported by a foreigner, the queen gave 4*l.*, all in crowns, by the hand of Hugh Denys. She caused her eldest daughter to be instructed in music, for there is an item of payment to Giles, the luter, for strings to the young queen of Scots' lute. The queen's first lady of the bedchamber, when her sisters, the princesses of York, were not in waiting, was her kinswoman lady Elizabeth Stafford, daughter to her aunt the duchess of Buckingham. This lady had a salary of 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The queen had seven maids of honor, who were allowed 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* each per annum. Dame Jane Guildford, who was governess to the princesses, received 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum. Agnes Dean, the queen's laundress, had an allowance of 2*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; and Alice Massey, the queen's midwife, was paid for the exercise of her office 10*l.*

It has been observed that the queen devoted a large part of her income to the maintenance of her sisters; but, in the last year of her life, her expenses were increased by the charges of her sister Katherine's children, owing to the disgrace and consequent impoverishment of their father, the heir of Devonshire. It seems that the sons of Edward IV.'s sister and the duke of Suffolk, lord Edmund de la Pole and his brother Richard, fled to Flanders, supposing, not unreasonably, that their turns would come next, after the execution of the young earl of Warwick. Lord William Courtenay (husband to the princess Katherine) was accused of having aided and abetted these hapless brethren in their escape; for which offence he was imprisoned, and his property seized by the king. The queen placed her destitute sister in close attendance on her own person, and took charge of her little children, sending them to be nursed at her palace of Havering-Bower. The little lady Margaret Courtenay choked herself at Havering with a fish-bone, and her brother, lord Edmund, likewise died there: the queen was at the cost of their funerals. The eldest son lived to prove a splendid favorite of his royal kinsman,

Henry VIII., and afterwards to fall a victim to his capricious malice. Some indications occur in the queen's privy-purse expenses that her health was infirm during the summer of 1502; for she made offerings at Woodstock, and the shrines of other churches, for her recovery from sickness. In August she made a progress towards the borders of Wales. Her accounts at this time show tender remembrances of her family; she clothed an old woman, who had been *norice* (nurse) to my lord prince her brother¹ (the unfortunate Edward V.), and rewarded a man who had shown hospitable attention to her uncle earl Rivers, in his distress at Pontefract, just before his execution.

The queen's seventh confinement was expected in February, 1503. In the previous autumn she declined the services of a French nurse, with whom she had conferred at Baynard's castle,² but she dismissed her with a gratuity of 6s. 8d. Another nurse, one mistress Harcourt, was recommended to her by her niece lady Katherine Gray: she came and spoke to the queen at Westminster, but was dismissed with the same sum. It was agreed that the queen's accouchement was to take place at the royal apartments of the Tower of London, and all things were prepared there for her reception. If ladies at that era had given way to nervous depression arising from association of ideas, the remembrance of the mysterious disappearance of her hapless brothers from that gloomy den of assassination was enough to have destroyed Elizabeth when sojourning at such an abiding-place. It is certain she did not remain there longer than she could help; for, instead of taking her chamber and secluding herself in close retirement, according to custom, for a month or more previously to her accouche-

¹ Privy-purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York.

² This castle Mr. Lodge has proved was part of the vast Clare inheritance, and doubtless came as such, through the Mortimers, to their heir, Richard duke of York. It is supposed to have been granted to the duke of York at the murder of Humphrey duke of Gloucester; but if the duke of Gloucester, or any other of the house of Lancaster, had got possession of it, such was clear usurpation. As heiress of the house of Clare, it was part of the patrimony of Elizabeth of York, who made it her private town residence. She spent much money on its gardens.

ment, she spent that time in visits to her country palaces, and in excursions on the Thames, though the season was the depth of winter. The Christmas she passed at Richmond: her gifts are recorded as if she had shared in the usual festivities. She presented her own minstrels (of whom the chief was called by the fanciful title of marquess of Lorydon) with 20s.; to him and his associates, Janyn Marcourse and Richard Denouse, she allowed each a salary of 46s. 8d.

Elizabeth spent much of her time in listening to minstrels and *disars*, or reciters; and these *disars* sometimes took upon themselves the office of players, since she rewarded one of them, who had performed the part of a shepherd greatly to her satisfaction, with 5s. She gave William Cornish the sum of 13s. 4d. for setting the carol on Christmas-day, and presented 40s. to the king's minstrels with the 'psalms.' She gave a Spanish girl (perhaps belonging to the household of her daughter-in-law, Katharine of Arragon), who danced before her, a reward of 4s. 4d. The fools of the royal household were not forgotten: Elizabeth bestowed on Patch, her own fool, 6s. 8d., and she gave gratuities to a fool belonging to her son Henry, a functionary who bore the appropriate name of Goose. A hundred shillings were put into her royal purse for her "disport at cards" this same Christmas. She likewise made some purchases, as of a small pair of enamelled knives, for her own use; and of mistress Lock, the silkwoman, she bought "certain bonnets [caps], frontlets, and other stuff of her occupation for her own wearing, giving her 20*l.* in part payment of a bill formerly delivered," which remittance the queen signed with her own hand. She paid Hayward, the skinner (furrer), for furring a gown of crimson velvet she had caused to be made for her young daughter the queen of Scots, the cuffs of which were made of pampelyon, a sort of costly fur then fashionable. Among these items is a curious one, showing Elizabeth's personal economy: her tailor, Robert Addington, is paid sixteen-pence "for mending eight gowns of divers colors, for the queen's grace, at 2*d.* a piece." She paid, however, the large sum of 13s. 4*d.* to a man who

brought her a popinjay (a parrot). Eight-pence is charged for an ell of linen cloth "for the queen's sampler," perhaps a pattern-piece for her embroidery: Elizabeth kept embroiderers, who were chiefly Frenchwomen, constantly at work on a great state-bed, which was a perpetual expense to her for silks and gold twist. During the chief part of the year 1502 the queen was in mourning for her eldest son Arthur: all her *new* garments were black; these were a gown of black velvet, and a cloak of damask. She was in debt, and though receiving occasional benefactions from her husband, she had at this time pawned some of her plate; but her embarrassments certainly did not arise from any personal extravagance.

After Christmas, the queen was with her ladies rowed by her bargeman, Lewis Walter, and his watermen, in a great boat from Richmond to Hampton Court: the day she went there is not named, but on the 13th of January they all came back in the same manner to Richmond. She stayed at Hampton Court eight days, for the man who had the care of her barge charged for that time. It is worth noticing that Hampton Court was a favorite residence of Elizabeth of York long before cardinal Wolsey had possession of it, for in the spring of this year there is a notation that she was residing there, when she gave a poor woman a reward for bringing her a present of almond-butter. "The queen's said grace and her ladies" were finally rowed by Lewis Walter and his crew from Richmond to the Tower, apparently very late in January: each of the rowers was paid 8*d.* No intimation is recorded of the ceremonial of her taking her chamber in the Tower. Her finances were low, for she borrowed 10*l.* of one of the king's gentlemen-usurers, in order to pay the officers of the Mint their fees, which they craved as customary on account of a royal residence at the Tower. William Trende received 10*s.* for making a chest and 'armoire,' in the queen's council-chamber at the Tower, for her books and papers. The queen's sister Katherine (lady Courtenay) was in attendance at the Tower at this time, for late in January the royal purse received a supply by the hands of that lady of 46*s.* 8*d.* The

queen gave a poor woman, who brought a present of fine capons on the last day of January, a reward of 3s. 4d.; and she gave 6s. 8d. to her fool Patch, who presented her with pomegranates.¹

Elizabeth of York was the last queen who made choice of the Tower of London as a dwelling-place. She was certainly unaccompanied by the king, as it was etiquette for queens, after "taking their chamber," to remain in the deepest seclusion. Yet it must be owned that, as no queen of England had had an accouchement there since queen Philippa, and as the Tower had been fatal to some of Elizabeth's nearest relatives, the fact of her residence there is somewhat unaccountable. On Candlemas-day (February 2) the queen's accouchement took place: she brought into the world a living princess, who was named Katherine, after lady Courtenay. The fatal symptoms which threatened Elizabeth's life did not appear till a week afterwards, and must have been wholly unexpected, since the physician on whom the king depended for her restoration to health was absent at his dwelling-house beyond Gravesend. The king sent for this person, but it was in vain that Dr. Hallyswurth travelled through the night, with guides and torches, to the royal patient in the Tower: the fiat had gone forth, and the gentle, the pious, the lovely Elizabeth expired on her own birthday, February 11, 1502-3, the day that she completed her thirty-seventh year. A manuscript,² describing her death, says that her "departing was as heavy and dolorous to the king as ever was seen or heard of," and that he took with him "some of his servants, and privily departed to a solitary place to pass his sorrow, and would that no man should resort to him;" but he "sent sir Charles Somerset and sir Richard Guildford to afford the best comfort they could to the queen's servants, with good and kind words."

When the news of Elizabeth's decease spread through the city, the utmost sorrow was manifested among all ranks of her subjects. The bells of St. Paul's tolled dismally, and

¹ See Privy-purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York, edited by sir H. Nicolas, pp. 6, 7, 12, 94, 95.

² Herald's Journal, 1592.

were answered by those of every church and religious house in the metropolis or its neighborhood. Meantime, the queen was embalmed at the Tower; for this purpose were allowed "sixty ells of holland cloth, ell broad; likewise gums, balms, spices, sweet wine, and wax; with which, being cered, the king's plumber closed her in lead, with an epitaph likewise in lead, showing who and what she was. The whole was chested in boards covered with black velvet, with a cross of white damask." The day after the queen's demise, Sunday, February 12th, her corpse was removed from the chamber where she died to the chapel within the Tower, under the steps of which then reposed, unknown to all, the bodies of the queen's two murdered brothers, Edward V. and Richard duke of York. Far different was the order of their sister's royal obsequies to that dark and silent hour when the trembling old priest, who had belonged to this very chapel, raised the princely victims from their unconsecrated lair and deposited them secretly within its hallowed verge. Could the ladies and officers of arms who watched around the corpse of their royal mistress in St. Mary's chapel within the Tower during the long nights which preceded her funeral have known how near to them was the mysterious resting-place of her murdered brothers, many a glance of alarm would have fathomed the beautiful arches of that structure,¹ and many a start of terror would have told when the wintry wind from the Thames waved the black draperies which hung around.

The Tower chapel was on this occasion rendered what the French call a *chapelle ardente*. The windows were railed about with burning lights, and a lighted hearse stood in the choir of the chapel. In this hearse was deposited the royal corpse, which was carried by persons of the highest rank, with a canopy borne over it by four knights; followed by lady Elizabeth Stafford and all the maids of honor, and the queen's household, two and two, "dressed in their plainest gowns," or, according to another journal, "in the saddest and simplest attire they had, with *threadden* handkerchiefs hanging down and tied under their chins." The princess Katherine, led by her brother-in-law the earl of Surrey, then

¹ It is now called the Record office, and encumbered with packages of papers.

entered the chapel, and took her place at the head of the corpse: a true mourner was she, for she had lost her best friend and only protectress. When mass was done and offerings made, the princess retired. During the watch of the night, an officer-at-arms said, in a loud voice, a paternoster for the soul of the queen at every *kyrie eleison*, and at *oremus* before the collect.

On the twelfth day after the queen's death, mass was said in the chapel early in the morning. "Then the corpse was put in a carriage covered with black velvet, with a cross of white cloth of gold, very well fringed. And an image exactly representing the queen was placed in a chair above in her rich robes of state, her very rich crown on her head, her hair about her shoulders, her sceptre in her right hand, her fingers well garnished with rings and precious stones, and on *every end* of the chair sat a gentlewoman-usher kneeling on the coffin, which was in this manner drawn by six horses, trapped with black velvet, from the Tower to Westminster. On the fore-horses rode two chariotmen; and on the four others, four henchmen in black gowns. On the horses were lozenges with the queen's escutcheons; by *every* horse walked a person in a mourning hood. At each corner of the chair was a banner of Our Lady of the Assumption, of the Salutation, and of the Nativity, to show the queen died in child-bed; next, eight palfreys saddled with black velvet, bearing eight ladies of honor, who rode singly after the corpse in their slops and mantles; every horse led by a man on foot, bare-headed but in a mourning gown, followed by many lords. The lord mayor and citizens, all in mourning, brought up the rear, and at every door in the city a person stood bearing a torch. In Fenchurch and Cheapside were stationed groups of thirty-seven virgins,—the number corresponding with the queen's age,—all dressed in white, wearing chaplets of white and green, and bearing lighted tapers. From Mark lane to Temple Bar alone were 5000 torches, besides lights burning before all the parish churches, while processions of religious persons singing anthems and bearing crosses met the royal corpse from every fraternity in the city." The earl of Derby, the queen's old friend, led a procession of

nobles, who met the funeral at Temple Bar. The abbots of Westminster and Bermondsey, in black copes and bearing censers, met and censed the corpse, and then preceded it to the church-yard of St. Margaret, Westminster. Here the body was removed from the car and carried into the abbey. It was placed on a grand hearse streaming with banners and banneroles, and covered with a "cloth of majesty," the valance fringed and wrought with the queen's motto, HUMBLE AND REVERENT, and garnished with her arms. All the ladies and lords in attendance retired to the queen's great chamber in Westminster palace to supper. In the night, ladies, squires, and heralds watched the body in the abbey.

The next morning the remains of Elizabeth were committed to the grave; her sister Katherine attended as chief mourner. The queen's ladies offered thirty-seven palls, first kissing them, and then laying them on the body. Four of these palls were presented by her sisters, who were all present as mourners. A funeral sermon was preached by Fitzjames bishop of Rochester, from the text in Job,—*Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei, quia manus Domini tetigit me.*¹ "These words," he said, "he spake in the name of England, on account of the great loss the country had sustained of that virtuous queen, her noble son the prince Arthur, and the archbishop of Canterbury." The palls were then removed from the coffin, the queen's effigy placed on St. Edward's shrine, and the ladies quitted the abbey. The prelates, with the king's chaplains, approached the hearse, and the grave was hallowed by the bishop of London: after the usual rites the body was placed in it.

Astrologers had been consulted that year on the queen's behalf, and had predicted that all sorts of good fortune would befall her in 1503. Sir Thomas More wrote an elegy for the queen, in which, with his usual sagacity, he alludes at the same time to this circumstance, and to the folly and vanity of such divinations:—

¹ "Have pity, have pity on me, my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me," being a passage from the 19th chapter of the book of Job, which chapter forms the eighth lesson read at matins at the service for the dead; or, as generally expressed, 'matins for the dead,' in the Catholic ritual.

"Yet was I lately promised otherwise,
 This year to live in weal and in delight;
 Lo! to what cometh all thy blandishing promise,
 O false astrology and divinitrice,
 Of God's secrets vaunting thyself so wise!
 How true for this year is thy prophecy?
 The year yet lasteth, and lo! here I lie.

"Adieu! mine own dear spouse, my worthy lord!
 The faithful love, that did us both combine
 In marriage and peaceable concord,
 Into your hands here do I clean resign,
 To be bestowed on your children and mine;
 Erst were ye father, now must ye supply
 The mother's part also, for here I lie.

"Where are our castles now? where are our towers?
 Goodly Richmond, soon art thou gone from me:
 At Westminster, that costly work¹ of yours,
 Mine own dear lord, now shall I never see,
 Almighty God vouchsafe to grant that ye,
 For you and children well may edify;
 My palace builded is, for lo! now here I lie.

"Farewell, my daughter, lady Margarete,
 God wot full oft it grieved hath my mind
 That ye should go where we might seldom meet;
 Now I am gone, and have left you behind.
 O mortal folk! but we be very blind,
 What we least fear full oft it is most nigh,
 From you depart I first,² for lo! now here I lie.

"Farewell, madame!³ my lord's worthy mother;
 Comfort your son, and be of good cheer,
 Take all at worth, for it will be no other.
 Farewell, my daughter Katharine!⁴ late the *phere*
 Unto prince Arthur, late my child so dear;
 It booteth not for me to wail and cry,
 Pray for my soul, for lo! now here I lie.

"Adieu, lord Henry!⁵ loving son, adieu!
 Our lord increase your honor and estate;
 Adieu, my daughter Mary!⁶ bright of hue,
 God make you virtuous, wise, and fortunate:

¹ Henry the Seventh's chapel.

■ The young queen of Scots did not leave England till some months after her mother's death.

³ Margaret, countess of Richmond, who survived her.

⁴ Katharine of Arragon: 'phere' means mate or consort.

⁵ Afterwards Henry VIII.

⁶ Princess Mary, her second daughter, celebrated for her beautiful complexion.

Adieu, sweetheart, my little daughter Kate!¹
 Thou shalt, sweet babe, such is thy destiny,
 Thy mother never know, for lo! now here I lie.

"Lady Cicely, lady Anne, and lady Katherine,
 Farewell! my well-beloved sisters three.
 Oh, lady Bridget!² other sister mine,
 Lo here the end of worldly vanity!
 Now are you well who earthly folly flee,
 And heavenly things do praise and magnify,
 Farewell, and pray for me, for lo! now here I lie.

"Adieu, my lords! adieu, my ladies all!
 Adieu, my faithful servants every one!
 Adieu, my commons! whom I never shall
 See in this world: wherefore to Thee alone,
 Immortal God, verily three in one,
 I me commend; thy infinite mercy
 Show to thy servant, for now here I lie!"

Henry VII. survived his consort seven years: his character deteriorated after her loss. The active beneficence and the ever-liberal hand of the royal Elizabeth had probably formed a counteracting influence to the avaricious propensities of Henry VII., since it was after her death he became notorious for his rapacity and miserly habits of hoarding money. A short time after her death, the king lost his two virtuous and fearless counsellors, sir Reginald Braye, his prime-minister, and the good bishop Norton, his chancellor, who did not scruple to reprove him if he felt inclined to commit an act of injustice.³ Henry VII. frequently entered into negotiations for a second marriage, and he appears to have been remarkably particular in the personal qualifications of a consort. It was not very easy to find one who could bear comparison with the beautiful heiress of the Plantagenets. Henry VII. died in the spring of 1509, like his ancestors worn down with premature old age, and was laid by the side of his queen in the magnificent

¹ The child whose birth cost the queen her life. As sir Thomas More mentions her as in existence, it is proof that the elegy was actually written when the queen died, as the infant survived the mother but a few weeks.

² The nun-princess, Elizabeth's sister, who attended the funeral.

³ Hardyng's Continuation, p. 58.

chapel at Westminster abbey which bears his name. The portraits of Henry VII. are well known; they have a singularly wasted and woful physiognomy, which excites surprise when compared with the extreme praises his contemporaries bestowed on his beauty. The portraits were, however, chiefly taken from the cast of his face made after his death for the statue seen on his monument, therefore the sad expression is easily explained. Lady Braye possesses a portrait of this prince from the royal collection at Audley-End, in which he appears very comely, lively in expression, with his complexion bright and florid.¹

The monument of Henry and Elizabeth, which occupies the centre of his noble chapel, is the work of Torregiano, who likewise cast the effigies of the royal pair reclining thereon. Elizabeth's statue is exquisitely designed, but its merits can scarcely be appreciated by those who are not empowered to have the bronze gates of the stately sepulchre unclosed, to gaze upon the divine composure of the royal matron's beauty, serene in death. The statue strikingly resembles the portraits of the queen, many of which remain. The sweet expression of the mouth and the harmony of the features agree well with the soft repose that pervades the whole figure.² The proportions are tall; the figure is about five feet six in length; yet is considerably less than the stature of the king, who must have been more than six feet in height.

On a little white marble table, let into the bronze frieze on the queen's left hand, is the following inscription, the Italian having very oddly misspelled the queen's name:—

¹ In the chapter-house at Westminster is a splendid manuscript, containing the plan and description of his well-known chapel in the abbey. Henry VII. is depicted in miniature, perhaps too minutely for accurate resemblance: he is there fair in complexion, with yellow waving hair, different to all other representations.

² Torregiano, the famous Italian sculptor, was employed by Henry VII. and Henry VIII. to construct the tomb and cast the statues: he received 1000*l.* for his labor. He is the same person whom Benvenuto Cellini reviles for having in a passion broken the nose of Michael Angelo with a blow of his mallet. He was (after he left England) employed by Lorenzo de Medici; but his temper was so diabolical, that he quarrelled with every one.

"Hic jacet regina *Hellisabeet*,
 Edwardi IIII. quondam regis filia,
 Edwardi V. regis nominati soror,
 Henrici VII. olim regis conjunx,
 Atque Henrici VIII. mater inclyta.
 Obitt autem suum diem turri Londiniarum,
 Die Februi 11, Anno Dom. 1502 [1503],
 37 annorum etate functa."

"Here rests queen Elizabeth,
 Daughter of Edward IV., some time monarch of this realm,
 Sister of Edward V., who bore the title of king,
 Wedded to King Henry VII.,
 The illustrious mother of Henry VIII.,
 Who closed her life
 In the [palace of the] Tower of London,
 On February 11, 1502 [1503],
 Having completed her 37th year."

The portrait of Elizabeth with which this volume is illustrated, was from a family group painted by Holbein, under the directions of Henry VIII., in which that king, his queen Jane Seymour, his father Henry VII., and his mother Elizabeth of York, are represented standing at the four corners of an altar.¹

In the person of Elizabeth of York were united delicacy of features and complexion with elegance and majesty of stature. Her portraits are numerous, and extremely like her monumental statue. Her usual costume was a veil or scarf richly bordered with gems, put on like a hood, hanging down on each side of the face as low as her breast, the hair banded on her forehead. Several contemporaries quoted in the course of this narrative describe her as fair in complexion, with hair of pale gold like her mother, the beautiful Elizabeth Woodville. The heavenly serenity of expression in all her portraits is still more remarkable than her beauty, and leads to the conclusion that, when her subjects universally called her 'the good queen Elizabeth,' they spoke but the truth.

¹ It was Holbein's masterpiece, but was burnt in the fire at Whitehall in the reign of William III.; Charles II. had, however, employed Le Sueur to make a copy of it for St. James's palace. There is an inferior copy at Hampton Court. We sought in vain for the one at St. James's; the domestics supposed it was burnt there in the fire that occurred in the beginning of this century.



KATHARINE OF ARRAGON.

KATHARINE OF ARRAGON,

FIRST QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

CHAPTER I.

Country and parents of Katharine—Place of birth—Reared in the Alhambra—Betrothed to Arthur prince of Wales—Accidents of voyage—Arrival at Plymouth—Henry VII. meets her—Introduction to prince Arthur—Katharine's Spanish dances—Her progress to London—Married to prince Arthur—Grand festivities—Residence at Ludlow—Death of prince Arthur—Widowhood—Her marriage proposed with prince Henry—Her reluctance—Is betrothed to him—Her letters to her father—Katharine's sister visits England—Katharine's troubles, deprivations, and illness—Double policy of Henry VII.—His death—Henry VIII.'s preference of Katharine—Marries her—Their coronation—Letter to her father—Birth of eldest son—Rejoicings—Death of the prince—Legacy to the queen—She is appointed queen-regent—Her letters—Flodden—King's return—May-day festival—Birth of Princess Mary—Queen intercedes for the rebel apprentices—Visit of her nephew the emperor—Queen's voyage to France—Assists at field of cloth of gold—Friendship with queen Claude—Katharine's present to the emperor—His opinion of her happiness in wedlock.

At a time when joy and prosperity were swelling in a flood-tide for her native Spain, Katharine of Arragon first saw the light; for her renowned parents, king Ferdinand of Arragon and donna Isabel queen of Castile, had made every city possessed by the Moors bow beneath their victorious arms, with the exception of Granada and Malaga, which alone bore the yoke of the infidel. Donna Isabel, the mother of Katharine, had been raised to the throne of Castile by a revolutionary act of the cortes, the people being disgusted at the imbecile profligacy of her brother, king Enrico, who was by them deposed and degraded from his regal rank. The Castilian cortes likewise illegitimated his only child and heiress, donna Juanna, on account of the shameless character of the wife of king Enrico, and bestowed the inheritance on Isabel, who was carefully edu-

cated from girlhood with reference to the queenly station she afterwards so greatly adorned. She was at the age of fourteen demanded in marriage by our Edward IV., and capriciously rejected on account of his passion for Elizabeth Woodville, an insult which left a lasting impression on the mind of the royal Castilian maid.¹ Finally, the young queen Isabel was wedded to don Ferdinand, heir of the kingdom of Arragon; and though the married sovereigns each continued to sway an independent sceptre, they governed with such connubial harmony that the whole peninsula of Spain was greatly strengthened and benefited by their union.

At the close of the year 1485, the ancient Moorish city of La Ronda had just fallen beneath the victorious arms of queen Isabel, and several other strongholds of the infidel had accompanied its surrender, when she set out from her camp in order to keep her Christmas at Toledo, which was then the metropolis of Spain. On the road the queen was brought to bed of a daughter,² at the town of Alcala de Henares, December 15, 1485. This child was the youngest of a family consisting of one prince and four princesses. The new-born infanta, though she made her appearance in this world some little time before she was expected, was, nevertheless, welcomed with infinite rejoicings by the people, and the cardinal Mendoza gave a great banquet to the maids of honor on occasion of her baptism. She was called Catalina, the name of Katharine being unknown in Spain, excepting in Latin writings. The first historical notice of this princess in Spanish chronicle is, that at the early age of four she was present at the marriage of her eldest sister, Isabel, with don Juan, heir of Portugal.

The early infancy of Katharine of Arragon was passed amidst the storms of battle and siege; for queen Isabel of Castile herself, with her young family, lodged in the magnificent camp with which her armies for years beleaguered Granada. Nor was this residence unattended with danger:

¹ See Life of queen Elizabeth Woodville.

² These particulars are taken from a beautiful Spanish MS., the property of sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., of Middle Hill, by André Bernaldes, called *Historia de los Reyes Católicos Don Fernando y Donna Isabel*: fol. 12, 13, 41, 42, 125.



GRANADA.

once in particular, in a desperate sally of the besieged Moors, the queen's pavilion was set on fire, and the young *infantas* rescued with great difficulty from the flames. The little Katharine accompanied her parents in their grand entry, when the seat of Moorish empire succumbed to their arms, and from that moment Granada was her home. She was then four years old, and thus early the education of the young Katharine commenced. The first objects which greeted her awakening intellect were the wonders of the Alhambra and the exquisite bowers of the Generalife; for in those royal seats of the Moorish dynasty Katharine of Arragon was reared. Queen Isabel, herself the most learned princess in Europe, devoted every moment she could spare from the business of government to the personal instruction of her four daughters, who were besides provided with tutors of great literary attainments. Katharine was able to read and write Latin in her childhood, and she was through life desirous of improvement in that language. She chiefly employed her knowledge of Latin in the diligent perusal of the Scriptures, a fact which Erasmus affirms, adding, "that she was imbued with learning, by the care of her illustrious mother, from her infant years."

It was from Granada, the bright home of her childhood, that Katharine of Arragon derived her device of the pomegranate, so well known to the readers of the Tudor chroniclers.¹ That fruit was at once the production of the beautiful province with which its name is connected and the armorial bearings of the conquered Moorish kings. How oft must Katharine have remembered the glorious Alhambra, with its shades of pomegranate and myrtle, when drooping with ill health and unkind treatment under the gray skies of the island to which she was transferred! Her betrothment to the eldest son of Elizabeth of York and Henry VII. took place in the year 1497, as mentioned

¹ This device is still to be seen among the ornaments of the well of St. Winifred, to which building Katharine of Arragon was a benefactress.—Pennant. It is likewise frequent in the ancient part of Hampton Court, particularly in the richly ornamented ceiling of cardinal Wolsey's oratory, now in private occupation, but shown to the author through the kindness of Mr. Wilson, surveyor of the palace.

in the formal state-letter written in the name of the English queen to queen Isabel of Castile.

The young spouses were allowed to correspond together, for the double purpose of cultivating mutual affection and the improvement of their Latinity,—for in Latin the love-letters were composed which passed between the Alhambra and Ludlow castle. Of course they were subjected to the *surveillance* of the two armies of tutors, preceptors, confessors, bishops, lady-governesses, and lord-governors, who were on guard and on duty at the said seats of royal education; therefore the Latin letters of Arthur and Katharine no more develop character than any other school epistles. This extract is a fair specimen:—¹ “I have read the sweet letters of your highness lately given to me,” says prince Arthur in his Latin epistle, dated Ludlow castle, 1499, “from which I easily perceived your most entire love to me. Truly those letters, traced by your own hand, have so delighted me, and made me so cheerful and jocund, that I fancied I beheld your highness, and conversed with and embraced my dearest wife. I cannot tell you what an earnest desire I feel to see your highness, and how vexatious to me is this procrastination about your coming.” Arthur endorses his letter:—“To the most illustrious and excellent princess the Lady Katharine, princess of Wales, duchess of Cornwall, and my most entirely beloved spouse.”

Dr. Puebla was then the resident minister in England from the united crowns of Spain; according to poor Katharine's subsequent experience, he proved the evil genius of her young days. At this period he was very active in penning despatches in praise of Arthur, urging that he would soon be fourteen, and that it was time that the “señora princess” should come to England; nevertheless, a twelve-month's further delay took place. “Donna Catalina” (Katharine of Arragon), says the manuscript of her native chronicler, Bernaldes, “being at Granada with the king and queen, there came ambassadors from the king of England to demand her for the prince of England, his son, called Arthur. The union was agreed upon, and she set off from Granada

¹ Wood's Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies.

to England, parting from the Alhambra on the 21st of May, in the year 1501. There were at the treaty the archbishops of St. Jago, Osma, and Salamanca, the count de Cabra, and the countess his wife, the commander-mayor Cardenas, and donna Elvira Manuel, chief lady of honor. The princess-infanta had likewise four young ladies as attendants. She embarked at Corunna, August 17th. Contrary winds forced her vessel back on the coast of Old Castile, which occasioned great illness to donna Catalina. After she was convalescent, she embarked more prosperously on the 26th of September in the best ship they had, of 300 tons, and after a good voyage landed at a port called *Salamonte*,¹ on the 2d of October, where the señora princess Catalina was grandly received, with much feasting and rejoicing." This was whilst she stayed at Plymouth, where the nobility and gentry of the neighboring counties crowded to do honor to their future queen, and entertained her from the time of her arrival with west-country sports and pastimes. The steward of the royal palace, lord Broke, was sent forward by Henry VII. directly the news was known of the infanta's arrival, in order "to purvey and provide" for her. The duchess of Norfolk and the earl of Surrey likewise came to attend on her. The duchess was immediately admitted into her presence, and remained with her as her companion.

King Henry himself, November 4th, set forward from his palace of Shene on his progress to meet his daughter-in-law; the weather was so very rainy, and the roads so execrably bad, that the royal party were thoroughly knocked up when they had proceeded no farther than Chertsey, where they were forced to "purvey and herbage" for their reposing that night. "Next morning, however," continues our journalist,² "the king's grace and all his company rose betimes, and strook the sides of their coursers with their spurs, and began to extend their progress towards East Hampstead,

¹ The port was Plymouth.

² Leland's Collectanea, vol. v. pp. 352-355. The information of these court movements has been drawn from the narrative of a herald who witnessed the whole. He has so little command of the English language in prose narrative as to be in places scarcely intelligible; but English prose was at this time in a crude state, as all such memorials were, till this era, metrical or in Latin.

when they pleasantly encountered the pure and proper presence of prince Arthur, who had set out to salute his sage father." It does not appear that the prince knew that his wife had arrived. Certainly royal travellers moved slowly in those days, for Henry never thought of proceeding farther than his seat at East Hampstead, "but full pleasantly passed over that night-season" in the company of his son. Next morning the royal personages set forth again on a journey which was truly performed at a snail's gallop, and proceeded to the plains (perhaps the downs), when the prothonotary of Spain and a party of Spanish cavaliers were seen pacing over them, bound on a most solemn errand: this was no other than to forbid the approach of the royal bridegroom and his father to the presence of the infanta, who, in the true Moorish fashion, was not to be looked upon by her betrothed till she stood at the altar,—nay, it seems doubtful if the veil of the princess was to be raised, or the eye of man to look upon her, till she was a wife. This truly Asiatic injunction of king Ferdinand threw the whole royal party into consternation, and brought them to a dead halt. King Henry was formal and ceremonious enough in all reason, but such a mode of proceeding was wholly repugnant to him as an English-born prince. Therefore, after some minutes' musing, he called round him, in the open fields, those nobles who were of his privy council, and propounded to them this odd dilemma. Although the pitiless rains of November were bepelting them, the council delivered their opinions in very wordy harangues. The result was, "that the Spanish infanta being now in the heart of this realm, of which king Henry was master, he might look at her if he liked."

This advice Henry VII. took to the very letter; for, leaving the prince his son upon the downs, he made the best of his way forthwith to Dogmersfield, the next town, where the infanta had arrived two or three hours previously. The king's demand of seeing Katharine put all her Spanish retinue into a terrible perplexity. She seems to have been attended by the same train of prelates and nobles enumerated by Bernaldes; for a Spanish archbishop,

a bishop, and a count opposed the king's entrance to her apartments, saying, "the lady infanta had retired to her chamber." But king Henry, whose curiosity seems to have been thoroughly excited by the prohibition, protested that "if she were even in her bed, he meant to see and speak with her, for that was his mind, and the whole intent of his coming." Finding the English monarch thus determined, the infanta rose and dressed herself, and gave the king audience in her third chamber. Neither the king nor his intended daughter-in-law could address each other in an intelligible dialect; "but," pursues our informant, who was evidently an eye-witness of the scene, "there were the most goodly words uttered to each other in the language of both parties, to as great joy and gladness as any persons conveniently might have. . . . After the which welcomes ended, the king's grace deposed his riding garments and changed them, and within half an hour the prince was announced as present,"—Arthur being, as it may be supposed, tired of waiting in a November evening on the downs. "Then the king made his second entry with the prince into the next chamber of the infanta, and there, through the interpretation of the bishops, the speeches of both countries, by the means of Latin, were understood." Prince Arthur and the infanta had been previously betrothed by proxy; the king now caused them to pledge their troth in person, which ceremony over, he withdrew with the prince to supper. After the meal, "he with his son most courteously visited the infanta in her own chamber,¹ when she and her ladies called for their minstrels, and with great goodly behavior and manner solaced themselves with dancing." It seems that prince Arthur could not join in the Spanish dances, but, to show that he was not without skill in the accomplishment, "he in like demeanor took the lady Guildford (his sister's governess), and danced right pleasantly and honorably."

"Upon the morrow, being the 7th of November, the in-

¹ The royal party are now, after the betrothment, admitted into the infanta's own bedroom: the approaches seem gradual, the first interview taking place in the third chamber.

fanta set out for Chertsey, and lodged all night at the royal palace situated there, and the next day she set forth with the intention of reaching Lambeth; but before ever she came fully to that town, this noble lady met beyond a village called Kingston-on-Thames, the duke of Buckingham on horseback, the earl of Kent, the lord Henry Stafford, and the abbot of Bury, with a train of dukes and gentlemen to the number of four hundred, all mounted and dressed in the Stafford livery of scarlet and black. After the said duke had saluted her grace, the abbot of Bury pronounced in goodly Latin a certain proluision, welcoming her into this realm." At Kingston the lady infanta lodged all night, and in the morning was escorted by Buckingham and his splendid train to her lodging at Kennington palace, close to Lambeth. Here she continued till her own Spanish retinue, as well as the nobility of England who were appointed by king Henry as her attendants, could prepare themselves for presenting her with due honor to the English people, "who always," adds our quaint informant, "are famous for the wonderful welcomes they give to acceptable and well-beloved strangers,"—a proof that lionizing is no new trait in the English character.

While the infanta was thus escorted to Kennington, king Henry made the best of his way to his queen (Elizabeth of York), who met him at Richmond, to whom he communicated all his proceedings; "and told her how he liked the person and behavior of their new daughter-in-law." The royal pair remained till the 10th at Richmond, when the king rode to Paris garden, in Southwark, and thence he went in his barge to Baynards's castle, "situated right pleasantly on Thames' side, and full well garnished and arranged, and encompassed outside strongly with water." This situation was by no means likely to prove so agreeable in a wet November as the worthy author supposed to a princess of the sunny South, reared among the bowers of that enchanting Alhambra whose restoration is implored by the Moors in their evening prayer to this hour. While Henry VII. was occupied in orders for the arrangement of this alluvial abode, his queen (Elizabeth of York) came

down the Thames in her barge, accompanied by a most goodly company of ladies, and welcomed her son's bride to England.

Arthur prince of Wales, with a grand retinue, on the 9th of November came through Fleet street to the Wardrobe palace at Blackfriars, where he took up his abode till the day of his nuptials. Three days afterwards the infanta came in procession, with many lords and ladies, from Lambeth to Southwark, and entered the city by London bridge. She rode on a large mule, after the manner of Spain; the duke of York rode on her right, and the legate of Rome on her left hand. She wore on her head a broad round hat, the shape of a cardinal's hat, tied with a lace of gold, which kept it on her head; she had a coif of carnation color under this hat, and her hair streamed over her shoulders, "which is a rich auburn,"¹ adds the herald. The governess of the princess, donna Elvira, called 'the lady-mistress,' rode near her charge, dressed all in black, with a kerchief on her head, and black cloths hanging down beside her cheeks, like a religious woman. The saddle on which the princess Katharine rode is described as being like a small arm-chair, with staves crossing, richly ornamented. Four Spanish ladies followed, riding on mules; they wore the same broad hats as their mistress. An English lady, dressed in cloth of gold and riding on a palfrey, was appointed to lead the mule of each Spanish damsel; but as those ladies did not sit on the same side in riding as the fair English equestrians, each pair seemed to ride back to back, as if they had quarrelled, according to the observation of the herald,² who records the circumstance with evident tribulation.

The citizens prepared to welcome the infanta's entrance into the city with a grand pageant of St. Katharine, her name-saint; likewise St. Ursula, the British princess, with many virgins. At St. Paul's gate was the grandest pageant,

¹ This, in fact, is the color of her hair in all portraits in oil, among which is the one from which our portrait is engraved.

² Antiquarian Repertory, where is edited a fuller copy of Leland's Herald's Journal.

through which the lady-infanta was conducted to the place of her destination,—the bishop's palace, close to the sacred edifice where the bridal was to be celebrated.¹ Through the body of St. Paul's cathedral a long bridge of timber, six feet from the ground, was erected from the west door to the first step of the choir; in the midst of the bridge a high stage, circular like a mount, and ascended on all sides by steps, was raised. This stage was large enough for eight persons to stand on, and was the place where the marriage ceremony was performed: it was railed round, and covered with scarlet cloth. On the north side of the mount was a closely-latticed box for the king and queen, and on the south a stage for the lord mayor and civic dignitaries.

On the day of St. Erkenwald, November 14th, the young duke of York (afterwards Henry VIII., her second husband) led the infanta from the bishop's palace to St. Paul's. "Strange diversity of apparel of the country of Hispania is to be *descriven*," says the herald, "for the bride wore, at the time of her marriage, upon her head a coif of white silk, with a scarf bordered with gold, and pearl, and precious stones, five inches and a half broad, which veiled great part of her visage and her person." This was the celebrated Spanish mantilla. "Her gown was very large, both the sleeves and also the body, with many plaits; and beneath the waist, certain round hoops, bearing out their gowns from their bodies after their country manner." Such was the first arrival of the famous farthingale in England. Prince Arthur, likewise attired in white satin, made his appearance on the other side of the mount; and the hands of the princely pair were joined by the archbishop of Canterbury, nineteen bishops and mitred abbots being present. The king, the queen, and the countess of Richmond privily witnessed the ceremony from the latticed box. The bride and bridegroom then followed the archbishop and prelates to the high altar, the princess Cicely, who bore the infanta's train, being followed by a hundred ladies in costly apparel.² After mass, prince Arthur, according to the ancient custom of England, at the great door of the cathedral, in the pres-

¹ Stowe, 483. Hall, 493.

² Hall, 494.

ence of the multitude, endowed his bride with one-third of his property.¹ The princess was then led by her brother-in-law, young Henry, to the bishop's palace of St. Paul's, in the grand banqueting-room of which was the nuptial dinner prepared; she was served in gold plate, ornamented with precious stones and pearls, valued at 20,000*l*. The prince and princess of Wales remained at the bishop's palace that night. The next morning Henry VII. and the queen came in grand pomp by water from Baynard's castle, and carried Katharine and her husband back to that watery abode.² There she was closely secluded with her ladies for some days. In the pageantry which celebrated these espousals, the descent of the Spanish bride from the legitimate line of Lancaster by Philippa queen of Castile, daughter of John of Gaunt, was not forgotten. King Alphonso the astronomer, Katharine's learned ancestor, too, was introduced with all the paraphernalia of astrology, telling a brilliant fortune for her and her short-lived bridegroom. This princely pair were very prettily allegorized, she as "the western star, lady Hesperus," and he as "Arcturus."³

Upon Thursday the bride, accompanied by the royal family, came in barges to Westminster. The large space before Westminster hall was gravelled and smoothed, and a tilt set up the whole length from the water-gate to the gate that opens into King street, leading to the Sanctuary. On the south side was a stage hung with cloth of gold, and furnished with cushions of the same: on the right side entered the king and his lords; on the left the queen, the bride, and their ladies. "And round the whole area were stages built for the honest common people, which at their cost were hired by them in such numbers that nothing but visages presented themselves to the eye, without any appearance of bodies! And eftsoons, when the trumpets

¹ Rymer, vol. xii. p. 780: likewise see Life of Marguerite of France, queen-consort of Edward I. As princess of Wales, Katharine had in dower Wallingford castle, Cheylesmore near Coventry, the city of Coventry (crown rents), Caernarvon and Conway castles, the third of the stannaries in Cornwall, the town and lands of Macclesfield, to the amount of 5000*l*. per annum,—at least, that was the sum ostensibly allowed her afterwards as dowager-princess.

² Hall, p. 494.

³ Lord Bacon.

blew up goodly points of war, the nobility and chivalry, engaged to tilt, appeared in the arena, riding under fanciful canopies, borne by their retainers." These shall serve as specimens for the rest:—"Bourchier, earl of Essex, had a mountain of green carried over him as his pavilion; and upon it many trees, rocks, and marvellous beasts, withal, climbing up the sides: on the summit sat a goodly young lady, in her hair, pleasantly beseen. The lord marquess of Dorset, half-brother to the queen,¹ had borne over him a rich pavilion of cloth of gold, himself always riding within the same, drest in his armor." Lord William Courtenay, brother-in-law to the queen, made his "appearance riding on a red dragon led by a giant, with a great tree in his hand." Attended by similar pageantry, twenty or thirty of the tilters rode round the area, to the delight of the commonalty, who had all their especial favorites among the noble actors in the scene, and had, moreover, the infinite satisfaction of seeing them tilt with sharp spears, and, "in great jeopardy of their lives, break a great many lances on each other's bodies," though the ultimatum of pleasure was not afforded by any of these sharp spears effecting homicide. Plenty of bruises and bone-aches were the concomitants of this glorious tilting, but no further harm ensued to the noble combatants.

When the dusk of a November eve closed over this chivalrous display, the bride and all her splendid satellites transferred themselves to the more comfortable atmosphere of Westminster hall. At its upper end the royal daïs was erected, and among other magnificence is noted a cupboard, which occupied the whole length of the chancery, filled with a rich treasure of plate, most of which was solid gold. The queen, the lady-bride, and the king's mother took their places on elevated seats at the king's left hand; their ladies and the royal children were all stationed on the queen's side. Prince Arthur sat at his father's right hand, and the nobility of England who were not engaged in the pageants and ballets that followed sat in their degrees on the king's side of the hall. Thus, in the ancient régime of the court,

¹ Eldest son of queen Elizabeth Woodville, by her first husband.

the sexes were divided into two opposite parties; the king and queen, who were the chiefs of each band, were the only man and woman who sat near each other. When any dancing was required that was not included in the pageantry, a lady and a cavalier went down, one from the king's and the other from the queen's party, and figured on the dancing space before the royal platform. The diversions began with grand pageants of a mountain, a castle, and a ship, which were severally wheeled in before the royal daïs. The ship was manned by mariners, "who took care to speak wholly in seafaring terms." The castle was lighted inside gloriously, and had eight *fresh*¹ gentlewomen within, each looking out of a window. At the top of the castle sat a representative of Katharine of Arragon herself, in the Spanish garb. The castle was drawn by "marvellous beasts," gold and silver lions harnessed with huge gold chains; but, lest the reader should be dubious regarding the possibility of such lions, the narrator (who must have been behind the scenes, and would have been a worthy assistant to master Snug the joiner) explains discreetly, "that in each of the marvellous beasts were two men, one in the fore and the other in the hind quarters, so well hid and appparelled, that nothing appeared but their legs, which were disguised after the proportion and kind of the beast they were in." Meantime, the representative of Katharine was much courted "by two well-behaved and well-beseen gentlemen, who called themselves Hope and Desire," but were treated by the bride's double with the greatest disdain. At last all differences ended, like other ballets, with a great deal of capering; for the ladies came out of the castle, and the gentlemen from the ship and mountain, and danced a grand set of twenty-four, with "goodly roundels and divers figures, and then vanished out of sight and presence."

Then came down prince Arthur and the princess Cicely, his aunt, "and danced two *base* dances; and then departed up again, the prince to his father and lady Cicely to the queen her sister." Eftsoons came down the bride, the prin-

¹ This term means they were dressed in new clothes, or new fashions.

cess Katharine, and one of her ladies with her, apparelled likewise in a Spanish garb, and danced other two base dances; and then both departed up to the queen. These 'base' dances are explained by etymologists to be slow and stately movements, and were called *base* or low dances, in opposition to the *la volta* dance, which, from the lofty leaps and capers cut by the performers, was termed in English the *high* dance. Perhaps Katharine's 'base' dance resembled the minuet in its slow gliding step. All the English dances described by our herald seem to have been quick and lively, for he proceeds to say, "Henry duke of York, having with him his sister lady Margaret, the young queen of Scots, in his hand, came down and danced two dances, and went up to the queen." The dancing of this pretty pair gave such satisfaction that it was renewed; when the young duke, finding himself encumbered with his dress, "suddenly threw off his robe, and danced in his jacket with the said lady Margaret in so goodly and pleasant a manner that it was to king Henry and queen Elizabeth great and singular pleasure. Then the duke departed up to the king, and the princess Margaret to the queen." The parental pride and pleasure at the performance of their children manifested by Henry VII. and his queen, slightly as it is mentioned here, affords some proof of their domestic happiness.

"On the Sunday was laid out a royal dinner in the white-hall, or parliament chamber. The king sat at the side-table, next to his own chamber,¹ with Katharine of Arragon at his right hand. At the same table sat the prothonotary of Spain, and Katharine's Spanish duenna. The queen sat at the table at the bed's feet, which was the table of most reputation of all the tables in the chamber." It seems, from this passage, that some partition had been removed, and the king's chamber and bed thrown into view,—a practice frequent in gothic castles. The evening refreshment, called

¹ That the royal bedchamber in Westminster palace opened into the white hall, or parliament chamber (actually used as the house of lords till it was burnt down in 1834), may be gathered from this narrative, and from the interview between Henry V. and his father.—See Life of Katherine of Valois.

the *voide*, was brought in by fourscore earls, barons, and knights, walking two and two, the ceremony of serving the *voide* being precisely as coffee is now presented after dinner; but instead of coffee and biscuits, ipocras and comfits were offered. One noble servitor presented the golden spice-plate, a second the cup, while a third, of lower rank, filled the cup from a golden ewer. At this *voide* Katharine of Arragon distributed the prizes won in the tilt-yard. To the duke of Buckingham she gave a diamond of great *virtue* and price; the marquess of Dorset received from her hands a ruby, and to the others were given rings set with precious stones. The court departed the next Sunday for Richmond, where, after an exordium on the proper way of spending the Sabbath, our informant tells us that, "after divine service, the king sped with the court through his goodly gardens to his gallery, upon the walls, where were lords ready set to play; some with *chesses* [chess-boards], some with tables [or backgammon], and some with cards and dice. Besides, a framework with ropes was fixed in the garden, on which went up a Spaniard, and did many wondrous and delicious points of tumbling and dancing." In the evening the pageant of a rock, drawn by three sea-horses, made its appearance at the end of the hall; on either side of the rock were mermaids, one of them being a "man-mermaid" in armor. But these mermaids were but cases, or shells, in which were perched the sweetest-voiced children of the king's chapel, "who sung right sweetly, with quaint harmony" while the pageant was progressing to the daïs, where sat the royal bride and the king and queen. "Instead of dancers, there were let out of the rock a great number of white doves¹ and live rabbits, which creatures flew and ran about the hall, causing great mirth and disport. Then were presented to the lords and ladies of Spain rich gifts of plate from king Henry, with thanks for the care they had taken of the princess Katharine, and they took leave for their return to Spain."

King Henry, observing that his daughter-in-law was sad

¹ This seems a Spanish custom, for the other day white doves were let loose at a festival in honor of the young queen of Spain, Isabel II.

and pensive after bidding them farewell, courteously desired that she should be called to him, with her ladies. He then took them to his library, wherein he "showed them many goodly pleasant books of works full delightful, sage, merry, and also right cunning, both in English and Latin." His prudent highness had likewise provided there a jeweller, "with many rings and huge diamonds and jewels of the most goodly fashion, and there desired her to *avise* and behold them well, and choose and select at her pleasure." When she had taken those she preferred, the king distributed the rest among her remaining Spanish ladies and her newly-appointed English maids of honor. Thus she assuaged her grief and heaviness, and became accustomed to English manners and usages.¹ Great misrepresentation has taken place regarding the age of Katharine at the time of her first marriage, one historian² even affirming she was nineteen; but as the day of her birth was at the close of the year 1485,³ it stands to reason that when she wedded Arthur, November, 1501, she had not completed her sixteenth year; while prince Arthur, who was born September 20, 1486, had just completed his fifteenth year. Katharine, therefore, instead of four years, was but ten months older than her husband.

Before Shrovetide, Katharine and Arthur departed for Ludlow castle, in Shropshire, where they were to govern the principality of Wales, holding a miniature court, modelled like that at Westminster. Katharine performed the journey to Ludlow on horseback, riding on a pillion behind her master of horse, while eleven ladies followed her on palfreys. When she was tired, she rested in a litter borne between two horses. Such was the mode of travelling before turnpike-roads had made the country traversable by wheel-carriages, for the horses which bore the litter made good their footing in paths where a wheel-carriage could not be kept upright. It appears that prince Arthur visited Oxford on the road to Ludlow, for in the memorials of that city are these particulars of his entertainment at Magdalen

¹ Herald's Journal, in Antiquarian Repertory.

² Guthrie.

³ Both Mariana and Bernaldes.

college:—"He was lodged in the apartments of the president; rushes were provided for the prince's bedchamber; he was treated with a brace of pike and a brace of tench: both his highness and his train received presents of gloves, and were refreshed with red wine, claret, and sack."

The prince and princess of Wales were deservedly popular at Ludlow, but their residence there was of short continuance; for the prince, whose learning and good qualities made him the hope of England, was suddenly taken ill, and expired April 2, 1502. Some historians declare he died of a decline, others affirm that he was very stout and robust: amidst these conflicting opinions, it is, perhaps, worth while to quote the assertion of the Spanish historian, as it certainly arose from the information of Katharine herself. "Prince Arthur died of the plague, a little while after his nuptials, being in the principality of Wales, in a place they call *Pudlo* [Ludlow]. In this house was donna Catalina left a widow, when she had been married scarcely six months."¹ This assertion is completely borne out by an observation in the herald's journal,² for, after describing the whole detail of the magnificent progress of the prince's funeral to the city of Worcester (where he was buried), it declares that few citizens were assembled in the cathedral, because of the great sickness that prevailed in Worcester.

Arthur was interred with royal pomp on the right side of the chancel of Worcester cathedral. The tomb which covers his remains is enshrined within the walls of a beautiful little chapel, designed by that distinguished statesman sir Reginald Braye. Sorely as this exquisite gem of ecclesiastical sculpture has been maltreated by the fanatic destructives who stabled their steeds in the holy fane after

¹ Bernaldes, 236.

² The herald present at prince Arthur's funeral wrote the journal occurring in Leland's Collectanea; it is replete with curious costume. "On St. Mark's day, the procession commenced from Ludlow church to Bewdley chapel. It was the foulest cold, windy, and rainy day, and the worst way [road] I have seen; and in some places the car [with the prince's body] stuck so fast in the mud that yokes of oxen were taken to draw it out, so ill was the way." Such was part of the progress to Worcester, where "with weeping and sore lamentation prince Arthur was laid in the grave."

the battle of Worcester, there is much left to interest the historical antiquarian in the curious series of the statuettes of kings and queens of England, escutcheons, and other carvings with which the walls are covered. The coronet and shield of Arthur prince of Wales, the royal arms of England, is upheld by two angels, represented by Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. The figure of the virgin widow, Katharine of Arragon, appears in several compartments of the sculpture, wearing the coronet of princess of Wales, with flowing hair, lightly covered with a wimple and veil: she holds the castle, emblematical of Castile, in her right hand. In another place she is introduced in the character of St. Katherine, with a wheel, and holding the pomegranate.¹

Prince Arthur made a will, in which he left his jewels, chains, and even his habiliments² to his sister Margaret, then betrothed to James IV. The legacy, which was not surrendered to her, caused, according to Scottish historians,³ the invasion of James IV. and the battle of Flodden. The circumstance gives rise to an important historical inference. If prince Arthur considered Katharine of Arragon as actually his wife, would he have left such personals away from her to his eldest sister? Katharine's subsequent poverty proves that she had none of his property, not even her widow-dower.

¹ The clothiers' company at Worcester is in possession of a rich pall, or mortuary cloth, which is supposed to have covered the corpse of Arthur prince of Wales on the occasion of his funeral in the cathedral of that city, and was probably presented by his royal widow, Katharine of Arragon, to that fraternity, as a memorial of their deceased prince. It is formed of alternate stripes of purple velvet and cloth of gold, emblazoned with the royal arms of England and the effigies of St. Katherine with her wheel, and many other curious devices. The pomegranate, the castle for Castile, and the imperial eagle—all emblematic of Katharine of Arragon—identify her as typified by the figure of her patron saint on this curious relic of the fifteenth century, which has been used ever since as the pall of the brethren of the clothworkers' fraternity. The altar-cloth in Wyncheombe church is of similiar material and pattern, and was probably presented by Katharine.

² Abuilzements, as they are called by the Scotch.

³ Lindsay of Pitscottie, who, nearly a contemporary himself, wrote from the information of the agents of the Scottish government. The particulars of Arthur's legacy and its disastrous results are related in the *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, by Agnes Strickland (Margaret Tudor, consort of James IV.).

Queen Elizabeth, the mother-in-law of Katharine, though overwhelmed with grief for the sudden loss of her eldest-born and best-beloved child, had sympathy for the young widow, thus left desolate in a strange land, whose tongue had not become familiar to her ear. The good queen sent for Katharine directly to London, and took the trouble of having a vehicle prepared for her accommodation. She ordered her tailor, John Cope, to cover a litter with black velvet and black cloth, trimmed about with black valances; the two head-pieces were bound with black ribbon, and festooned with black cloth. Such was the hearse-like conveyance sent by Elizabeth of York to bring the young widow to London. Katharine was settled at the country palace of Croydon by queen Elizabeth, and received all maternal kindness from her mother-in-law while that amiable queen lived.

An ancient turreted house, still called Arragon house, opposite Twickenham church, is pointed out as one of Katharine's dwellings during her widowhood. Her marriage-portion consisted of 200,000 crowns.¹ Half of that sum had been paid down with her. Her widow's dower consisted of one-third of the prince of Wales's revenue, but she was expected to expend that income in England. Her father and mother demurred at paying the remainder of her dowry, and expressed a wish to have their daughter and her portion returned to them. Henry VII. had an extreme desire to touch the rest of his daughter-in-law's portion, he therefore proposed a marriage between her and his surviving son, Henry. The sovereigns of Spain, her parents, accepted this offer; and it was finally agreed that, on obtaining a dispensation from the pope, Katharine should be married to her young brother-in-law, prince Henry. Katharine herself seems to have been very unhappy at this time. She wrote to her father, "that she had no inclination for a second marriage in England;"² still she begged him not to

¹ See the preceding biography; likewise sir Harris Nicolas's *Memoir of Elizabeth of York*, p. xc.; and *Privy-purse Expenses of that queen*, p. 103.

² This most important passage in history was first brought forward by Dr. Lingard, who quotes the Spanish words from Mariana's *History of Spain*.—See Lingard, vol. v. p. 333.

consider her tastes or inconvenience, but in all things to act as suited him best." It is here evident that Katharine, a sensible young woman of eighteen, felt a natural aversion to vow obedience to a boy more than five years younger than herself; yet she does not plead, as an excuse for not fulfilling so disagreeable an engagement, that she considered it repugnant to the laws of God or man. Surely, as she mentions in her home letters that her will was averse to the second English marriage, she would have likewise urged that her conscience would be outraged could she have done so with truth, but distaste and inconvenience are the strongest terms she used. She was, notwithstanding these remonstrances, betrothed to Henry prince of Wales on the 25th of June, 1504, at the house of the bishop of Salisbury, in Fleet street.¹ Queen Isabel of Castile, who was then on her death-bed, seems to have been troubled with doubts regarding her daughter's future prosperity; she sent a piteous entreaty to Rome for a copy of the bull of dispensation, as she could not die peaceably without reading it.² Isabel expired a few months after the betrothment, and Katharine, thus unhappily deprived of her admirable mother, was left a passive victim at the disposal of the two wily diplomatists, her father king Ferdinand and Henry VII.

In 1505 the pecuniary distresses of Katharine of Arragon, the nominal widow of one prince of Wales and the nominal wife of another, become manifest in a letter, September 8, 1505,³ addressed to her father, Ferdinand king of Arragon. The letter relates to the projected marriage of one of her ladies, donna Maria de Salazar, whom there is great reason to suppose is the same as the lady called by our antiquaries the lady Mary de Salúces, whose mother was of the princely house of De Foix, nearly related to the imperial family and most royal lines in Europe. "It is known to your highness," says Katharine, "how donna

¹ Speed, p. 973.

² See notation appended to this copy in lord Herbert's *Life of Henry VIII.* Such was the reason Katharine gave for having in her possession a copy of the bull.

³ Wood's *Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies.*

Maria de Salazar was lady to the queen my lady [mother], who is in blessed glory, and how her highness [queen Isabel of Castile] sent her to come with me; and in addition to the service which she did to her highness, she has served me well, and in all this had done as a worthy woman. Wherefore I supplicate your highness that, as well as on account of the one service as the other, you would command her to be paid, *since I have nothing wherewith to pay her*; and also because her sister, the wife of Monsieur d'Aymeria, has in view for her a marriage in Flanders, of which she cannot avail herself without knowing what the said donna Maria has for a marriage portion." The letter continued to urge Ferdinand to pay to donna Maria the arrears he owed her father, captain Salazar (her high-born mother, related to Katharine herself, having wedded the captain of Ferdinand's guard). Donna Maria, however, gave up her intended marriage in Flanders, and clave to the forlorn princess as faithfully in her troublous youth as in the woful remnant of her latter days; for donna Maria remained in England, having won the heart, portionless as she was, of the heir of the illustrious house of Willoughby d'Eresby. Katharine dates her letter, and one or two others relative to the unpaid salaries of her Spanish ladies, from Durham house (Strand). This ecclesiastical palace was probably her "inn," or London residence, as it was afterwards that of queen Elizabeth when princess. It is worthy of notice that Durham house was used as a residence for members of the royal family previously to the Reformation.

Katharine became most wretched at the close of the year 1505, and her troubles were aggravated by severe illness. She attributed all the vexations of her painful situation to the meanness with which Dr. Puebla, the Spanish resident minister in England, yielded to the despotism of Henry VII. She commences her letter, dated December 2d, addressed to her royal sire, Ferdinand, with blaming this man, and thus continues:—"Your highness shall know, as I have often written to you, that since I came to England I have not had a single maravedi, except a certain sum

which was given me for food, and this is such a sum that it did not suffice without my having many debts in London ; and that which troubles me more is, to see my servants and maidens so at a loss, and that they have not wherewith to get clothes. This I believe is all done *by hand of the doctor*,¹ who, notwithstanding your highness has written, sending him word 'that he should have money from the king of England my lord, that their costs should be given them,' yet, in order not to trouble him, will rather intrench upon and neglect the service of your highness. Now, my lord, a few days ago donna Elvira de Manuel² asked my leave to go to Flanders, to get cured of a complaint that has come into her eyes, so that she lost the sight of one of them, and there is a physician in Flanders who cured the infanta Isabel of the same disease with which she is afflicted. She labored to bring him here, so as not to leave me, but could never succeed with him ; and I, since if she were blind she could not serve me, durst not hinder her journey. I begged the king of England my lord, that, until our donna Elvira should return, his highness would command that I should have as companion an old English lady, or that he should take me to court. And I imparted all this to *the doctor*, thinking to make of the rogue a true man ; but it did not avail me, because though he drew me to court (in which I have some pleasure, because I had supplicated the king for an asylum), yet he [the doctor] negotiated that the king should dismiss all my household, and take away my chamber [her establishment for the service of her chamber, as ladies and chamberwomen], and place it in a house of his own, so that I should not in any way be mistress of it."

The gist of Katharine's afflictions appears that, by Puebla's contrivance, she was to be deprived of the privilege of maintaining her little separate court and household, her Spanish ladies and officers being dismissed, and she mixed up with the English court as a mere dependant on Henry VII. The poor princess surmises that her father paid little heed to her complaints, and thus continues earnestly to supplicate him :—"I entreat your highness that you will consider that

¹ Puebla.

² Her governess, or first lady.

I am your daughter, and that you consent not that, on account of Dr. Puebla, I should have such trouble; but that you will command some ambassador to come here who may be a true servant of your highness, and for no interest will cease to do that which pertains to your service. And if in this your highness trusts me not, do you command some person to come here who may inform you of the truth. As for me, I may say to your highness, that seeing this man Dr. Puebla do so many things not like a good servant of your highness, I have had so much pain and annoyance that I have lost my health in a great measure, so that for two months I have had severe tertian fevers, and this will be the cause that I shall soon die." Katharine evidently writes under the depression of spirits and irritation of mind consequent to her painful indisposition. Although she has dwelt on the sins of this unbeloved doctor throughout her letter, she cannot close it without reiterating her request for his removal. "I presume to entreat your highness to do me so great favor as to command that *this doctor* may not remain, because he certainly does not fulfil the service of your highness, which he postpones to the worst interest which can be. Our Lord guard the life and most royal estate of your highness, and ever increase it as I desire. From Richmond, the second of December."¹

This letter is provided with a postscript, which still further develops the tribulations of Katharine of Arragon, by showing that there was a controversy between the princess and her hard father-in-law Henry VII. regarding the amount of her dowry. King Ferdinand, and even the late queen Isabel, had reckoned Katharine's plate and jewels as part of her portion, and had deducted their value from the sum total, to the large amount of 33,000 crowns. "The king of England my lord," continues Katharine,² "will not receive anything of the plate nor of the jewels which I have used, because he told me 'that he was indignant that it should be said in his kingdom that he took away my ornaments.' And as little may your highness expect that he will take them on account, and return them to me; because I am

¹ Wood's Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies.

² Ibid.

certain he will not do so, nor is any such thing customary here. The king would not take them in the half of the value, because all these things are esteemed much cheaper here; and the king [Henry VII.] has so many jewels, that he desires money rather than them. I write thus to your highness, because I know that there will be great embarrassment if he will not receive them, except at a less price. It appears to me that it will be better that your highness should take them for yourself, and should give to the king of England my lord his money." No doubt this shrewd business arrangement would have suited Henry VII. right well, but it is a chance whether the letter ever reached its destination, for a translation of it exists in the Chapter-house, and the original Spanish, in Katharine's writing, is likewise in this country.¹ It only travelled into the hands of Henry VII. and his supple tool, Dr. Puebla, who must have given his master, Ferdinand, a general intimation that the princess his daughter was malcontent, and with her Spanish household murmuring against her father-in-law Henry VII.; for there exists an answer from Ferdinand, sending a stern message through this very Puebla, the object of Katharine's indignant complaints, bidding her "and her household be conformable to Henry VII., since, God willing, she has always to be in that land with this king of England my brother, her father, and with the prince of Wales [Henry] my son, and it is to be believed that he will regard his honor, and that of the princess my daughter."² This is no reply to individual detail in the piteous letter of Katharine, but how could Ferdinand reply to a despatch which to the present moment has remained in England?

The opening of the year 1506 was marked by an event which had a peculiar influence on the futurity of Katharine of Arragon. The death of her mother without male heirs had called her sister Joanna to the throne of Castile, and she embarked with her husband, Philip the Fair of Austria,³

¹ Cottonian Collection, Vespasian.

² Cottonian MS., Vespasian.

³ Son of Mary of Burgundy, heiress of the Low Countries, and Maximilian emperor of Germany.

to take possession of her inheritance. They were driven by a tempest on the western coast of England, and detained, exceedingly against their inclination, to receive the designing hospitalities of Henry VII. They were invited to Windsor castle, where Katharine of Arragon came to meet them. The royal visit is thus described in one of those herald's journals, which have preserved many other valuable details of personal traits and national customs. Queen Joanna was not sufficiently recovered from the perils of the sea to travel, and her husband arrived without her. King Philip¹ passed with Henry VII. through the royal apartments at Windsor castle "into an inner chamber, where was my lady princess [Katharine] and my lady Mary² the king's daughter, and their ladies. And after the king of Castile had kissed them, and communed with them, they went into the king's dining-chamber, where my lady princess Katharine danced in Spanish array, with a Spanish lady for her partner: then danced the lady Mary with an English lady." Katharine was desirous that her brother-in-law should show himself a pleasant and agreeable cavalier, and much she importuned him to join in the dance; but Philip was ill at ease in mind and body. He was, according to the English chroniclers, far from well, and indeed his cross answer to Katharine seems like it:—"Ever and anon my lady princess Katharine desired the king of Castile to dance; he answered, after he had excused himself once or twice, 'that he was a mariner, and yet,' added he, 'you would have me dance;' and then he continued to commune with king Henry. Katharine's seat was under the king's canopy, placed on the carpet belonging to it. After the lady Mary had tired herself with dancing, she went and sat down by her sister-in-law, near where the kings stood." Mary played on the lute and clavichords; she was a child of only nine or ten years old, and her behavior was much admired.

Queen Joanna arrived at Windsor ten days afterwards, February 10th. She came accompanied (besides her own servants) by the earl of Arundel and Lord Mountjoy; they entered by the little park, and came privately to the back

¹ Cott. MS., Vesp., Herald's MS.

² Afterwards queen of France.

of the castle to the king's new tower, where, "at the stair-foot, king Henry met with her, kissed her, and embraced her,—howbeit her husband the king of Castile, that was present with our king, had divers times desired him 'not to have taken the pains to have gonē so far.' " It was now Katharine's turn to welcome her sister, and she advanced, accompanied by the little lady Mary, to kiss and embrace her. The royal *infantas* had not met for several years, and it seemed cruel that the first time they looked on each other after such an absence should be when their feelings were restrained by all the incrustations of court etiquette; they all went up into the apartments in which lodged king Philip, where Katharine was left with her sister Joanna. The morning of February 11th was devoted by the two kings to an inspection of their genealogies, for the purpose of noting the nearness of their relationship. Katharine, with the lady Mary, went back to Richmond; the next day Henry VII. followed them, and the queen of Castile, February 12th, commenced her journey back to Plymouth in the rich litter of the late queen Elizabeth. She slept at Reading palace by the way. Contrary winds, or the policy of Henry VII., detained the royal guests till the middle of April on the English coast.

Short as was the time of conference between Joanna and Katharine, it appears that the latter took encouragement, from the sight of her near relatives, to place urgently before her father Ferdinand the miserable state in which the crowned miser her father-in-law kept her. The poor young princess was in debt, and in want of everything at this period. It is likely that her averseness to become the wife of her young brother-in-law, Henry, continued in full force, since she made no effort to learn English. It will be perceived that such was the plea which she urges to induce her sire to appoint her a Spanish confessor.

KATHARINE OF ARRAGON¹ TO HER FATHER, FERDINAND KING OF ARRAGON.

[*Fragment.*]

[*April, 1506.*]

"—I cannot speak more particularly, because I know not what will become of this letter, or if it will arrive at the hands of your highness; but when don

¹ Wood's Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies.

Pedro d'Ayala shall come, *who is now* with the king [Philip] and the queen [Joanna] in the harbor, your highness shall know all by cyphers. I have written many times to your highness, supplicating you to order a remedy for my extreme necessity, of which letters I have never had an answer. Now I supplicate your highness, for love of our Lord, that you consider how I am your daughter, and that after Him (our Saviour) I have no other good or remedy, except in your highness; and how I am in debt in London, and this not for extravagant things, nor yet by relieving my own people [her Spanish ladies and household remaining with her], who greatly need it, but only [for] food; and how the king of England my lord will not cause them [the debts] to be satisfied, although I myself spoke to him and all those of his council, and that with tears. But he said, "that he is not bound to give me anything," and "that even the food he gives me is of his good will, because your highness has not kept promise with him in the money of my marriage-portion." I told him "that in time to come your highness would discharge it." He [Henry VII.] told me "that was yet to see," and "that he did not know it." So that, my lord, I am in the greatest trouble and anguish in the world, on the one part seeing all my people that they are ready to ask alms; on the other, the debts that I have in London. About my own person I have nothing for chemises; wherefore, by your highness's life, I have now sold some bracelets to get a dress of black velvet, for I was all but naked; for since I departed thence [from Spain] I have had nothing but two new dresses, for till now those I brought from thence have lasted me, although now I have got nothing but dresses of brocade."

The black velvet, which had been thus procured with difficulty, was as mourning for her mother; and the two new dresses she had had since her arrival from Spain, must have been her widow's mourning for her young spouse Arthur.

"I likewise supplicate your highness," she continues, "to do me so great a favor as to send me a friar of the order of St. Francesco de Osservancia,¹ who is a man of letters, for a confessor, because, as I have written at other times to your highness, *I do not understand the English language, nor know how to speak it*, and I have no confessor. And this should be, if your highness will so command it, very quickly, because you truly know the inconvenience of being without a confessor,—especially me, who for six months have been near to death; but now, thanks to our Lord, I am somewhat better, although not entirely well: this I supplicate your highness may be as soon as possible.

"Calderon, who brings this letter, has served me very well. He is now going to be married: I have not wherewith to recompense him. I supplicate your highness to do me so great a favor as to command him to be paid there [in Spain], and have him commended; for I have such care for him that any favor that your highness may do him I should receive as most signal. Our Lord guard

¹ One of the friars-Observant, whose convent near Greenwich palace was, in Katharine's prosperity, peculiarly under her patronage.

the life and royal estate of your highness, and increase it as I desire. From Richmond, the 22d of April.

"The humble servant of your highness, who kisses your hands,
"THE PRINCESS OF WALES."

Addressed, To the most high and puissant lord the King, my father.

Endorsed, in Spanish, To his Highness, from the lady Princess of Wales, 22d of April, 1506.

The detail by which Katharine strives to awaken pity in the heart of her father reveals deprivations as calamitous as at any subsequent period of her life. Her illness, even unto danger of death; her difficulty of obtaining linen, and mourning for her mother; her debt and destitution in a foreign land, the language of which remains strange to her ear; and then her dialogue with Henry, the royal miser of England, and his taunting her with the very food she ate, presents an almost overcharged page of the woes of royalty. The illness of Katharine was one of those painful and long-abiding intermittents, which were the severest scourges to this country until the great benefit of the Jesuits' bark was introduced into our *materia medica* by Charles II. The residences of Katharine, whether at Durham house in London, at Richmond, or at Arragon house, Twickenham, were always on the banks of the Thames; therefore she had little chance of speedy recovery from ague. In the course of the autumn of 1506, Katharine mentioned, in a brief note, the state of her health to her sovereign and sister, Joanna queen of Castile.¹

"MOST HIGH AND POWERFUL LADY :—

Since I wrote the other day to your highness from here I have had more attacks of fever; but they have left me as you desire, so that, thanks to God, I am somewhat better now, and in better spirits. It appears to me that it is right to let your highness know, whose life, and the royal estate of your highness, our Lord prosper.

"From the humble servant of your highness, who kisses your hands.

"THE PRINCESS OF WALES."

Endorsed, To the Queen my lady, from the lady princess of Wales, 17th of October, 1506.

¹ Wood's Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies. By mistake, this letter is supposed to be addressed to Germaine de Foix, second queen of Ferdinand of Arragon; but that lady was never queen of Castile.

At the date of this letter Joanna was a widow: she had lost her husband the preceding month. The news had evidently not reached the sick-room of Katharine of Arragon when she wrote this bulletin to her queen, who was then in an unconscious state, laboring under that long delirium brought on by her grief for the loss of Philip.

The widowhood of her sister Joanna now added another entanglement to the perplexed situation of Katharine of Arragon at the court of her father-in-law. At the time of the Spanish visit to Windsor, Henry VII. had treated for his second marriage with Philip's sister, the celebrated Margaret of Austria, widow of the duke of Savoy. For reasons best known to himself, Henry dropped all pursuit of that marriage after he had seen Joanna of Castile. Hall, the English contemporary historian, declares that the vexatious detention of Philip in England on his important voyage to Spain had broken his heart and caused his early death; the explanation of which is, that Philip was in declining health, not amended by detention during the severest part of an English winter. The mysterious protest which Henry VII. obliged his son to make, apparently the day after his fifteenth birthday, against the betrothment he had previously contracted with Katharine, either must have been connected with his own intention to become the second spouse of queen Joanna, or it must have been a positive act of insanity. It is dated, it is true, a few weeks before Joanna's widowhood; but are we certain that the date was the same as the execution of the instrument? The archives of England to this day show that Henry VII. had previously contrived to further his own purposes by tampering with documents.¹ The protest itself was literally conducted in a hole-and-corner manner, being executed by bishop Fox, the wily minister of Henry VII., and a few officials, in an unfrequented room at the basement of Shene

¹ Some entry in the Parliamentary rolls, relative to the connection of his grandmother Katherine of Valois and his grandfather Owen Tudor, he found it convenient to destroy. At the cancelled pages all the dates of the membranes have been altered by a clumsy forgery, still apparent to the ken of the historical antiquary. This information was communicated to the author by the late lamented sir Harris Nicolas.

palace.¹ The boy-prince who signed it probably knew not at the time what the ceremonial meant, or, as he fancied himself in love with Katharine, he would never have kept the secret,—and secret the transaction remained until many years afterwards, when it astounded the English public. It was, indeed, very needful to conceal it from king Ferdinand's spies, or he would not have paid the instalments of his daughter's dower, neither to Henry VII. nor Henry VIII.

The measure, mysterious as it is, must have been prompted by some scheme of selfishness on the part of Henry VII., or he would never have thrown such a mischievous stigma on the legitimacy of the heirs of his only son, while the struggle regarding the legitimacy of the children of Edward IV. was fresh in memory. As for prince Henry marrying his brother's widow if his father married her sister, no person who has the capacity to note the under-currents of history could deem, for a moment, that Henry VII. believed that such outrages would be permitted on public decorum. He knew that archbishop Warham had objected in council to prince Henry's marriage with Katharine as it was, and if the confusion of alliances and descents became more complicated, neither archbishop Warham nor the English people would have been long quiet on the subject. Henry VII.'s evident intention was to obtain the hand of the queen-regnant of Castile and the remainder of Katharine's portion. He then meant to break her marriage with his son Henry, playing off the protest by which the boy was made to renounce it,—urging, withal, the disgust of the English people and the objections of Warham. Neither Katharine nor her fortune would have been returned; he would have kept the money as personal assets due to his deceased son Arthur, pleading that the lady was to spend her income as Arthur's widow in England, according to the custom of dowagers on royal demesnes in this country. It was not easy, by any species of finesse, to induce Ferdinand of Arragon (impoverished as he was by the

¹ This intelligence is gathered from one of archbishop Warham's conversations with cardinal Wolsey, which took place at the time of Katharine's divorce.

death of his queen and partner) to pay the whole of his daughter Katharine's portion, at the risk of her being treated merely as Arthur's widow; but the English monarch, with deliberate ruthlessness, pursued the plan he had already commenced, as described in her letters, of subjecting the poor young princess in his power to every personal deprivation short of actual starvation, in order that her complaints to her surviving parent might prevail on him to remit the remainder of her portion, to obviate the plea that she could have no income from her settlement till the payments were completed.

The unfortunate queen of Castile had scarcely permitted her beloved husband's body to be buried before the king of England commenced his wooing by embassy. It was in vain king Ferdinand sent word that his daughter Joanna was fearfully insane and not fit to be married; Henry protested that he knew the lady, and was convinced that her illness was but temporary. Meantime, Henry prince of Wales began to give his astute sire some trouble in traversing his fine-drawn schemes. Suspecting that he was to be deprived of Katharine, young Henry's boyish will was immediately set on obtaining her; so that Henry VII. debarred them from meeting, lest they should form a clandestine union.¹ It must have been truly provoking for the princess to be treated as if she wished to steal a marriage, which she had designated to her father as distasteful and unsuitable.

Yet the lapse of years produced a change in Katharine's mind regarding her marriage with young Henry: he was attached to her, and the difference between their years seemed to vanish as he attained his majestic stature, while his mind assumed the cultivated tone produced by a learned education. In 1507, Katharine allowed to her father that the marriage with the prince of Wales was better for her than the miserable state of dependence and poverty with which her father-in-law had afflicted her. Katharine was totally unconscious that most of her letters to Spain were intercepted by Henry VII., and never reached the hands of

¹ Lingard, vol. v. p. 333.

her sire : such must have been the case, since she continually complains that her father never replies to the points she urgently pressed on his attention. Some of her letters were translated for the information of her persecutor, and of course her remarks and complaints raised against her infinite ill-will in his cold heart. Two letters in particular were calculated to displease him. One written for his inspection, and by his desire, warmly recommending his suit to her father for the hand of her "lady-queen and sister, Joanna of Castile," of whose woful state Katharine betrays no consciousness, either in this letter or in the private one written at the same time. The news had reached Katharine, in July, 1507, that her father had resolved on a journey to Castile, in order to induce the states there to pay the remainder of her dowry, which they stopped after the demise of the two persons so nearly connected with her happiness, being her husband Arthur and her mother queen Isabel. The sanguine spirits of youth immediately raised in the heart of Katharine lively hopes that all her troubles would be at an end when the payments of her portion were fulfilled. "So much," she writes to her father,¹ "did the cyphers of your highness avail here, that I have by them passed three or four days in such spirits as are unearthly ; and they were much needed at the time they came, for not two days before the king [Henry VII.] had said to me 'that the journey of your highness was postponed, according to report.' I felt it was said to do me fresh displeasure, so that, on all accounts, the letters of your highness were necessary to me at the conjuncture at which they arrived. I gave the credence of your highness to the king of England my lord, and he had shown to him clearly that which came in cypher. He rejoiced so much to see them, that, as I tell your highness, he told me of his great satisfaction thereupon ; and he commanded me, 'that I should write on his part to your highness, the pleasure he had of the good-will your highness by this showed.'" Without following the tedium of Henry VII.'s formal message to Ferdinand of Arragon, which Katharine transmits literally, with all its tautology,

¹ Wood's Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies.

it suffices to say that its tenor was, that if on king Ferdinand's arrival in Castile all was found consonant to that which he desires (*being his marriage to the queen Joanna*), he will forthwith send ambassadors with power to treat. Katharine was likewise charged by her father-in-law to transmit to her sire the jealous displeasure he felt at a recent report that the queen of Castile, her sister, was about to marry the count de Foix, through the interest of the king of France. De Foix being a peer of France, and, moreover, nearly related to Ferdinand's young queen, Germaine de Foix, inspired the ancient suitor with great alarms, for queen Germaine, having a young wife's influence with her husband, would naturally avail herself of it to advance her own family. On this point, however, the astute king of England kept silence, as it was no part of his policy to exasperate the queen of Arragon. But his orders to Katharine were, to say to her "that the French match for queen Joanna would be a great inconvenience for him, for the queen herself, and for her sons ;¹ for that with Frenchmen entering into the kingdom, there could be no security for Castile, . . . and many other things," adds Katharine, "about this which I do not say, because they are more to his purpose than to that of your highness."

Thus Katharine, placed between these two diplomatists, had no choice left but to deceive one or the other. Henry VII. dictated to her that she was to advise her father to favor his own views, as if it were her private opinion for the best. Katharine chooses to tell the truth to her father, and asks him to do, in regard to the count de Foix, what he thinks most conducive to his own service, as she thinks advice of the kind offered from her to him improper. But in regard to herself, she expressed her wish that her father, at least, would not sanction the marriage between Henry VII. and her sister. "I figure it to myself," she says, "that it must be, that your highness entertained this business in order to *terminate* [promote] my marriage; because with this bait I believe that, as to that which concerns me, things will be done better than the past when some one comes to

¹ Charles V. and his brother Ferdinand, then infants.

arrange and disinvolve them, as I have written to your highness.”¹ And then Katharine is very urgent that a person of dignity and responsibility may be sent, instead of the shuffling minister Puebla, to whom she attributes all her misfortunes since the death of Arthur. Her letter raises curiosity, which her detail does not gratify, regarding her treatment in England. “I believe,” she says, addressing her father, Ferdinand of Arragon, “your highness would be frightened at that which I have passed through;” and that she would prefer the arrival of a properly accredited ambassador who would tell her father the truth, to the arrival of her dowry without such person. “If there were one here who would have devoted himself to the service of your highness, my tribulations would not have arrived at such an extreme, since, also, they would not have placed me as a pledge to make peace,—they would not have consented that I should lead such a life. . . . If the ambassador whom your highness has here were a man, he would not have consented,—even though I were not to be married to the prince,²—were it only considering whose daughter I am, that I should be in this kingdom with such a company in my house as I am indignant to think of it; for, in comparison with this, all the other things I have passed through I think little of. And thus I am doubly desirous on this account for my remedy, that I may not see myself as never knight’s daughter was seen in the kingdom of your highness.”³ Katharine proceeds to mention some conversations which she had had with Henry VII. She describes, with vivacity, how much he rejoiced in the expectation of the speedy coming of her dowry. “May it please God that it may come at the time that it is hoped for,” continues the princess, very emphatically. Katharine explains to her father that the letter he would find in the king of England’s packet was written at his requisition,—indeed, under his control, and shown to him. When Henry VII. had seen it, he desired his daughter-in-law to add, “that if the marriage

¹ Wood’s Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies.

² Henry, prince of Wales.

³ Wood’s Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies.

with the count de Foix and the queen of Castile ever took place, that in the course of time Spain would be joined to France; but, as for himself, he considered himself as the true son of Ferdinand of Arragon."

The poor princess, whose detention in England was equivalent to a most perplexing captivity, is not altogether inexcusable for her double-dealing. The instalments of the dowry expected by her with anxiety, and by Henry VII. with miserly avidity, certainly arrived not at the time indicated, as the payments were not affected until after his death.¹ Chroniclers affirm that Henry VII. gave up, in the year 1508, all thoughts of matrimony; they insinuate, withal, that his young son Henry manifested some indications of seizing the English crown as his inheritance from his mother; but as it is certain that Henry VIII. submitted very peaceably to a few weeks' regency of his grandmother, Margaret of Richmond, until his eighteenth year was completed, perhaps these suspicions were ill founded.

Henry VII. expired at his favorite palace of Shene, April 22, 1509. The first desire of his successor was that his dubious engagement with Katharine of Arragon should be solemnly ratified by a public marriage. The privy council debated the marriage very earnestly. Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, considered the relationship in which Katharine stood to the king, as his sister-in-law, was too near. Bishop Fox argued for the marriage, with many reasons of expediency, although he was the very person who had presided over the secret protest against it: at last the council recommended that it should take place, if Katharine's sister, queen Joanna, and their father, would agree that the marriage-portion of the princess should never be reclaimed, on any pretence whatever. Fuensalida, the new Spanish ambassador, signed a deed to this effect on the part of Ferdinand as king of Arragon, and of Joanna as queen of Castile:

¹ Two instalments were paid and acknowledged by the signatures of both the king of England and his son; the third was not received till after the death of Henry VII., but it is acknowledged by the young king in May, 1509, and the last payment was made in September, 1509, after Henry VIII. and Katharine were actually married.

this instrument was signed by Katharine herself as princess of Wales, June 7, 1509, a circumstance which entirely invalidates the assertion of the historians who declare she was married to Henry on the 3d of June. A most uncandid mystery is made of the time and place of this marriage by the earlier historians.¹ Both, however, we have satisfactorily discovered in the pages of Katharine's native chroniclers. "Donna Catalina," says Bernaldes,² wedded the brother of her first lord, who was called Enrico, in a place they call Granuche [Greenwich], on the day of St. Bernabo, [June 11th], and was crowned afterwards, on the day of St. John, with all the rejoicings in the world."—"Her father, king Ferdinand, was so well pleased," adds another Spanish historian, "at his daughter's second marriage that he celebrated it by grand festivals in Spain, particularly by the *jeu de cannes*,"³ or darting the jereed, in which Moorish sport Ferdinand assisted in person.

King Henry and queen Katharine came to the Tower from Greenwich, attended by many of the nobility, June 21st.⁴ After creating twenty-four knights, Henry, accompanied by Katharine, on the 23d of June, proceeded in state through the streets of London, which were hung for the occasion with tapestry. The inhabitants of Cornhill, as the richest citizens, displayed cloth of gold. From Cornhill and the Old Change the way was lined with young maidens dressed in virgin white, bearing palms of white wax in their hands; these damsels were marshalled and attended by priests in their richest robes, who censed the queen's procession from silver censers as it passed. Of all the pageants ever devised for royalty, this was the most ideal and beautiful. At that time Katharine was pleasing in person. "There were few women," says lord Herbert, "who could compete

¹ From Speed's account, the reader would suppose no other marriage had taken place excepting the betrothment in 1503; Hall names an evident wrong date, and gives no place; Burnet follows Speed, and no English author names the place of the marriage. Pollino, the Italian historian, asserts that Katharine was married on the day of St. John, June 25th, at the monastery of St. Benedetto, to the infinite joy of the people of London.

² Middle-Hill MS., cap. 163, f. 236.

³ Ferrara's History of Spain, vol. viii. 334.

⁴ Hall, p. 507.

with queen Katharine when in her prime." She had been married but a few days, and was attired as a bride in white embroidered satin; her hair, which was very beautiful, hung at length down her back, almost to her feet; she wore on her head a coronal set with many rich orient stones. The queen, thus attired as a royal bride, was seated in a litter of white cloth of gold, borne by two white horses. She was followed by the female nobility of England, drawn in whirlicotes, a species of car that preceded the use of coaches. Thus she proceeded to the palace of Westminster, where diligent preparation was making for the coronation next day. Cavendish asserts that all the orders for the king's coronation as well as the funeral of Henry VII. were given by Katharine: the illness of the king's grandmother and the youth of the king were, perhaps, the reasons that she had thus to exert herself.

After the coronation, the banquet was spread in Westminster hall. The king and queen proceeded from the abbey to an elevated stage at the upper end of the hall; several ladies of high rank sat under the table at the queen's feet, holding her pocket-handkerchief, table-napkins, fan, and purse. The pageantry on the occasion of this royal marriage and coronation was of a most elaborate and tedious species. One of the sports in honor of the gentle and benevolent Katharine was remarkably barbarous and savage: a miniature park was railed in before Westminster palace; deer and dogs were turned in; the deer overleaped the fences and escaped into the palace, where the hunters pursued and killed them and presented the slaughtered creatures, warm and palpitating, to the royal bride. These festivities were suddenly broken up on the 29th of June by the death of the king's grandmother, Margaret of Richmond,¹ who had been regent till two days before the coronation, when Henry VIII. completed his eighteenth year.

Few royal ladies were ever given such entire conviction of the free choice and true love of a husband as Katharine of Arragon received from Henry VIII. It was easy for him

¹ For further particulars, see Miss Halstead's interesting biography of Margaret Beaufort.

to have released himself from his engagement at the death of his father, instead of eagerly fulfilling it, and describing the state of his affections thus, addressed more than a month after the event to the father of his wife :—" Your serene highness greatly commends ourself in having completed this marriage so liberally, and, in having rejected all other ladies in the world that have been offered to us, showing hereby our singular love which we bear to your majesty, as well as to the most serene lady herself, our very well beloved consort. . . . And as regards that sincere love which we have to the most serene queen our consort, her eminent virtues daily more shine forth, blossom, and increase so much, that if we were still free, her we would yet choose for our wife before all other." Then follows a fraternal message to Katharine's sister, the unfortunate Joanna. " All these things, of course, you will be pleased to relate in our name to the most illustrious lady the queen of Castile, your daughter, our very dear kinswoman, and to commend ourself to her in singular degree." ¹

Little more than a month had elapsed when Katharine wrote a confidential letter to her father,—this time, however, expressing all the exultation of unbounded happiness. Her father, when he found that she would be really raised to the rank of queen of England, had exerted himself to liquidate the arrears of her dowry, one instalment of which had been received in the preceding May, and the other was on its way to England. The young queen's heart was overflowing with gratitude to her father. " I know," she says, " that in this life I have no other good than in being your daughter, by your highness so well married that more cannot be said, except that it may well appear that it is the work of those hands of your highness, which I kiss for so signal a favor. As to the king my lord, amongst the reasons which oblige me to love him much more than myself, the one most strong, although he is my husband, is his being the so true son of your highness, with desire of greater obedience and love to serve you than ever son had to his

¹ Dated from Greenwich palace, July 26, 1509.—Egerton MSS., vol. 616, f. 35. Halliwell's Letters of Kings of England, vol. i. p. 196.

father. I have performed the office of ambassador, as your highness sent to command. . . .”¹ Katharine continues to view, in this happy frame of mind, all matters connected with England and her bridal, telling her father that these kingdoms were entirely at peace, and devoted in love to her husband and herself. “Our time,” she adds, “is ever passed in continual feasts.”

Katharine was nevertheless difficult to be suited in envoys from Spain. Fuensalida, although a grandee, was not much higher in her esteem than the unbeloved doctor of laws Puebla. She puts in cipher some secret matter to her father, and then proceeds to blame the Spanish ambassador for his blunders and want of tact, in discussing topics which concerned her honor and estate at the same time that he attacked her confessor. This person must have been the Spaniard Allequa, a priest who had been in her service from the period of her landing in England. He was subsequently her almoner, and through her favor was made bishop of Llandaff, pursuant to her intention thus expressed:—“It could not be thought,” wrote Katharine, addressing her father, “how much the commandant de la Membilla² being here as ambassador did me disservice having said what he did, and by taking up the topics that he took up. Supposing my confessor were the worst man in the world, yet, for the sake of giving the lie to the said ambassador, I should have kept him in my service and made him a great prelate. So much the more being such a person, and so sufficient, as I believe your highness knows.” Katharine, like every other queen of England who retained around her a large colony from her native country, prepared for herself sources of life-long troubles. At her accession, however, she sent away her duenna, donna Janina de Cuer, who had succeeded donna Elvira Manuel; likewise several others of her Spanish household, paying them their long arrears of from six to eight years’ wages. She asks as a favor from her father that he will send the king her lord three horses, one a jennet, the other a Neapolitan, and the third a Sicilian

¹ Wood’s Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies.

² He is the same person as Fuensalida.

steed, because he desired them much, and had entreated her to beg for them. Katharine returned to Greenwich palace after her coronation, for this remarkable letter is dated from thence, July 29th.

The mutual affection expressed in the letters written by the newly-wedded king and queen of England, proves some guide to fixing the dates of their autograph avowal of fidelity to each other still to be seen in queen Katharine's missal,¹ preserved among our royal archives. The book itself had belonged to Henry's mother, Elizabeth of York. The costume of the figures, the profusion of white roses and emblems of the house of York, show that it belongs to the era of Edward IV. Queen Katharine was subsequently its possessor. There are entries in the calendar, in common writing, of several Spanish saints, whom the English illuminator had forgotten, or was ignorant of their anniversaries; among others, Telesforo, pope and martyr. Katharine had been blamed for her neglect of the English language; but when actually queen of England, she made considerable progress in its literary composition, as her able letters will show. In the missal above mentioned is written, in her hand, a first attempt at versification, transcribed beneath the miniature of a saint of the English royal family, Saint Margaret Atheling.

“Be daly *probe*,² you shall me fynde,
To be to you both loving and kynde.”

The queen's attempt at English verse is probably in answer to Henry's rather elegant protestation, in badly-spelt French, which appears at page 434, beneath a miniature representing the passion of the Saviour. The king, to all appearance, wrote this inscription when he gave his royal mother's mass-book to his queen:—“Si silon mon affection la *sufenance* [souvenance] sera in voz prieres ne seray *gers* oblié, car vre suis Henry R. à jamais.” Meaning, “If your remembrance

¹ King's MS., Brit. Mus., 271, b. Brev. Rom. temp. Henry VII.

² *Proof*. The tendency of the Spaniards to substitute the *b* for *v* and *f* is well known.

is according to my affection, I shall not be forgotten in your daily prayers, for I am yours, Henry R. forever."¹

It was at the Christmas festivals at Richmond, the same year, that Henry VIII. stole from the side of the queen during the jousts, and returned in the disguise of a strange knight, astonishing all the company with the grace and vigor of his tilting. At first the king appeared ashamed of taking a public part in these gladiatorial exercises, but the applause he received on all sides soon induced him openly to appear on every occasion in the tilt-yard. Katharine kindly humored the childish taste of her husband for disguisings and maskings, by pretending great surprise when he presented himself before her in some assumed character. On one occasion, he came unexpectedly into her chamber with his cousin, Bouchier earl of Essex, and other nobles, in the disguise of Robin Hood and his men; "whereat," says Holinshed, "the queen and her ladies were greatly amazed, as well for the strange sight as for their sudden appearance." At Shrovetide, soon after, the foreign ambassadors were invited to partake with the court of a goodly banquet in the parliament chamber at Westminster, when the king, after conducting the queen to her throne, and having saluted the visitors, suddenly disappeared; but speedily returned with the earl of Essex dressed after the Turkish fashion, and the earl of Wiltshire² and Fitzwalter in the costume of Russia, with furred hats of gray, each of them having a hatchet in hand, and wearing boots with pikes turned up. Next came sir Edward Howard and sir Thomas Parr after the fashion of Persia, followed by torchbearers with black faces, who were intended to represent Moors. The king's beautiful young sister, the princess Mary, accompanied by some of Katharine's ladies, danced a masking ballet before her; but the princess hid her fair

¹ Those who were not aware that Katharine of Arragon was entirely the wife of Henry's choice, have attributed the queen's lines to Anne Boleyn, but the handwriting is decidedly her predecessor's. Katharine, most likely, gave the book at her death to one of her Catholic friends, who, terrified at the fate of others, has cut off the queen's autograph, and endeavored to wash out her writing, which is nevertheless perfectly visible, p. 102.

² Stafford earl of Wiltshire, not the father of Annie Boleyn.

face under a black gauze mask, having assumed the character of an Ethiop queen.¹ In all these maskings and pageants, the queen's device, the pomegranate, was seen mingled with the roses of York and Lancaster, and the Tudor device of the hawthorn with its scarlet fruit.

The queen's situation promising an heir to the throne, she took to her chamber at the close of the year 1510, with the usual ceremonies, being then residing at Richmond palace. On New-year's day she brought into the world a prince, whose welcome appearance gave rise to fresh rejoicings and more elaborate pageantry. The young prince was named Henry, at a splendid christening; the archbishop of Canterbury, the earl of Surrey, and the king's favorite aunt, Katharine countess of Devonshire, were the sponsors to the royal babe. Before the queen's churching, the king rode on a pilgrimage to the Lady-shrine of Walsingham, in order to return thanks for the birth of his heir. On his return, grand tournaments were held in honor of the queen at Westminster. At the opening of the tournament appeared the king's favorite, sir Charles Brandon, afterwards created duke of Suffolk, who came before Katharine disguised like "hermit poor," with gray gown and lowly weeds, craving permission to tilt in her honor. When leave was given, Brandon flung off his hermit's gray, and appeared armed as a champion of proof. This was considered by the populace as a most brilliant invention.²

In the evening, when the queen was set in glorious state in the white hall at Westminster, a nobleman entered to inform her, "How that in a garden of pleasure was an arbor of gold, full of ladies, who were very desirous of showing pastime for the queen's diversion." Katharine answered, very graciously, that "I and my ladies will be happy to behold them and their pastime." Then a great curtain of arras was withdrawn, and the pageant moved forward. It was an arbor made with posts and pillars, covered with gold, about which were twined branches of hawthorn, roses, and eglantines, all made of satin and silk, according to the natural colors of the flowers. In the arbor were six fair

¹ Hall, p. 514.

² Hall, and lord Herbert.

ladies in gowns of white and green satin, their gowns covered with letters of gold, being **H** and **K**, knit together with gold lacing. Near the bower stood the king himself, and five lords dressed in purple satin, likewise covered with gold letters,—**H** and **K**; and every one had his name in letters of bullion gold. The king's name was *Cœur-loyal*, and all the rest bore some such appellations. Then the king and this company danced before Katharine's throne.

But while this fine fancy ball was performing, a very different scene was transacting at the lower end of the white hall. The golden arbor, which was intended to receive again the illustrious performers, had been rolled back to the end of the hall, where stood a vast crowd of the London populace, who were the constant witnesses of the grand doings of the English court in the middle ages, and, indeed, on some occasions, seem to have assimilated with the chorus of the Greek drama.¹ Their proceedings this evening were, however, not quite so dignified; the arbor of gold having been rolled incautiously within reach of their acquisitive fingers, the foremost began to pluck and pull at its fine ornaments; at last, they made a regular inbreak, and completely stripped the pageant of all its ornaments, nor could the lord steward of the palace repel these intruders without having recourse to a degree of violence which must have disturbed the royal ballet. Meantime, the king and his band having finished their stately 'pavons' and 'corantos high' with the utmost success, his majesty, in high good humor, bade the ladies come forward and pluck the golden letters and devices from his dress, and that of his company. Little did the young king imagine what pickers and stealers were within hearing; for scarcely had he given leave for this courtly scramble, when forward rushed the plebeian

¹ See an instance in the curious metrical description of Henry V.'s farewell to the city of London before his French expedition, in which scene the populace certainly took their part as chorus:—

“‘Hail, comely king!’ the mayor ‘gan say:
‘Amen!’ cried all the commonalty.”

Whoever looks closely into the manners and customs of the middle ages will find that the English subjects were permitted to hold very close intercourse with their monarchs, who almost lived in their presence till the reign of William III.

intruders, and seizing not only on him, but his noble guests, plucked them bare of every glittering thing on their dresses with inconceivable celerity; what was worse, the poor ladies were despoiled of their jewels, and the king was stripped to his doublet and drawers. As for the unfortunate sir Thomas Knevet, who climbed on a high place, and fought for his finery, the mob carried off all his clothes. At last the guards succeeded in clearing the hall without bloodshed. The king, laughing heartily, handed the queen to the banquet in his own chamber, where the court sat down in their tattered condition, treating the whole scramble as a frolic; the king declaring that they must consider their losses as *largess* to the commonalty.¹ This strange scene throws light on the state of society at that time; for the outrage was not committed by a posse of London thieves, but by people in respectable stations of middle life, since Hall says, "One shipmaster of the port of London gat for his share in the scramble some letters of beaten gold, which he afterwards sold for 3*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.*"

The royal infant, whose birth had caused all this uproarious joy, died February 22, 1511; indeed, he had never been well since his elaborate christening, when the tender creature had taken some cold or injury. His death is thus prettily recorded in one of the manuscript folios at the Chapter-house, Westminster:—"In the second year of our lord the king, her grace the queen bore a prince, whose soul is now among the holy Innocents of God." The queen, according to Hall, "like a natural woman, made much lamentation; howbeit, by the king's persuasion, she was comforted, but not shortly." Katharine could not foresee what a fatal shade the loss of her son was to throw on her after-life, when she mourned in unconscious anticipation of all her future sorrow.

A war soon after broke out with France, in which Scotland furtively joined. Sir Edward Howard, one of England's earliest naval heroes, distinguished himself in this war by his victory over sir Andrew Barton, a Scottish commander of equal valor. The gallant Howard fell gloriously

¹ Hall, p. 519.

in a desperate attack on the French galleys in Conquet bay. He was a friend of queen Katharine and her parents, having served as a volunteer at the siege of Granada; he bequeathed to her in his will a beautiful relic of antiquity, the grace-cup of Thomas à Becket. The queen subsequently restored the cup to the noble family of Howard, in whose possession it still is.¹ Sir Edward Howard had likewise, in his sailor-like will, left his whistle, then the insignia of his command, to the king; but he was seen to throw it into the sea just before he sunk, when boarding the French commander's galley.²

The succeeding year, when Henry VIII. invaded France in person, he intrusted his queen with the highest powers that had ever yet been bestowed on a female regent in England; for he not only placed the reins of government in her hands, but made her captain of all his forces,³ with the assistance of five of his nobles. She was likewise empowered to raise loans for the defence of the kingdom. The queen accompanied her royal lord to Dover, where she was invested with this high trust. "And then," says Hall, "the king took leave of the queen, and many of her ladies of their lords, which altogether made such sorrow, that it was a great dolor to behold. And so the king and all his army took ship the last day of June. The earl of Surrey, to whom had been confided the care of the north of England,

¹ See a most interesting account of his death in the Howard Memorials. Mr. Howard, of Corby, is in possession of the cup, which is at once a memorial of that most extraordinary Englishman Thomas à Becket, of one of our earliest admirals, and of Katharine of Arragon, one of our most virtuous queens. For description of it, see vol. i., *Life of Eleanora of Aquitaine*.

■ The king invested his naval captains with this insignia, as may be proved from the narrative by sir Peter Carew of the loss of the *Mary Rose*, commanded by his brother sir George. "And first the king had secret talks with the lord admiral, and then with sir George Carew. The king took his chain from his neck with a great whistle of gold, and did put it about the neck of sir George." This happened not above an hour before sir George went on board; a few minutes after the *Mary Rose* heeled and went down, while her crew were in a state of mutiny. The gold chain and whistle is therefore, with the bones of sir George, still in the *Mary Rose*; and as the diving-bells are now bringing many curiosities from this antique wreck, this treasure may as well be sought for.

³ Rapin, vol. i. p. 752.

accompanied the queen home from Dover, comforting her as well as he might."

Katharine's letters, soon after her regency, begin to form interesting features of history ; she had at last made herself sufficiently mistress of the English language to express her thoughts, and issue her commands with clearness and decision. The following appears to be one of her earliest English letters, as it is avowedly written during the lifetime of her father. It relates to the misconduct of one of her Spanish attendants, and is addressed to Wolsey,¹ who was certainly the factotum of the royal family ; it appears to have been written on her homeward journey from Dover :—

"Mr. Almoner, touching Francesca de Casseris' matter, I thank you for your labor therein ; true it is she was my woman before she was married, but now, since she cast herself away, I have no more charge of her. For very pity to see her lost, I prayed you in Canterbury to find the means to send her home to her country. Now ye think, that with my letter of recommendation to the duchess of Savoy, she shall be content to take her into her service. This, Mr. Almoner, is not meet for her, for she is so perilous ■ woman that it shall be dangerous to put her in a strange house ; an' ye will do so much for me to make her go hence by the way, with the ambassador of the king, my father, it should be to me a great pleasure, and with that, ye shall bind me to you more than ever I was."

Here is benevolence, mingled with prudential forecast, arising from accurate judgment of character. She pities "the perilous woman, who has cast herself away," and wished that care might be taken of her, without danger of doing mischief in the household of another princess.

The situation of queen Katharine during her husband's absence was exactly similar to that of queen Philippa, when left regent by Edward III. Like Philippa, Katharine had to repel a Scottish invasion ; and it is no little honor to female government, that the two greatest victories won against the Scots, those of Neville's Cross and Flodden field, were gained during the administration of queens. Katharine's correspondence with Wolsey at this juncture is cheerful and friendly. She viewed the coming storm with intrepidity, worthy the daughter of that great and victorious

¹ Ellis's Letters ; first series. Wolsey, who was then a rising person, accompanied the king to France, ostensibly as his almoner, but in reality as his private secretary.

queen, Isabel of Castile, and only regrets that her removal nearer the seat of war will prevent her from hearing as speedily as usual of her husband's welfare. The following letter was written by her to Wolsey just a month before the invasion of the Scots:—

“MAISTER ALMONER:—

“I received both your letters by Coppinger and John Glyn, and I am very glad to hear how well the king passed his dangerous passage, the Frenchmen being present. . . . Ye be not so busy with the war as we be here encumbered with it,—I mean, touching mine own self, for going where I shall not so often hear from the king. All his subjects be very glad (I thank God) to be busy with the Scotts, for they take it for pastime. My heart is very good to it, and I am horrible busy with making standards, banners, and badges.

“At Richmond, 13 day of August.

“KATHARINA THE QWENE.”

Henry won the battle of the Spurs,¹ August 16, 1513. It was a rout of cavalry at Guinegate, and was thus jestingly named by the French themselves, in satirical remembrance of the only weapons they used on that day. Henry VIII. sent to his queen an illustrious prisoner, Louis d'Orleans, duc de Longueville, taken at the skirmish of Guinegate, one of the few of the French chivalry who did not make an inglorious use of his spurs. It was Henry's wish that queen Katharine should entertain Longueville hospitably in her household, to which she had for some reason an objection, ostensibly the want of security; the letter addressed to Wolsey is extremely curious, as being interwoven with conciliatory passages, which the queen deemed needful to soothe some affronts the rising favorite had taken.

“QUEEN KATHARINE TO THOMAS WOLSEY.²

“September 2, 1513.

“Maister Almoner, I received your letter by the post, whereby I understand the coming of the duc [de Longueville], and how the king is content that he shall be in my household. Touching this matter, I have spoken with the council, to look and appoint what company shall be meet [proper] to attend on him. Here is none that is good for it but my lord Mountjoy, who now goeth to

¹ Sir Thomas Boleyn, sir John Seymour, and sir Thomas Parr, all knights of the king's household, and fathers of three of his succeeding queens, were engaged in this battle.—See Muster Roll, endorsed Order of the Army: Lodge's Illustrations of Brit. Hist., vol. i. p. 1.

² Ellis's Historical Letters; third series, vol. i. p. 152.

Calais as chief captain of the 500 men. And for this cause, and also that I am not so well *accompanied* [guarded] as were convenient for his keeping here, it is thought by me and my council that it should be better the said duc be (as soon as he cometh) conveyed to the Tower; specially as the Scots be so busy as they now be, and I looking for my departing every hour, it shall be a great encumbrance to me to have this prisoner here, seeing that, according to the king's mind, he must be conveyed to the Tower at my going forward. I pray you show this to the king, and with the next messenger send me an answer of his pleasure."

The queen meant by this passage her intended progress forward to the northern counties, that she might be near her army, mustering to meet the expected Scottish invasion.

"Mr. Almoner, I am sorry, knowing that I have been always so bound unto you, that now ye shall think that I am discontent without a cause, seeing that my servant asked no letter of you, nor brought none from me. The cause was, that two days before I wrote unto you by Coppinger, and this time I had no further thing to write, and with my servant's unwise demeanor I am nothing well content."

Thus did the royal Katharine condescend to soothe the jealousy of her husband's favorite, who had expressed uneasiness because her messenger had neither brought him a letter from her or asked for an epistle from him.

"For," continues the queen, "one of the greatest comforts that I have now is, to hear by your letters of the king's health, and of all your news; so I pray you, Mr. Almoner, to continue as hitherto ye have done, for I promise you that from henceforth ye shall lack none of mine, and before this ye shall have had many more, but that I think that your business scantily giveth you leisure to read my letters. From hence I have nothing to write to you more than I am sure the council informeth the king. Praying God to send us as good luck against the Scots as the king hath there.

"At Richmond, the 2d day of September.

"KATHARINE THE QWENE.

"*To Maister Almoner.*"

The king was at this time besieging Terouenne, in concert with the emperor Maximilian, who was fighting under the English banners. Katharine alludes to this emperor, her family ally, in the following letter, which is her answer to a despatch of Wolsey's descriptive of the victory:—¹

"MAISTER ALMONER:—

"What comfort I have with the good tidings of your letter I need not write to you. The victory hath been so great, that I think none such hath ever been seen before. All England hath cause to thank God of it, and I specially, see-

¹ Ellis, first series.

ing that the king beginneth so well, which is to me a great hope that the end shall be like. I pray God send the same shortly; for if this continue so, still I trust in Him that everything shall follow thereafter to the king's pleasure and my comfort. Mr. Almoner, for the pain ye take to write to me so often, I thank you with all my heart; praying you to continue still sending me word how the king doeth, and if he keep still his good rule that he began. I think, with the company of the emperor, and with his good counsel, his grace shall not adventure himself too much, as I was afraid of before. I was very glad to hear of the meeting of them both, which hath been, to my seeming, the greatest honor to the king that ever came to prince. The emperor hath done everything like himself. I trust to God he shall be thereby known for one of the excellentest princes in the world, and taken for another man than he was before thought. Mr. Almoner, I think myself that I am so bound to him for my part, that in my letter I beseech the king to remember it."

The queen was at Richmond when she wrote this, August 25, 1513. She was preparing to make a pilgrimage to the Lady-shrine at Walsingham, in Norfolk, when the news of her Flodden victory reached her. The letter in which she announced it to Henry commences formally, but soon falls into the tender and familiar style of an affectionate wife:—

"SIR:—

"My lord Havard [Howard] hath sent me a letter open to your grace within one of mine, by the which you shall see the great victory¹ that our Lord hath sent your subjects in your absence, and for this cause it is no need herein to trouble your grace with long writing; but to my thinking, this battle hath been to your grace, and all your realm, the greatest honor that could be, and more than should you win all the crown of France. Thanked be God of it, and I am sure your grace forgetteth not to do this; which shall be cause to send you many more such victories as, I trust, he shall do.

"My husband,—For hastiness with Rouge-crosse, I could not send your grace the piece of the king of Scotts' coat, which John Glyn now bringeth. In this your grace shall see how I can keep my promise, sending you for your banners a king's coat. I thought to send himself to you, but our Englishmen would not suffer it. It should have been better for him to have been in peace, than to have this reward. All that God sendeth is for the best. My lord of Surrey, my Henry, would fain know your pleasure in burying the king of Scotts' body; for he hath written to me so. With the next messenger, your grace's pleasure may be herein known; and with this I make an end, praying God to send you home shortly; for, without this, no joy here can be accomplished, and for the same I pray. And now go I to Our Lady at Walsingham, that I promised so long ago to see. At Woburn,² xvi of September.

¹ From Patrick Fraser Tytler's *History of Scotland*, vol. v. p. 76, and the gazette of the battle at the College-at-arms.

² Katharine was then abiding at her seat called the Honor of Ampthill. She was probably visiting the neighboring abbey of Woburn when she wrote her letters.

"I send your grace herein a *bill* [a note], found in a Scottish man's purse, of such things as the French king sent to the said king of Scots to make war against you. Beseeching you to send Matthew hither, as soon as this messenger cometh to bring me tidings from your grace,

"Your humble wife and true servant,

"KATHARINE.

"1513."

Skelton, the poet-laureate of Henry VIII.'s court, composed verses of the most ungenerous exaltation over the fall of the Scottish monarch. In part of this poem he thus addresses the deceased king, in allusion to the absence of Henry:—

"Ye were stark mad to make a fray,
His grace being then out of the way.
Ye wanted wit, sir; at a word
Ye lost your spurs, ye lost your sword:¹
Ye might have bouned to Huntley Branks,
Your pride was peevish to play such pranks."

He then breaks into the most vulgar taunts on the unconscious hero, "who laid cold in his clay."²

After the battle of Flodden, queen Katharine performed her vow of pilgrimage to the Walsingham shrine; she returned time enough to welcome the king, who landed privately at Dover the latter end of September, and rode post, *incognito*, to surprise the queen at Richmond, "where," observes Hall, "there was such a loving meeting that every one rejoiced who witnessed it." But notwithstanding this tender greeting, Henry had permitted his heart to wander from his queen during his absence, for it was during his sojourn at Calais in this campaign that he first saw the beautiful wife of Sir Gilbert Tailbois. This lady, after the death of her husband, bore Henry a son in 1519, to whom

¹ This assertion of Skelton shows that the sword of James was among the trophies of the field. It fell into the hands of lord Surrey, and after being long in possession of the Howard family, was sent by the directions of the unfortunate lord Stafford to the Herald's college, where it was shown to the author of this work by G. C. Young, Esq., York herald, together with the earl of Surrey's turquoise ring.

² The insulting neglect of the brave king of Scotland's remains was the first evil trait of character publicly shown by Henry VIII. Katharine had the corpse embalmed, to await the orders of her husband; therefore the fault rests not with her. Under pretence that he died under the pope's excommunication, it was left unburied many years in a lumber-room at Shene monastery, and appears never to have been decently committed to the earth.

he gave the name of Henry Fitzroy. For several years this was the only instance of Henry's infidelity to Katharine: his connection with lady Tailbois was carried on with little publicity. They met at a place devoted to Henry's pleasures, which he called Jericho, situated near Newhall, in Essex.

The French war concluded with a marriage between Louis XII. and the king's beautiful young sister Mary, whose heart was devoted to Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. Katharine accompanied the royal bride to Dover, October, 1514, and bade her an affectionate and tearful farewell; with Mary went, as attendant, Anne Boleyn, then a girl.

The November following the queen again became the mother of a living prince, but the infant died in a few days, to her infinite sorrow.¹ To celebrate her recovery, the king on New-year's night performed a ballet with the duke of Suffolk, and two noblemen and four ladies, all dressed in cloth of silver and blue velvet, after the mode of Savoy, the young and blooming duchess of Savoy being supposed to be in love with Suffolk. This mask entered the queen's presence by a great light of torches, and after dancing a long time, put off their vizors; and when they were known, the queen heartily thanked the king's grace for her good pastime, and kissed him. On the very day this ballet was danced the king of France died, and his lovely bride was left a widow after eighty-two days' marriage. In a short time she stole a match with the duke of Suffolk at Paris, who had been sent by the king to take care of her and her property. All the influence of queen Katharine, who called Wolsey to her assistance, was needful to appease the wrath of king Henry at the presumption of his favorite. The married lovers were, however, favorably received at Greenwich palace by the queen, and publicly married after the Easter of 1515. Suffolk bore as his motto, at the festival on this occasion, the well-known couplet he wrote on his marriage:—

"Cloth of gold, do not despise,
Though thou hast wedded cloth of frise."

The May-day after this royal love-match was distin-

¹ Hall, p. 572.

guished by a most picturesque and poetical festival, such as never more was witnessed in England. Katharine and the royal bride rode "a-maying" with the king, from the palace of Greenwich to Shooter's Hill. Here the archers of the king's guard met them, dressed like Robin Hood and his outlaws, and begged that the royal party "would enter the good green wood, and see how outlaws lived." On this, Henry, turning to the queen, asked her, "If she and her damsels would venture in a thicket with so many outlaws?" Katharine replied, "That where he went she was content to go." The king then handed her to a sylvan bower, formed of hawthorn-boughs, spring flowers, and moss, with apartments adjoining, where was laid out a breakfast of venison. The queen partook of the feast, and was greatly delighted with this lodge in the wilderness. When she returned towards Greenwich with the king, they met on the road a flowery car, drawn by five horses; each was ridden by a fair damsel. The ladies and their steeds personated the attributes of the spring. The horses had their names lettered on their head-gear, and the damsels theirs on their dresses. The first steed was Caude, or 'heat,' on him sat the lady Humid; the second was Memeon, on which rode the lady Vert, or 'verdure;' on the third, called Phæton, was the lady Vegetive; on the steed Rimphon sat the lady Pleasaunce; on the fifth, Lampace, sat lady Sweet-odor. In the car was the lady May, attended by Flora. All these damsels burst into sweet song when they met the queen at the foot of Shooter's Hill, and preceded the royal party, carolling hymns to the May, till they reached Greenwich palace. The amusements of the day concluded with the king and his brother-in-law, the duke of Suffolk, riding races on great coursers, which were like the Flemish breed of dray-horses. Strange races these must have been, but this is the first mention of horse-racing made in English history.¹

Katharine again became a mother, and this time her hopes were not blighted. She brought into the world a girl, February 18, 1516, who was likely to live. This infant was baptized Mary, after her aunt the queen of France. At the

¹ Hall, p. 582.

same time the death of the queen's father, Ferdinand of Arragon, took place, and solemn requiems were sung for him at St. Paul's. Nothing can show the disposition of Katharine, in its truly beautiful character, more than the motives which led to her intimacy with the daughter of Clarence. When Ferdinand demurred on the marriage of his daughter Katharine to prince Arthur, his excuse was, that while a male heir bearing the name of Plantagenet existed, the crown of England was not secure in the Tudor family. Whereupon Henry VII. had the innocent Edward Plantagenet, earl of Warwick, led out to execution, without a shadow of justice. The conscience of the excellent Katharine was infinitely grieved at this murder, of which she considered herself the cause, though innocently so. As far as was in her power, she made every reparation to the relatives of the unfortunate son of Clarence. She cultivated the friendship of his sister, Margaret countess of Salisbury, who was in her household at Ludlow. She gave her infant Mary to be suckled by Katherine Pole, the relative of the countess; she treated her son Reginald Pole as if he had been her own, and it is said that she wished this gentleman to become her son-in-law.¹ The great talents of Reginald, his beauty and noble courage, distinguished him from all his brothers: he was, however, brought up to the church. Queen Katharine welcomed at her Greenwich palace queen Margaret (lately widow of James IV.), who had taken refuge with Henry VIII. from the troubles in Scotland. The Scottish queen brought her daughter by her second husband, the earl of Angus. This infant was a few months older than the princess Mary, and was in after-life her companion, being regarded with affection by king Henry, and usually treated as his favorite niece. Her name is of some consequence in history as lady Margaret Douglas.

The national jealousy of the Londoners regarding foreigners broke out into that formidable insurrection of the apprentices in London, which is called in our domestic history the 'Ill May-day' of 1517. There is no evidence that the queen unduly patronized foreigners, yet the popular

¹ Speed, 1040.

fury was directed against her countrymen. Several Spanish merchants' houses were sacked and burnt, and the inhabitants were murdered. The duke of Norfolk, who had been incensed by the recent murder of a priest of his household by the citizens, was sent to quell the uproar, and then proceeded to dispense martial law in the turbulent metropolis. This he did with such vengeance that great numbers of the unfortunate boys who had raised the riot were soon seen hanging over their masters' sign-posts. As several hundred apprentices remained captives to the vengeful duke, their mothers supposed all were to be immolated in the same manner. Calling together all their female relatives, they went to the palace, and with streaming eyes raised such a piteous wail for mercy, that the queen heard the cry of maternal agony in the retirement of her chamber. She summoned her sister-queens, Margaret of Scotland and Mary of France, to aid her; they flew with dishevelled hair to the king, and, kneeling before him, begged for pity on the misguided boys. Every one was struck with the benevolence of queen Katharine, because the rioters had directed their fury against her nation. This incident is commemorated to her honor in a ballad-poem of her times, which preserves many curious traits of that era.¹

“ ‘What if (she said) by Spanish blood
Have London's stately streets been wet,
Yet I will seek this country's good,
And pardon for their children get;

“ ‘Or else the world will speak of me,
And say queen Katharine was unkind,
And judge me still the cause to be,
These young men did misfortune find.’
And so disrobed of rich attires,
With hair unbound she sadly hies,
And of her gracious lord requires
A boon, which hardly he denies.

“ ‘The lives (quoth she) of all the blooms
Yet budding green (these youths) I crave;

¹ It is most likely by Churchyard, who was the contemporary of Katharine, and an *habitué* of her court.

Oh, let them not have timeless tombs,
 For nature longer limits gave.'
 In saying so the pearled tears
 Fell trickling from her princely eyes,
 Whereat his gentle queen he cheers,
 And says, 'Stand up, sweet lady, rise.

" 'The lives of them I freely give,
 No means this kindness shall debar;
 Thou hast thy boon, and they may live
 To serve me in my Boulogne war.'
 No sooner was this pardon given,
 But peals of joy rang through the hall,
 As though it thundered down from heaven
 The queen's renown amongst them all.

" For which, kind queen, with joyful heart
 She heard their mothers' thanks and praise;
 And so from them did gently part,
 And lived beloved all her days.
 And at the siege of Tours,¹ in France,
 They showed themselves brave Englishmen;
 At Boulogne, too, they did advance
 St. George's lofty standard then.

" But ill May-day, and ill May-games,
 Performed in young and tender years,
 Can be no hindrance to their fames,
 Or stains of valor any ways.
 But now the watch, ordained by law,
 We see on May-day's eve at night
 Is kept, to fill the youth with awe,
 By London bands in armor bright."

The fact that Katharine brought the king five children has been disputed, but evidence exists in a letter written by Henry VIII. to his council² eighteen months after the birth of the princess Mary, in which he announces that the queen was likely to bring him an heir. Richard Pace soon after wrote to Wolsey that, after the king's return to Windsor, the queen met him at her chamber-door, and gave him information that confirmed his hopes; she soon after brought him a third son, who died as soon as he saw the light. After this disappointment, the king created Henry Fitzroy (the son he had by lady Tailbois) duke of Richmond, and owned him with a degree of parade which showed Katharine how earnestly desirous he was of male offspring. This circum-

¹ Perhaps Terouenne.

² State-Paper office, July 5, 1518.

stance seems to have given the queen more uneasiness than any jealousy ever occasioned by the boy's mother.

In the spring of 1520, queen Katharine had the satisfaction of welcoming in England her nephew, who afterwards made his name so illustrious as the emperor Charles V.; he was the eldest son of the insane queen Joanna, Katharine's sister, and was regent of Spain and possessor of Holland and the Low Countries: he had been recently elected emperor of Germany. According to bishop Godwin, the emperor arrived at Dover May 26th, on his return from Spain. Katharine awaited her nephew at the archbishop's palace at Canterbury, while Henry rode by torch-light to Dover castle, "where he arrived in the middle of the night, when the emperor, sea-weary, was fast asleep; but, being awakened with the bustle of the king's entrance into the castle, he rose and met him at the top of the stairs, where Henry embraced and welcomed him. The next morning the king brought the emperor to queen Katharine, who received him joyfully." After three days' banqueting at Canterbury, the emperor went to his navy at Sandwich, while Henry and Katharine embarked at Dover, the emperor having appointed a second meeting with them on the opposite coast.

Henry and Katharine, with their court, then proceeded to that congress with the king and queen of France, between Ardres and Guisnes, which has been called for its magnificence 'the field of cloth of gold,' and 'the golden camp.' Katharine had here the satisfaction of forming an intimacy with a royal lady, whose mind was a kindred one with her own; this was Claude queen of France, surnamed the Good. The chroniclers who dwell on this epoch notice that the queens of France and England visited each other every day in familiar intercourse. One morning, when cardinal Wolsey officiated at high mass before the assembled courts at Guisnes, the kings, Henry and Francis, received the eucharist as a pledge of the peace they so soon broke. When the cardinal advanced to the separate oratory where queen Katharine of England and queen Claude of France were kneeling side by side, these royal ladies, before they

communicated, tenderly embraced and kissed each other, in token of mutual amity and good-will. Katharine fully participated in all the tedious splendors of the 'field of gold,' for even the foot-carpet of her throne was embroidered with pearls. Lord Herbert declares that queen Claude certainly brought Anne Boleyn in her train as one of her maids of honor; but the presence of this young lady was as yet of no moment to the royal Katharine, although her mind had already been somewhat troubled by the coquetries of the other sister, Mary Boleyn, with king Henry. The emperor joined the congress of the 'camp of gold' towards its conclusion. Katharine and her court went to meet her imperial nephew at Gravelines, and he accompanied them to Calais. Henry invited him to a grand entertainment at that town, where an amphitheatre was built in imitation of a firmament. But an unfortunate storm happening the night of the festival, it blew out a thousand wax tapers, overturned the thrones erected for Henry, Katharine, and the emperor, and rendered the sun, moon, and stars unfit for use. The court looked grave, and began to whisper regarding the presumption of making a firmament. Notwithstanding this mishap, Katharine entertained her nephew for six days at Calais, till he departed to Gravelines mounted on a beautiful English horse, with a foot-cloth of gold-tissue bordered with precious stones, which Katharine had given him. The emperor Charles often spoke of his aunt's happiness, who was wedded to so magnificent a prince as Henry VIII.¹

While queen Katharine retained her place and influence, the career of improvement commenced which has ever since continued to progress in this country. With her name was connected the revival of horticulture in England. We use the term *revival*, because there is ample proof in the pages of Matthew Paris, Chaucer, and Lambarde, that many plants were cultivated in England which were totally lost after the long course of warfare, foreign and domestic, had agonized the land, and perverted her energetic population into mischievous destructives. The cherry-, the plum-, and

¹ Bishop Godwin's Life of Henry VIII.

the peach-tree, the laurel- and the bay-tree, are familiarly mentioned by the earlier historians, and by Chaucer; but they had vanished from the land in 1500, and had to be re-imported. When Katharine of Arragon wished for salads (an important article of food in Spain), the whole fair realm of England could not furnish one for her table, till king Henry sent for a gardener from Flanders to cultivate them for her. There were no carrots, and not an edible root grown; all the cabbages were imported from Holland; yet, as Edward II. was blamed for buying them from a Thames faggot-boat, it is evident that they were, in the thirteenth century, grown, as now, on the banks of the river. An old rhyme, often quoted, preserves the memory of the introduction of some other useful things:—

“Hops and turkeys, carps and beer,
Came to England all in one year.”

Wherefore the hop was cultivated is rather enigmatical, since Henry VIII., who interfered in all the concerns of his subjects, from their religion to their beer-barrels, forbade them to put hops in their ale: perhaps the above sapient distich means to imply that malt-liquor was first called *beer* when brewed with hops. The rhyme is right enough regarding the turkeys, since they were first brought from North America by William Strickland,¹ the lieutenant to Sebastian Cabot, in the expeditions of discovery he undertook under the patronage of Henry VII. And this recalls to memory a curious article in the privy-purse expenses of that monarch:—“To the man in reward who found the new isle, 10*l*.”—“The *man*’ was the illustrious Cabot; ‘the isle,’ Newfoundland. Scanty is the reward of the benefactors of the human race, dim are their records, “and few there be that find them;” while those of the destroyers are blazoned before all eyes.

¹ He was the founder of the Boynton branch of his paternal house; he was granted new armorial bearings, in remembrance of his American discoveries, by the style of Strickland of Boynton-on-the-Wold, Yorkshire, and assumed the turkey for his crest, instead of the warlike holly of the elder line. The representative of Cabot’s comrade is sir George Strickland, Bart., M.P. The portrait of this officer is still in good preservation at Boynton hall.

KATHARINE OF ARRAGON,

FIRST QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

CHAPTER II.

Person and manners of the king—Of the queen—Queen and Mary Boleyn—Cardinal Wolsey loses the queen's esteem—Queen's reception of Charles V.—Anne Boleyn—Failure of the queen's health—King's alienation from her—Divorce agitated—Steps taken by the queen—Queen deceived—Patient conduct—King's fear of the pestilence—Reunited to the queen—Arrival of cardinal Campeggio—Queen declines a conventual life—Rage of the king—Accuses her to his council—Legantine court—King's praises of the queen—Her interview with Wolsey and Campeggio—Appears before the legantine court—Her speech to the king—Appeal to Rome—Interview with the cardinals—Final parting with the king—Letters and autograph—Pope decides in her favor—Divorce by Cranmer—Illness—Degraded from title of queen—Her resistance—Residence at Bugden—Refuses to go to Fotheringay—Removed to Kimbolton—Her troubles regarding father Forrest—Her supplication—Her death-bed—Her farewell letter—Her will—Mourning—Place of interment—Relics at Kimbolton castle.

BEFORE the sad record of Katharine's sufferings is unrolled, let us present to the reader a description of her husband, ere his evil passions had marred his constitutional good-humor, and even his animal comeliness. It is drawn by Sebastiano Giustiniani, the Venetian ambassador, then resident in England. "His majesty is about twenty-nine years of age, as handsome as nature could form him above any other Christian prince,—handsomer by far than the king of France. He is exceedingly fair, and as well proportioned as possible. When he learned that the king of France wore a beard, he allowed his also to grow; which, being somewhat red, has at present the appearance of being of gold. He is an excellent musician and composer, an admirable horseman and wrestler. He possesses a good knowledge of the French, Latin, and Spanish languages, and is very devout. On the days on which he goes to the chase he hears

mass three times; but on the other days as often as five times. He has every day service in the queen's chamber at vespers and complin. He is uncommonly fond of the chase, and never indulges in this diversion without tiring eight or ten horses. These are stationed at the different places where he purposes to stop. When one is fatigued he mounts another, and by the time he returns home they have all been used. He takes great delight in bowling, and it is the pleasantest sight in the world to see him engaged in this exercise, with his fair skin covered with a beautifully fine shirt. He plays with the hostages of France, and it is said they sport from 6000 to 8000 ducats in a day. Affable and benign, he offends no one. He has often said to the ambassador, he wished that every one was content with his condition, adding, 'we are content with our islands.'"

Katharine was at this time thirty-four. The difference of years is scarcely perceptible between a pleasing woman of that age and a robust and active man of twenty-nine. In the portrait most commonly recognized as Katharine of Arragon, she appears a bowed-down and sorrow-stricken person, spare and slight in figure, and nearly fifty years old. But, even if that picture of Holbein really represents Katharine, it must be remembered that she was not near fifty all her life; therefore she ought not to be entirely identified with it, especially as all our early historians, Hall among them (who was present at the field of gold), mention her as a handsome woman. Speed calls her "beauteous," and sir John Russell, one of Henry's privy council, puts her in immediate comparison with the triumphant beauties Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, declaring,¹ she was not to be easily paralleled when in her prime. The Versailles portrait of Katharine of Arragon is almost a fac-simile of the one engraved for this biography, representing her as a serene-looking lady of thirty-three or four;² the face oval, the

¹ Lord Herbert, *Life of Henry VIII.*, p. 196, W. Kennet's edit.

² The miniature of Katharine of Arragon, lately sold at Strawberry hill, is one of this class of portraits, drawn for her when she was between thirty and forty, dressed in the costume of the pointed hood: it is exactly the same as Burnet's engraving. There is no doubt these Strawberry hill miniatures were part of the ancient royal collections, over which sir R. Walpole had full power.

features regular, with a sweet, calm look, but somewhat heavy, the forehead of the most extraordinary height,—phrenologists would say with benevolence greatly developed. Contrary to the general idea of Spanish ladies, Katharine had auburn hair and a light complexion. The hood cap of five corners is bordered with rich gems; the black mantilla veil depends from the back of the cap on each side, for she never gave up wholly the costume of her beloved Spain; clusters of rubies are linked with strings of pearl round her throat and waist, and a cordelière belt of the same jewels hangs to her feet. Her robe is dark-blue velvet, terminating in a graceful train bordered with fur; her sleeves are straight, with ruffles, and slashed at the wrists. Over them are great hanging sleeves of miniver fur, of the shape called *rebras*. She draws up her gown with her right hand; the petticoat is gold-colored satin, barred with gold. Her figure is stately, but somewhat column-like and solid. It realized very well the description of an Italian contemporary, who said that her form was *massive*. Our portrait is nearly similar in costume, but the resemblance in features to her nephew Charles V. is more decided.¹ There is a curious accessory peculiar to her era. She holds in one hand sprigs of lavender, for every one carried odoriferous herbs when pestilence was rife in the land, and in the reign of Henry VIII. it was seldom absent.

The routine of Katharine's life was self-denying. Her contemporaries held her in more estimation for her ascetic observances, than for her brightest practical virtues. She rose in the night to prayers, at conventual hours; she dressed herself for the day at five in the morning; beneath her regal attire she wore the habit of St. Francis, of the third order of which community she was an admitted member.² She was used to say, that she considered no part of her time so much wasted as that passed in dressing and

¹ Mr. Harding copied it from an original, in the possession of the Rev. C. E. Wyld, of Lambeth.

² The third order of St. Francis of Assisium, instituted in 1221 for those living in the world, either single or married; the members were not bound by any vow, but performed certain exercises of piety.

adorning herself. She fasted on Fridays and Saturdays, and on the vigils of saints' days; she confessed at least weekly, and received the eucharist every Sunday; for two hours after dinner one of her attendants read to her books of devotion. Notwithstanding this rigorous rule of self-discipline, Katharine delighted in conversation of a lively cast; she often invited sir Thomas More to her private suppers with the king, and took the utmost pleasure in his society. The English were, for more than a century afterwards, very proud of queen Katharine's proficiency in needle-work, rich specimens of which, according to the domestic poet, Taylor, who wrote in the reign of James I., were shown in the royal apartments at the Tower:—

“I read that in the 7th king Henry's reign,
 Fair Katharine, daughter to the Castile king,
 Came into England with a pompous train
 Of Spanish ladies, which she thence did bring.
 She to the eighth king Henry married was
 (And afterwards divorced), where virtuously
 (Although a queen) yet she her days did pass
 In working with the needle curiously,
 As in the Tower, and places *moe* beside,
 Her excellent memorials may be seen,
 Whereby the needle's praise is dignified
 By her fair ladies and herself a queen.
 Thus, for her pains here, her reward is just:
 Her works proclaim her praise though she be dust.”

It may be observed, in Katharine's whole line of conduct, that she identified herself with the interests of England in all things, as if she had been a native-born queen. But she did not comply—and who can blame her?—with the customs of Englishwomen, who at that era scrupled not to accompany their husbands and brothers to cruel field-sports. The destructive excitement of seeing ferocious creatures, whether biped or quadruped, tearing their living prey, afforded no delight to the generous mind of Katharine. She pleaded that Spanish ladies were not brought up to mount on horseback and follow hawk and hound, when Henry expressed displeasure that she did not join him in his violent exercises;¹ nevertheless, she was willing to divert him by partaking in

¹ See letters of the French ambassador.

the amusements then reckoned among courtly accomplishments. For these attainments she was thus commended by a contemporary English versifier belonging to the court:—

“With stole¹ and with needle she was not to seek,
And other practisings for ladies meet,
For pastimes,—as tables, tric-trac and gleek,²
Cards and dice.”

The great Erasmus, in some emphatic words addressed to Henry VIII., to whom he dedicated his Exposition of St. Luke, bears witness that the queen did not suffer these vain pursuits to divert her mind from duties:—“Your noble wife,”³ says he, “spends that time in reading the sacred volume which other princesses occupy in cards and dice.” The queen had expressed a wish to become the pupil of Erasmus in the Latin language, if he would have resided in England; he dedicated to her his treatise entitled Christian Matrimony, and always cited her as an example to her sex. He gives a brilliant list of the great and virtuous men who were patronized at the English court when Katharine presided as queen of Henry VIII., declaring the residence of the royal couple “ought rather to be called a seat of the Muses than a palace.” Erasmus added another sentence, which was wofully contradicted by Henry’s after-life:—“What household is there, among the subjects of their realms, that can offer an example of such united wedlock? Where can a wife be found better matched with the best of husbands?” The conduct of a man is almost invariably influenced by the moral qualities of the woman who has his heart in her keeping; and as Henry deserved these encomiums in a season of life so trying that even the prophet of God prays that “the sins of youth” may not be reckoned against him, can we believe that women of equal worth had his moral guidance in the meridian and decline of life?

For the first time in her life Katharine had, after her return from France, manifested some symptoms of jealousy,

¹ The fabric, satin or cloth, on which she worked.

² Chess, backgammon, and whist.

³ To the great honor of Erasmus, this panegyric occurs after Katharine’s misfortunes began.

which was excited by Henry's admiration for Mary Boleyn.¹ She reasoned with the young lady,² and brought her to confession that she had been in fault; court scandals declare she acknowledged her guilt to the queen, but this is scarcely consistent with the disinterested love Mary then cherished for an honorable gentleman at court, whom she directly after married. Sir Thomas Boleyn renounced Mary as his daughter because she persisted in marrying this lover, whose name was William Carey.³ He was a younger brother and wholly without fortune, yet he was a near kinsman of king Henry by descent from the Beauforts. In all probability the discussion between the queen and Mary Boleyn led to the result of that young lady marrying the man she loved; for if king Henry had provided his kinsman as a husband to rid him of Mary Boleyn, would he not have rewarded him so amply as to have satisfied her father? Instead of which, it is incontestable, from Henry's own statement (which will be subsequently quoted), that the young pair were destitute. Mary Boleyn's marriage took place January 31, 1521. The court were present, and there is every reason to believe that the queen made the usual offerings at the altar.

The duke of Buckingham, whose sad tragedy takes fatal precedence in the long list of executions in the reign of Henry VIII., had been one of Katharine's earliest friends in England, and they were always on terms of amity. He ordered a costly present to be prepared for her against New-year's day, 1520,⁴ being a large pomander or globe of gold, perforated, and formed to open and enclose a ball of perfumed paste. The pomander had the king and queen's

¹ Cardinal Pole speaks repeatedly of the passion of Henry for Mary Boleyn; he supposes her guilty from the scandals abounding at court, but a letter written by Mary (which we shall have occasion to quote) goes very far to prove her innocence.

² Sanders affirmed she had confessed her guilt to the queen.—See Burnet, vol. i. p. 260.

³ For sir Thomas Boleyn's opposition, see Love-letters of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. For Carey's illustrious descent, see Milles's Catalogue of Honor; articles Boleyn and Beaufort. Carey is named as of Henry's privy-chamber in a list of his household in 1522.—Rutland Papers, p. 102; Camden Society.

⁴ Ellis's Historical Letters; third series, vol. i. 221.

badges embossed thereon, and was suspended by a gold chain to hang at the queen's girdle. This jewel was presented to her majesty by Buckingham's confidential servant, Mr. Scott. Queen Katharine and cardinal Wolsey had lived in the greatest harmony till this time, when his increasing personal pride urged him to conduct which wholly deprived him of the queen's esteem. One day, the duke of Buckingham was holding the basin for the king to wash, when it pleased the cardinal to put in his hands. The royal blood of the duke rose in indignation, and he flung the water in Wolsey's shoes, who, with a revengeful scowl, promised Buckingham "that he would sit on his skirts." The duke treated the threat as a joke, for he came to court in a jerkin; and being asked by the king the reason of this odd costume, he replied, that "it was to prevent the cardinal from executing his threat, for if he wore no skirts they could not be sat upon." As Wolsey could find no crime to lay to the charge of Buckingham, he had recourse to the example of the preceding century, and got up among other charges an accusation of treasonable sorcery against the high-spirited noble, which speedily brought his head on the block. The just and generous queen, after uselessly pleading for him with the king, did not conceal her opinion of Wolsey's conduct in the business.

The next year her nephew, the emperor, paid a long visit at her court, the secret object of which was to excite a war against France. He landed at Dover, and came with king Henry by water to Greenwich palace, where Katharine then was. The queen received him standing at the hall-door, holding the princess Mary by the hand. Charles bent his knee and craved his aunt's blessing, which she gave him, perhaps in the character of mother-in-law, for his ostensible errand was to betroth himself with her daughter Mary, a little girl of six years old.¹ The emperor stayed six weeks in England. During his visit a bon-mot of his was circulated at court, which obtained for himself and his aunt the active enmity of Wolsey. When Charles heard of the execution of Buckingham, he said, in allusion to Wolsey's

¹ Hall.

origin and Buckingham's title, "Then has the butcher's dog pulled down the fairest buck in Christendom."¹

Queen Katharine passed the Christmas holidays of 1523 at Eltham palace, where Longland, bishop of Lincoln, undertook to show and explain to her the noble foundation of Christ's college, Oxford, just then established by cardinal Wolsey. It was the eve of the Epiphany, the queen's dinner was done, when the bishop (who is well known in history as the king's confessor) entered with the other lords into the queen's chamber. Henry himself, with Katharine, approached the place where bishop Longland stood, and said to her these words:—"Madame, my lord of Lincoln can show of my lord cardinal's college at Oxford, and what learning there is and shall be."—"And so the king departed, and I," wrote the bishop to Wolsey,² "showed the queen's grace the effect of all, and what great good should come of the same, likewise in the exposition of the Bible; and expressed to her grace the number of the house, the divine service of your college, and of the great suffrages of prayer ye have made her participant of." Wolsey had not been in favor with queen Katharine since the death of the duke of Buckingham, but he took the opportunity of thus informing her, by his friend, that she was particularly prayed for in the chapel of his new college. The queen was mollified by an attention which came home to her Catholic predilections. "I thank my good lord," she said, "for his remembrance, and that it please him for to make me *partivor* of that good prayers." Here is a little instance of Katharine's broken English,—perhaps quoted on purpose to prove to Wolsey that the conversation had taken place. The queen "was joyous and glad to hear of this notable foundation and college, speaking great honor of the same."

The war with France, which followed the emperor's visit to England, occasioned the return of Anne Boleyn to her native country,³ when she received the appointment of maid

¹ Godwin and Speed.

² Cott. MS., Vit. B v. f. 8, printed in Ellis's Historical Letters, vol. i. p. 182; letter of Longland to Wolsey.

³ Lord Herbert, confirmed by Dr. Lingard, vol. v. p. 110.

of honor to queen Katharine, of whose court she became the star. The queen rejoiced much at the triumphs of her nephew Charles V. in Italy over Francis I. Just before the disastrous battle of Pavia, news-letters were brought to her court from Pace, the king's envoy, which anticipated a signal reverse to the French. "The king," says sir Thomas More in a letter to Wolsey, "fell merrily to reading the letters of maister Pace, the contents of which highly contented him; and forthwith he declared the news on every material point, which he well noted, reading aloud to the queen's grace and those about him, who were marvellous glad to hear it." Queen Katharine, with some national pride, observed, "I am glad the Spaniards have done somewhat in Italy, in return for their departure out of Provence."¹ The court was at that time, November, 1524, at Hereford castle, where king Henry was planning a match between young Mr. Broke and one of queen Katharine's maidens.

The recent passion of Henry for Mary Boleyn probably blinded the queen to the fact that he had transferred his love, with increased vehemence, to her more fascinating and accomplished sister. His love for Anne Boleyn was nevertheless concealed even from its object, till his jealousy of young Percy caused it to be suspected by the world. Meantime, the queen's health became delicate, and her spirits lost their buoyancy. Her existence was in a very precarious state from 1525 to 1526. Probably the expectation of the queen's speedy demise prevented the king from taking immediate steps for a divorce after he had separated Anne Boleyn and young Percy. Katharine herself thought the end of her life was near. This is apparent in a letter she wrote to Wolsey, concerning the settlement in marriage of one of her ladies, who had been very attentive to her during her long affliction:—

"MY LORD:—

"It hath pleased the king to be so good lord unto me as to speak unto Arundel,² the heir, for a marriage to be had between him and one of my maids; and

¹ Original Letters, edited by sir Henry Ellis, vol. i. p. 254.

² Cavendish mentions Thomas Arundel as one of the gentlemen of cardinal

upon this I am agreed with him, having a sum of money which, being offered unto him, he shall make her sure jointure during her life, the which she cannot be sure of without the license and good will of his father, being *on live* [alive]. For the which cause I beseech you to be good and gracious lord to the said Arundel for business which he hath now to do before you, to the intent that he may have time to go to his father, and make me sure of her jointure in this present term time.

"And if this be *painful* [inconvenient] to you, I pray you, my lord, pardon me, for the *uncertainty of my life* and the goodness of my woman causeth me to make all this haste, trusting that she shall have a good husband and a sure living; and if God would call me the next day after, the surer it shall appear before him that I intend to help them that be good, and taketh labor doing me service. And so I make an end, recommending me unto you.

"KATHARINE THE QWENE.

"At Ampthill, the xxv day of January."

Katharine is scarcely mentioned in history from 1525 to 1526, which time she passed in lingering malady, and to this period certainly belongs the above letter, in which she shows her usual gratitude and consideration for those who had served her. The style of the letter is different from the confidential manner of those she formerly wrote to Wolsey, yet it is in a far more friendly strain than she would have indited to him after the events which took place in the year 1527, when the king's long-meditated divorce from her was publicly agitated¹ by Wolsey's agency. The first indications of the king's intentions were his frequent lamentations to his confessor, Dr. Longland, that his conscience was grieved by his marriage with his brother's widow, mixed with regrets for the failure of male offspring, and of the queen's hopeless state of ill health. Wolsey's enmity to the queen and her nephew caused him to be an inciter of the divorce; he had always, for the promotion of his power, kept a circle of court spies about Katharine, and all his insidious arts were redoubled at this juncture. "If the queen was intimate with any lady, to that person he was familiar in conversation and liberal in gifts, in order to make her reveal all she said and did. . . . I know one

Wolsey's privy-chamber, hence the queen's request of leave of absence for him: the name of the queen's lady does not occur. The letter, in its original orthography, is printed in the *Retrospective Review*, 502.

¹ Charles V. was aware in 1525 or 1526 that the king meant to divorce his aunt.

lady," adds Tindal, the celebrated scriptural translator, "who left the court for no other reason than that she would no longer betray her majesty." As a means of introducing the subject of the invalidity of his marriage with Katharine to his privy council, Henry asserted that, at Easter, 1527, the French ambassador, being the bishop of Tarbes, had questioned the legitimacy of the princess Mary.¹ Of course the most confidential of the king's advisers suggested cautiously the expediency of a divorce. These particulars came to the queen's ears about a month after, but how, notwithstanding all the activity of their spies, neither Henry nor Wolsey could ever tell. That she took prompt measures in this exigence is apparent in a curious series of letters from Wolsey to the king, dated from July 1 to 19, 1527. From them may be gathered that the queen despatched her faithful servant, Francis Phillipps, to Spain, to consult her nephew; but Wolsey took care to have him intercepted. "He feigns to go," says Wolsey, "to visit his mother, now sickly and aged; but your highness taketh it surely in the right, that it is chiefly for disclosing your secret matter² to the emperor, and to devise means and ways how it may be impeached. Wherefore your highness hath right prudently devised, so that his passage into Spain should be letted and stopped; for if the said matter should come to the emperor's ears, it should be no little hinderance to your grace's particulars: howbeit, if he pass by sea, there can be nothing devised."

While the king and his minister were thus employed circumventing, by base underhand expedients, the friendless queen's natural right to consult her relative, she made no mystery of her resolution to appeal to legal means of defending her cause. She laid her case before her confessor, bishop Fisher, and retained him as her counsel, in case the ecclesiastical inquiry should take place. After these requisite precautions, she discussed the whole matter with her husband: her manner of doing so is thus described by the

¹ State-Papers, Wolsey's letter to the king, vol. i. pp. 194, 196, 198, 220, for these particulars; but there is not the least evidence that the bishop of Tarbes ever acted in this manner.

² The divorce.

pen of Wolsey in one of his letters at this epoch, written during his journey to Dover, when he went on an embassy to France:—"The first night," says he, "I lodged at sir John Wiltshire's house, where met me my lord of Canterbury [archbishop Warham], with whom, after communication on your grace's secret matter, I showed him that the knowledge thereof is come to the queen's grace, and how displeasantly she taketh it; and what your highness *hath done for the staying and pacification of her, by declaring to her that your grace hath nothing intended nor done, but only for the searching and trying out the truth upon occasion given by the doubts moved by the bishop of Tarbes.* And noting his countenance, gesture, and manner, I perceive he is not much altered from his first fashion;¹ expressly affirming that, however displeasantly the queen might take it, yet the truth and judgment of the law must have place. . . . He," adds Wolsey, "somewhat marvelled how the queen should come to the knowledge thereof, and by whom, thinking your grace might constrain her to show her informers." Thus, from the best authority, it is plainly evident that Henry soothed the poor queen by hypocritical dissimulation, persuading her that the scruple of the bishop of Tarbes was the sole cause of the point being mooted, and that the ecclesiastical inquiry respecting the validity of her marriage was only instituted that it might never be questioned to the prejudice of their child. With such plausible explanation, Katharine, after a "short tragedy," rested tolerably well satisfied, and waited patiently for the good result promised by the king. To her rival (who was now well known at court to be such) she behaved with invariable sweetness. Once only she gave her an intimation that she was aware of her ambitious views. The queen was playing at cards with Anne Boleyn, when she thus addressed her:—"My lady Anne, you have the good hap ever to stop at a king; but you are like others, you will have all or none." By this gentle reproach queen Katharine, in some degree, vindi-

¹ Warham had from the first opposed the marriage in council. He was the most formidable of the opponents of Katharine because he was consistent throughout, and therefore it may be considered his opinion was a sincere one.

cates the honor of her rival, intimating that Anne Boleyn would be the king's wife or nothing to him. Cavendish, who records this pretty anecdote, likewise bears witness that the queen at this trying crisis "behaved like a very patient Grissel."

While matters remained in this state at court, a dismal pestilence¹ broke out in the metropolis, and, several of the royal household dying suddenly, the king, who had made such pathetic harangues regarding the pains he had in his conscience arising from his marriage with the queen, was now seized with a true fit of compunction.² Its symptoms were indicated by his sending Anne Boleyn home to her friends, and returning to the company and conversation of his queen, and sharing in her devout exercises. His recreations, during this quarantine, were compounding with his physician, Dr. Butts, spasmodic plasters, ointments, decoctions, and lotions. The recipe for one of these precious compositions was made public, for the benefit of England, under the name of "the king's own plaster." Moreover, the king made thirty-nine wills; and confessed his sins every day. Henry's penitence was precisely of the same nature as that described in some oft-quoted lines relative to his sable majesty "when sick:" the pest abated, the king's jovial spirits returned; he wrote love-letters perpetually to his beautiful favorite, and huffed away his wife. The cardinal-legate Campeggio having arrived to hold the court of inquiry regarding the validity of his marriage, he was once more elate with hope of long life and a new bridal. The representations of Wolsey to the pope had raised the idea at Rome that it was the wish of Katharine to retire from the world and devote herself to a religious life, leaving Henry at liberty to form a second marriage. There is little doubt that, from Katharine's ascetic habits, the king and his minister imagined she could be easily induced to take this step, from which, however, her duties as a

¹ Hall gives the date of this temporary return to Katharine (the particulars of which he dare not mention), by saying the pestilence broke out May, 1528; it continued through June.

■ Ellis's Letters; first series, vol. i. p. 286.

mother wholly debarred her. Henry had not anticipated the slightest difficulty in the divorce; in fact, he was encouraged by more than one recent example. His sister the queen of Scotland had divorced her second husband the earl of Angus, and taken to herself a third spouse, whom she was afterwards anxious to dismiss for a fourth. Louis the XII. had previously discharged his wife, Jane of Valois, with little trouble.

When the legate Campeggio arrived in England in the autumn of 1528, Katharine, in an interview with him, became aware of the false impression the pontiff had received of her intentions. She immediately adopted a course of conduct which proved that she had no intention of religious profession; and this elicited a burst of vindictive fury from Henry, who at once threw aside the hypocritical mask he had worn, and permitted all the malice of his nature to blaze out in hideous colors. His obsequious council¹ "were informed," they said, "of a design to kill the king and the cardinal, in which conspiracy, if it could be proved the queen had any hand, she must not expect to be spared. That she had not shown, either in public or in the hours of retirement, as much love for the king as she ought; and now that the king was very pensive, she manifested great signs of joy, setting all people to dancing and other diversions. This she did out of spite to the king, as it was contrary to her temper and ordinary behavior. She showed herself much abroad, too, and by civilities and gracious bowing of her head (which was not her custom formerly), she sought to work upon the affections of the people. From all which the king concluded that she hated him. Therefore, as his council in their consciences thought his life was in danger, they advised him to separate himself from the queen, both at bed and board, and above all to take the princess Mary from her." To this paper, which is still in existence, there is appended a Latin note in the handwriting of Wolsey, purporting "that the queen was a fool to resist the king's will; that her offspring had not received the blessing of heaven; and that an abstract of the pope's

¹ Burnet, vol. i. p. 69.

original bull of dispensation,¹ which she had sent for from Spain, was a forgery." This order of council was laid before the queen with the intention of frightening her into a convent. One sting the malice of her persecutors had inserted bitterer than death,—the separation from her child. But Katharine was not intimidated; the only effect it had was, that Wolsey heard her speak her mind on the subject of his conduct the first opportunity that occurred; and this came shortly.

On Sunday afternoon, the 8th of November, 1528, the king convoked all his nobility, judges, and council in the great room of his palace at Bridewell, and made a speech, which Hall declares he heard, and recorded as much "as his wit would bear away."² "If it be adjudged," said Henry, "that the queen is my lawful wife, nothing will be more pleasant or more acceptable to me, both for the clearing of my conscience, and also for the good qualities and conditions I know to be in her. For I assure you all that, besides her noble parentage, she is a woman of most gentleness, humility, and buxomness; yea, and of all good qualities pertaining to nobility she is without comparison. So that if I were to marry again, I would choose her above all women. But if it is determined in judgment that our marriage is against God's law, then shall I sorrow parting from so good a lady and loving companion. These be the sores that vex my mind; these be the pangs that trouble my conscience, for the declaration of which I have assembled you together; and now you may depart." It was a strange sight to witness the effect this oration had upon the hearers: some sighed and said nothing; others were sorry to hear that the king was so troubled in his conscience; while many, who wished well to the queen, were grieved that the matter was thus far publicly opened.

Soon after, the two cardinal-legates, Wolesy and Campeggio, requested an interview of the queen at the same palace, to announce that they were about to hold a court of inquiry regarding her marriage. "Alas! my lords," an-

¹ Either by accident or design, the original instrument was not forthcoming in England.

² Hall, p. 754.

swered the queen,¹ "is it now a question whether I be the king's lawful wife or no, when I have been married to him almost twenty years, and no objection made before? Divers prelates and lords, privy councillors of the king, are yet alive, who then adjudged our marriage good and lawful; and now to say it is detestable is a great marvel to me, especially when I consider what a wise prince the king's father was, and also the natural affection my father, king Ferdinand, bare unto me. I think that neither of our fathers were so unwise and weak in judgment but they foresaw what would follow our marriage. The king, my father, sent to the court of Rome, and there obtained a dispensation that I, being the one brother's wife, might without scruple of conscience marry the other brother lawfully, which license, under lead [under leaden seal], I have yet to show, which makes me say and surely believe (as my first marriage was not completed) that my second is good and lawful. . . . But of this trouble," she continued, turning to cardinal Wolsey, "I may only thank you, my lord of York, because I ever wondered at your pride and vain-glory, and abhorred your voluptuous life, and little cared for your presumption and tyranny; therefore of malice have you kindled this fire, especially for the great grudge you bear to my nephew the emperor, whom you hate worser than a scorpion, because he would not gratify your ambition, by making you pope by force; and therefore have you said, more than once, you would trouble him and his friends,—and you have kept him true promise, for of all his wars and vexations, he may only thank you. As for me, his poor aunt and kinswoman, what trouble you put me to by this new-found doubt God knoweth, to whom I commit my cause." Wolsey denied these charges, but the queen gave no credit to his protestations. He had, indeed, involved England in an unpopular war with the emperor, and, in order to gratify his private resentments, totally overlooked the earnest desire the English ever had to remain in close

¹ "These words," said Hall (p. 756), "were spoken in French, and written down by Campeggio's secretary, who was present, and then I translated them as well as I could."

commercial alliance with the Low Countries, then possessed by the queen's kindred. The English had gratefully and affectionately regarded Katharine as the link that united their interests with the opposite coast; and so unpopular was the idea of her divorce, that one of the king's agents, Dr. Wakefield, expressed some fear lest the people should stone him, if they knew he was concerned in divorcing the queen. The emperor Charles was deeply hurt at the turn affairs had taken; ¹ he expressed his intention to afford all the protection in his power to his aunt, "who, he said, was an orphan and stranger in England. If the pope pronounced against her, he would bow to his decision; if in her favor, he would support her and her daughter as far as his ability would permit."

In the great hall of the palace at Blackfriars was prepared a solemn court; the two legates, Wolsey and Campeggio, had each a chair of cloth of gold placed before a table covered with rich tapestry. On the right of the court was a canopy, under which was a chair and cushions of tissue for the king, and on the left a rich chair for the queen. It was not till the 28th of May, 1529, that the court summoned the royal parties. The king answered by two proctors; the queen entered, attended by four bishops and a great train of ladies, and making an obeisance with much reverence to the legates, appealed from them, as prejudiced and incompetent judges, to the court of Rome. She then departed. The court sat every week, and heard arguments on both sides, but seemed as far off as ever in coming to any decision. At last the king and queen were cited by Dr. Sampson to attend the court in person on the 18th of June. When the crier called, "Henry, king of England, come into court," he answered, "Here," in a loud voice from under his canopy, and proceeded to make an oration on the excellence of his wife, and his extreme unwillingness to part from her, excepting to soothe the pains and pangs inflicted on him by his conscience. Then "Katharine, queen of England," was cited into court. The queen was already present, seated in

¹ Charles assured the English herald, sent to declare a most unprovoked war on him, that the whole strife was stirred up by Wolsey.

her chair of gold tissue; she answered by protesting against the legality of the court, on the grounds that all her judges held benefices presented by her opponent. The cardinals denied the justice of her appeal to Rome on these grounds. Her name was again called: she rose a second time. She took no notice of the legates, but crossed herself with much fervor, and, attended by her ladies, made a circuit of the court to where the king sat, and knelt down before him, saying,¹ in her broken English:—"Sir, I beseech you, for all the loves there hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have some right and justice. Take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor stranger, born out of your dominions; I have here no unprejudiced counsellor, and I flee to you as to the head of justice within your realm. Alas! alas! wherein have I offended you? I take God and all the world to witness that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure. I have been pleased and contented with all things wherein you had delight or dalliance; I loved all those you loved, only for your sake, whether they were my friends or mine enemies. This twenty years have I been your true wife, and by me ye have had divers children, although it hath pleased God to call them out of the world, which has been no fault of mine. I put it to your conscience whether I came not to you a maid? If you have since found any dishonor in my conduct, then I am content to depart, albeit to my great shame and disparagement; but if none there be, then I beseech you, thus lowlily, to let me remain in my proper state. The king your father was accounted in his day as a second Solomon for wisdom; and my father, Ferdinand, was esteemed one of the wisest kings that had ever reigned in Spain; both, indeed, were excellent princes, full of wisdom and royal behavior. Also, as me-seemeth, they had in their days as learned and judicious counsellors as are at present in this realm, who then thought our marriage good and lawful; therefore it is a wonder to me to hear what new inventions are brought up against me, who never meant aught but honestly. Ye cause me to stand to

¹ Cavendish, vol. i. p. 109.

the judgment of this new court, wherein ye do me much wrong if ye intend any kind of cruelty; for ye may condemn me for lack of sufficient answer, since your subjects cannot be impartial counsellors for me, as they dare not, for fear of you, disobey your will. Therefore most humbly do I require you, in the way of charity and for the love of God, who is the just Judge of all, to spare me the sentence of this new court until I be advertised what way my friends in Spain may advise me to take; and if ye will not extend to me this favor, your pleasure be fulfilled, and to God do I commit my cause."

The queen rose up in tears, and, instead of returning to her seat, made a low obeisance to the king and walked out of court. "Madame," said Griffiths, her receiver-general, on whose arm she leaned, "you are called back;" for the crier made the hall ring with the summons, "Katharine, queen of England, come again into court." The queen replied to Griffiths, "I hear it well enough; but on—on, go you on, for this is no court wherein I can have justice. Proceed, therefore." Sanders asserts that she added, "I never before disputed the will of my husband, and I shall take the first opportunity to ask pardon for my disobedience." But, in truth, the spirit of just indignation which supported her through the above scene is little consistent with such superfluous dutifulness to a husband who was in the act of renouncing her.

When the crier was tired of calling queen Katharine back into court, Henry, who saw the deep impression her pathetic appeal had made on all present, commenced one of his orations, lamenting "that his conscience should urge the divorce of such a queen, who had ever been a devoted wife, full of all gentleness and virtue." What could the members of his council (in whose memories the murderous accusations he had secretly brought against Katharine were fresh) have thought of the duplicity of his tongue? But unblushing falsehood is a trait in Henry's character, which his domestic history can alone set in a proper light. It is supposed that a blunt, rough-spoken man is incapable of deceit, a mistake which causes the toleration of a good deal of ill behavior

in society. Henry VIII., the head of the order of bluff speakers, is a noted instance of the fallacy of this rule. At the request of cardinal Wolsey, the king then proceeded in his speech to exonerate him from having prompted the divorce, and declared that "the admonitions of his confessor had first raised the doubt in his mind,¹ together with the demurs of the French ambassador regarding the legitimacy of his only child." It has been affirmed by Hall, that it was the Spanish ambassador who first raised this doubt; but the king's silence on this head in his speech of vindication is sufficient proof of the falseness of this assertion.² The king, turning to Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, added, "that on this doubt being raised, he had applied to him for license of inquiry, which was granted, signed by all the bishops." Fisher, bishop of Rochester, who was one of the queen's counsellors, declared he had not signed it. "Here is your hand and seal," replied the king. Fisher pronounced it "a forgery;" when archbishop Warham declared Fisher had permitted it to be signed for him. This Fisher firmly denied, saying, "If he wished it to be done, why could he not have done it himself?" Weary of the dispute, the king dissolved the court. From that moment Fisher, who had been the king's tutor, and was supposed to be much beloved by him, became the object of his deadly hatred, which pursued him to the scaffold, and even beyond it.

Katharine was again summoned before the court, June 25th; and on refusing to appear, was declared contumacious. An appeal to the pope, signed in every page with her own hand, was, however, given in, and read on her part. She likewise wrote to her nephew, declaring she would suffer

¹ Dr. Draycot (the chaplain of the king's confessor, bishop Longland) affirmed to sir Thomas More, that the bishop declared to him, that instead of his starting the point of the illegality of king Henry's marriage at confession, the king was perpetually urging it to him. Longland afterwards deeply repented having listened to the king in the matter.—Burnet, vol. iii.

² Burnet, in his *History of the Reformation*, vol. iii. p. 33, acknowledges he was led into error by repeating this assertion, which is likewise made by Speed. The truth is, that the emperor had reproached Henry with offering him his young daughter in marriage, *when he knew he was meditating divorcing the mother, and declaring his child illegitimate*; it is a proof that the king's intentions were known to Charles V. before his marriage with his empress in 1525.

death rather than compromise the legitimacy of her child. The perplexed legates now paused in their proceedings: they declared that courts never sat in Rome from July to October, and that they must follow the example of their head. At this delay Anne Boleyn so worked upon the feelings of her lover that he was in an agony of impatience. He sent for Wolsey, to consult with him on the best means of bringing the queen to comply with the divorce. Wolsey remained an hour with the king, hearing him storm in all the fury of unbridled passion. At last Wolsey returned to his barge: the bishop of Carlisle, who was waiting in it at Blackfriars stairs, observed "that it was warm weather."—"Yea, my lord," said Wolsey, "and if you had been chafed as I have been, you would say it was *hot*." That night, by the time he had been in bed at Whitehall two hours, the earl of Wiltshire, Anne Boleyn's father, called him up, and desired him, in the name of the king, to repair instantly to Bridewell palace, that he might, in company with Campeggio, be ready to wait on the queen in the morning with proposals for a private accommodation. It is said that Wolsey was imprudent enough to rate the earl for his eagerness in the matter so soundly that he knelt by the bedside and wept bitterly all the time the cardinal was dressing himself.

Early that morning Wolsey and Campeggio came by water to Bridewell, and requested a private interview with the queen. She was at work with her maids, and came to them, where they awaited her in her presence-chamber, with a skein of red silk about her neck. She thanked them for their visit, and said "she would give them a hearing, though she imagined they came on business which required much deliberation and a brain stronger than hers. . . . You see," continued the queen, showing the silk, "my employment; in this way I pass my time with my maids, who are indeed none of the ablest counsellors; yet have I no other in England, and Spain, where there are those on whom I could rely, is, God knoweth, far off."—"If it please your grace," replied Wolsey,¹ "to go into your privy-cham-

¹ Cavendish, from whom this scene is taken.

ber, we will show you the cause of our coming."—"My lord," said the queen, "if you have anything to say, speak it openly before these folk, for I fear nothing that can be alleged against me, but I would all the world should see and hear it. Therefore speak your minds openly, I pray." Then began Wolsey to address her in Latin. "Pray, good my lord," replied the queen, "speak to me in English, for I can, thank God, speak and understand English, though I *do* know some Latin." Her attainments in Latin were great, but in this manner she spoke of her own acquirements.

Then Wolsey unfolded the king's message, which was to offer her everything she could name in riches and honors, and to place the princess Mary next in order of succession to the issue by the second marriage, if she would consent to the divorce. "My lord," returned the queen, "I thank you for your good will, but I cannot answer you suddenly, for I was set among my maids at work, little dreaming of such a visit, and I need counsel in a matter which touches me so nearly; but as for any in England, their counsel is not for my profit. Alas! my lords, I am a poor woman, lacking wit to answer persons of wisdom as ye be in so weighty a matter. Therefore, I pray you, be good unto me, a poor woman, destitute of counsel in a foreign land, and your advice I would be glad to hear."—"Upon this," says Cavendish, who was a witness of the scene thus far, "the queen went to her withdrawing-room with the legates, and remained there some time in earnest conversation. What passed no one knew, but accommodation of the dispute was as far off as ever." Yet it must be observed, that from this interview the queen gained over both legates to her cause; indeed they never would pronounce against her, and this was the head and front of the king's enmity to his former favorite Wolsey. That minister had assuredly encouraged the separation between the king and queen in its earlier stages, in hopes of marrying his master to the brilliant and noble-minded sister of Francis I., Margaret of Valois, duchess of Alençon. That admirable lady, when the reversion of king Henry's hand was mentioned to her, replied, "That if she had had no other objection, she knew

that listening to such a proposal would break the heart of queen Katharine; therefore she would none of it."

Wolsey now found that all the pains he had taken to injure Katharine, his once beneficent mistress and friend, was but to exalt Anne Boleyn, his active enemy. When the legantine court resumed its sittings, the king's counsel pressed the legates to give judgment. Campeggio now took the lead and positively refused, declaring their determination to refer the matter to the pontiff. This court, from which so much had been expected by the impatient king, was then dissolved. On this, the duke of Suffolk, the king's brother-in-law, striking his hand so violently on the table that he made every one start, swore rudely that "No good had ever befallen England since cardinals came there." Wolsey retorted with spirit, "That if it had not been for one cardinal at least, the duke of Suffolk would have lost his head, and lost the opportunity of reviling cardinals at that time."

Queen Katharine was now taken from the palace of Bridewell by the king, who still remained her malcontent husband. The royal pair went on a progress together, and the bishop of Bayonne, in his letters, affirms that there was no apparent diminution of affection between the king and queen; although they were accompanied by Anne Boleyn, the queen showed no marks of jealousy or anger against her. The royal progress first tarried at the More, a royal manor in Hertfordshire, and then bent its course to Grafton, in Northamptonshire. Here Campeggio went to bid farewell to the king. Wolsey accompanied him, but was almost driven from the royal abode by the king's attendants. He had one interview with Henry,—it was his last.¹ Eustace Chapuys, otherwise Capucius, in his despatches of the autumn of 1530 to Charles V., his master, gives some intelligence respecting queen Katharine at this agonizing period. "The queen's ailment," says the ambassador, "continues as bad or worse than ever. The king absents himself from her as much as possible, and is always here (at London) with the *lady* [Anne], whilst the queen is at Richmond.

¹ See the succeeding Life of Anne Boleyn.

He has never been so long without visiting her as now, but states, in excuse, that a death from the plague has taken place near her residence. He has resumed his attempts to persuade her to become a nun; this is, however, only lost time, for the queen will never take such a step. The continual uneasiness which she endures causes her to entreat your majesty, as well in my letters as yours, that her suit be brought to a final conclusion."¹ Katharine was sinking under the agony of hope deferred. Norfolk, Thomas Boleyn, and his daughter ruled all events; they were working the ruin of Wolsey, whom the queen pitied, although in the earlier stages of the divorce he had been ranked among her enemies. One of the ministers of Henry VIII., then on his way to Rome, Gregory Cassal, held some secret communication with queen Katharine, and by singular means. "Sire, within the last few days," writes Capucius to Charles V., "a present of poultry has been sent to the queen by the duchess of Norfolk, and with it an orange, in which was enclosed a letter from Gregory Cassal, which I deem proper to send to your majesty. The queen thinks the duchess of Norfolk sent this present of her own accord, and out of the love she bears her, but I fear it was done with the knowledge of her husband; at all events, this seems to open a way for the queen to communicate secretly."² The truth was, the most furious dissensions raged between the duke of Norfolk and his wife: if he championized the king and Anne Boleyn, she was likely to take the opposite side of the question. The divorce excited the greatest interest among all sorts and conditions of persons in England. The women, from high to low, took the part of the queen;³ while unmarried men, or those on whom the marriage-yoke sat heavily, were partisans of Henry. That Christmas the king and queen passed at Greenwich, and the usual festivities of masks and banquets took place. Henry caressed the princess Mary with more than his usual tenderness, and Katharine was treated with the respect due to the queen of England. All this was to induce her to withdraw her appeal

¹ Correspondence of Charles V., edited by William Bradford, M.A., p. 300.

² Ibid., p. 322, 323. November 27, 1530.

³ Hall. Speed.

from Rome, and submit her cause to the decision of any four prelates or secular lawyers in England. Katharine refused to authorize this proceeding; the king in sullen anger broke up all the court diversions, and retired, after Easter, to Whitehall, a palace he had just forced from Wolsey belonging to the see of York.

The queen was residing at Greenwich, Whitsuntide, 1531, when the king sent to her a deputation from his council, announcing that he had, by the advice of Dr. Cranmer, obtained the opinions of the universities of Europe concerning the divorce, and found several which considered it expedient; he therefore entreated her, for the quieting of his conscience, that she would refer the matter to the arbitration of four English prelates and four nobles. The queen received the message in her chamber, and thus replied to it:—"God grant my husband a quiet conscience; but I mean to abide by no decision excepting that of Rome."¹ The king heard her determination with gloom and fury. He accompanied the queen to Windsor after the festival of Trinity, 1531; but on the 14th of June he left the royal castle, and sent to Katharine imperious orders to depart from thence before his return. "Go where I may," was the reply of the forsaken queen, "I am his wife, and for him will I pray!" She immediately retired from Windsor castle, and never again beheld her husband or child. Her first abiding-place was her manor of the More, in Hertfordshire; she then settled at Ampthill, whence she wrote to pope Clement, informing him of her expulsion from her husband's court.

Katharine had hitherto been the princess Mary's principal teacher in the Latin language: she was now separated from her, but more intent on her benefit than desirous of saddening her young heart with complaints of wrongs, she wrote the following sensible letter, recommending attention to her studies under her new tutor, Dr. Featherstone:—²

¹ Hall.

² There is reason to suppose this tutor of Mary was afterwards put to death by Henry at that dreadful execution in Smithfield, where Abell, one of Katharine's chaplains, and two Catholics were butchered, according to their doom, for

"DAUGHTER:—

"I pray you think not that forgetfulness has caused me to keep Charles so long here, and answered not your good letter, in the which I perceive ye would know how I do. I am in that case, that the absence of the king and you troubleth me. My health is metely good; and I trust in God that he, who sent it me, doth it to the best, and will shortly turn all to come with good effect. And in the mean time I am very glad to hear from you, especially when they show me that ye be well amended. I pray God to continue it to his pleasure.

"As for your writing in Latin, I am glad that ye shall *change from me* to maister Federston, for that shall do you much good to learn from him to write right; but yet sometimes I would be glad, when ye do write to maister Federston of your own inditing, when he hath read it that I may see it, for it shall be a great comfort to me to see you keep your Latin, and fair writing and all. And so I pray to recommend me to my lady of Salisbury. At Woburn, this Friday night.

your loving mother
Katharine + her benyg

While yet resident at Ampthill, Katharine wrote to her daughter another letter full of excellent advice, praying her to submit to her father's will. The wise queen justly considered that if Mary did not exasperate her father, he would, at one time or other, acknowledge her rights as a child; and, at her tender age, her opinion on the divorce could be of no moment. At the conclusion of this letter, the queen desires to be remembered to her dear good lady of Salisbury, Mary's governess; "tell her," adds the pious Katharine, "that to the kingdom of Heaven we never come but through many troubles."¹ Another letter of the queen was written to Cromwell on occasion of having heard news that the princess was ill. Katharine sues thus humbly to Henry's agent for permission to see her child, saying, that "A little comfort and mirth she would take with me would

treason; and, at the same time, the pious Dr. Barnes and two Protestants were burnt alive.

¹ Hearne's Sylloge. The letter, like some others written when she was sojourning at Ampthill, is dated Woburn.

be a half-health to her. For my love let this be done." Yet this maternal request was cruelly refused.

At this juncture pope Clement addressed a private letter of exhortation to Henry, advising him to take home queen Katharine and put away "one Anna," whom he kept about him. A public instrument from Rome soon followed this exordium, which confirms the legality of Henry and Katharine's marriage, and pronounced their offspring legitimate. At first the king was staggered, and resolved to suspend his efforts to obtain the divorce. Cromwell offered his advice at that critical moment to separate the English church from the supremacy of Rome, and at the same time to enrich the king's exhausted finances by the seizure of church property. The consequences of this stupendous step fill many vast folios devoted to the mighty questions of contending creeds and differing interests,—questions which must be left undiscussed here; the object of these unambitious pages is but to trace its effects on one faithful feminine heart, wrung with all the woes that pertain to a forsaken wife and bereaved mother. The death of Warham archbishop of Canterbury, in 1532, and the appointment of the king's esteemed theologian, Dr. Cranmer, in his place, gave a prospect of the conclusion of the long-agitated question of the divorce. The king resolved to cut the Gordian knot of his wedlock by a decision pronounced under his own supremacy. He therefore married Anne Boleyn in the commencement of the following year.

Insurrections and tumults were raised in many parts of the kingdom against the king's marriage with "Nan Bullen," as she was irreverently styled by the common people. If the queen had not been the great and good woman she was, she might have given her faithless husband and triumphant rival no little uneasiness by heading a party with her daughter, especially as the court of Rome had pronounced her marriage good and her offspring legitimate. The house of commons had declared in her favor by presenting a petition, moved by one of their members named Tems, requesting the king to take home queen Katharine.¹ The first step Cranmer took as archbishop of Canterbury was to address

¹ Lord Herbert, p. 156 (W. Kennet).

a letter to the king, requesting permission to settle the question of the divorce. An archiepiscopal court was accordingly held at Dunstable, six miles from the queen's residence. Here Katharine was repeatedly cited to appear, but she carefully avoided giving the least sign of recognition that such tribunal existed. Finally, she was declared contumacious; and the sentence that her marriage was null and void, and never had been good, was read before two notaries in the Lady-chapel of Dunstable priory.¹ Leave was given both to Katharine and the king to marry elsewhere if they chose. On the day after Ascension-day, May 23, 1533, this important decision was pronounced.²

Sorrow had made cruel havoc in the health of the hapless queen while these slow drops of bitterness were distilling. When lord Mountjoy, her former page, was deputed to inform her that she was degraded from the rank of queen of England to that of dowager-princess of Wales, she was on a sick-bed: it was some days before she could permit the interview, which is thus reported by Mountjoy:—"Thursday, July 3d. She commanded her chamberlain should bring into her privy-chamber as many of her servants as he could inform of her wishes: 'for,' she said, 'she thought it a long season since she saw them.' Her grace was then lying upon her pallet, because she had pricked her foot with a pin, so that she might not well stand or go, and also sore annoyed with a cough. Perceiving that many of her servants were there assembled, who might hear what should be said, she then demanded, 'Whether we had our charge to say by mouth or by writing?' We said, 'Both.' But as soon as we began to declare and read that the articles were addressed to the princess-dowager, she made exception to that name, saying, she was 'not princess-dowager, but the queen, and, withal, the king's true wife,—had been crowned and anointed queen, and had by the king lawful issue; wherefore the name of queen she would vindicate, challenge, and so call herself during her lifetime.'"³ It was in vain that

¹ Lord Herbert, p. 163 (W. Kennet).

² Ibid.

³ State-Papers of Henry VIII.; published under a royal commission of William IV., part i. pp. 397-402.

Mountjoy and his coadjutors alternately offered bribes and used threats. Katharine remained firm in her determination; she treated all offers of augmentation to her income with queenly contempt. They proceeded to tell her, if she retained the name of queen, she would (for a vain desire and appetite of glory) provoke the king's highness, not only against her whole household, to their hinderance and undoing, but be an occasion that the king should withdraw his fatherly love from her honorable and dearest daughter, the lady princess Mary, which ought to move her if no other cause did.

This was the first time threats had been aimed at the daughter, in case the mother continued impracticable. Katharine still continued unsubdued; she answered, "As to any vainglory, it was not that she desired the name of a queen, but only for the discharge of her conscience to declare herself the king's true wife, and not his harlot, for the last twenty-four years. As to the princess her daughter, she was the king's true child; and as God had given her unto them, so, for her part, she would render her again to the king as his daughter, to do with her as should stand with his pleasure, trusting to God that she would prove an honest woman; and that neither for her daughter, her servants, her possessions, or any worldly adversity, or the king's displeasure, that might ensue, would she yield in this cause to put her soul in danger; and that they should not be feared that have power to kill the body, but He only that hath power over the soul." Katharine then exerted her queenly authority by commanding the minutes of this conference to be brought to her, and drew her pen through the words "princess-dowager" wherever they occurred. The paper still remains in our national archives with the alterations made by her agitated hand. She demanded a copy, that she might translate it into Spanish; and the scene concluded with her protestations that she would "never relinquish the name of queen." Indeed, the implicit obedience Henry's agents paid her, even when these came to dispute her title, proved how completely she was versed in the science of command. Her servants had been summoned

by Mountjoy to take an oath to serve her but as princess of Wales, which she forbade them to do; therefore many left her service, and she was waited upon by a very few, whom the king excused from the oath.

The same summer, her residence was transferred to Bugden (now called Buckden), a palace belonging to the bishop of Lincoln, four miles from Huntingdon. Her routine of life is most interestingly described in a curious manuscript of Dr. Nicholas Harpsfield, a contemporary, whose testimony is well worth attention, because it shows that the great and excellent Katharine continued to view her rival, Anne Boleyn, in the same Christian light as before, even in the last consummation of her bitterest trials, considering her as an object of deep pity rather than resentment. Katharine thus displays the highest power of talent bestowed on the human species, an exquisite and accurate judgment of character. Most correctly did she appreciate both Henry and his giddy partner. "I have credibly heard," says Dr. Harpsfield, "that, at a time of her sorest troubles, one of her gentlewomen began to curse Anne Boleyn. The queen dried her streaming eyes, and said, earnestly, 'Hold your peace! Curse not—curse her not, but rather pray for her; for even now is the time fast coming when you shall have reason to pity her and lament her case.' And so it chanced indeed. . . . At Bugden," pursues Harpsfield, "queen Katharine spent her solitary life in much prayer, great alms and abstinence; and when she was not this way occupied, then was she and her gentlewomen working with their own hands something wrought in needlework, costly and artificially, which she intended, to the honor of God, to bestow on some of the churches. There was in the said house of Bugden a chamber with a window that had a prospect into the chapel, out of the which she might hear divine service. In this chamber she enclosed herself, sequestered from all other company, a great part of the night and day, and upon her knees used to pray at the same window, leaning upon the stones of the same. There were some of her gentlewomen who curiously marked all her doings, and reported that oftentimes they found the said

stones, where her head had reclined, wet as though a shower had rained upon them. It was credibly thought that, in the time of her prayer, she removed the cushions that ordinarily lay in the window, and that the said stones were imbrued with the tears of her devout eyes when she prayed for strength to subdue the agonies of wronged affections."

The queen regained in some degree her cheerfulness and peace of mind at Bugden, where the country people began to love her exceedingly. They visited her frequently out of pure respect, and she received the tokens of regard they daily showed her most sweetly and graciously.¹ Her returning tranquillity was interrupted by archbishop Lee and bishop Tunstal,² who came to read to her six articles, showing why she ought to be considered only as prince Arthur's widow, and that she ought to resign the title of queen. "We admonished her, likewise," they declared in their despatch to Henry, "not to call herself your highness's *wief*; for that your highness was discharged of that marriage made with her, and had contracted new marriage with your dearest *wief* queen Anne, and forasmuch (as thanked be God) fair issue has already sprung of this marriage, and more is likely to follow by God's grace." The last remnant of Katharine's patience gave way at this tirade: in a climax of choler and agony she vowed, "she would never quit the title of queen, which she would persist to retain till death, concluding with the declaration that she *was* the king's wife and not his subject, and therefore not liable to his acts of parliament." A great historian³ most aptly remarks, "that Henry's repudiated wife was the only person who could defy him with impunity: she had lost his love, but never forfeited his esteem." The queen, in the midst of these degradations, retained some faithful friends, and had many imprudent partisans. Reginald Pole, whom she loved with a mother's tenderness, had passionately espoused her cause long before it had occasioned the division from Rome. The ladies of Henry's court exerted their eloquence in conversa-

¹ Harpsfield; likewise Burnet, vol. i. p. 184.

² State-Paper office, dated May 21st, Huntingdon. This must have been in the transactions of 1534.

³ Dr. Lingard.

tion so warmly against the divorce and the exaltation of Anne Boleyn, that the king sent two of the most contumacious to the Tower. One of these (and the fact is remarkable) was lady Rochford,¹ who had been lady of the bed-chamber to Katharine, and was the wife of Anne Boleyn's brother. But the most troublesome of the queen's partisans was Elizabeth Barton, an epileptic nun, called the 'holy maid of Kent,' who mixed the subject of the divorce and Katharine's name with the dreams of her delirious somnambulism. Henry's mortal vengeance soon fell on the poor woman and several of her followers, who mistook her for a prophetess. This affair, for lack of other matter, was made an excuse of accusing sir Thomas More, who had only spoken to the epileptic to remonstrate with her and her followers on their follies.

A reign of terror now ruled the shuddering realm. Erasmus, who was the intimate friend of Henry's two most illustrious victims, bishop Fisher and sir Thomas More, thus forcibly describes their loss and the state of their country:—"In England, death has either snatched every one (of worth) away, or fear has shrunk them up." From the time of the executions of Fisher and More, Katharine's health became worse. She was willing to live for her daughter, and thinking the air of Bugden too damp for her constitution, she requested the king to appoint her an abiding-place nearer the metropolis.² Henry, with his usual brutality, issued his orders to Cromwell that she should be removed to Fotheringay castle.³ This seat had been inherited by the king as part of the patrimony of his mother, Elizabeth of York, and the demesne had been settled on Katharine as part of her dower. Leland records "that she did great costs in refreshing it." It was, notwithstanding all the queen's cost "in refreshing," a place notorious for its bad air, as will be easily remembered by those conversant with the sad history of Mary queen of Scots, and to it Katharine positively refused to go, "unless bound with ropes." She seems to have bitterly regretted drawing the attention of the king to her removal, for he sent the duke of Suffolk to break up

¹ Dr. Lingard, vol. vi. p. 198.

² Burnet, vol. i. p. 183.

³ Ibid.

her household at Bugden; and in what spirit he fulfilled this commission, his letter,¹ written to the duke of Norfolk for the information of the privy council, can witness:—

“MY LORD:—

“Because we have written to the king’s highness, we shall only advertise you that we find here the most obstinate woman that may be; insomuch that, as we think, surely there is no other remedy than to convey her by force from hence to Somersame.² Concerning this, we have nothing in our instructions; we pray your good lordship that with speed we may have knowledge of the king’s express pleasure, at the furthest by Sunday night [December 21], or else there shall not be time before the feast [Christmas-day] to remove her. My lord, we have had no small travail to induce the servants to take the new oath. Notwithstanding, now many of them are sworn, with promise to serve the king’s highness according to his pleasure. My lord, we found things here far from the king’s expectation, we assure you, as more at our return ye shall know.

“Moreover, whereas Tomeo³ was appointed to be clerk comptroller here in this house, and Wilbrahim with my lady princess [Elizabeth], we understand that your lordship hath taken Tomeo to serve my lady princess, and discharged Wilbrahim, whereby this house is disappointed of that necessary officer.

“Bugden, Friday, 19 of Dec.”

A bull of excommunication had at last been fulminated against Henry, and was recently published at Flanders, a measure which incited him thus to torment his wife, who had, poor soul! tried earnestly to shield him from it. She had formerly interfered, at his request, to obviate some of the inconveniences of his struggle with the pope, before he had made the schism from Rome. Her love still interposed to avert from him a blow, which, according to her belief, was the heaviest that could fall on living man, although that blow was aimed to avenge her. “I understand to-day,”⁴ writes cardinal Pole to his friend Priuli, “that if the queen, the aunt of Cæsar [the emperor Charles], had not interfered, the anathema would have already gone out against the king.” So little did the loving Katharine de-

¹ State-Papers, vol. i.

² Somersham, says Heylin, was a palace belonging to the bishop and church of Ely.

³ He was afterwards in the service of Anne of Cleves. His name declares him a Spaniard.

⁴ Pole’s Letters, 445. The cardinal is so far from meaning to eulogize the queen for her temperate conduct, that he indulges in some indignant remarks that a woman should thus have the power of suspending the decrees of the church.

serve the cruel conduct that attended her expulsion from Bugden.

The commissioners at Bugden proceeded to examine the queen's servants, who were very earnest in entreaties to be dismissed rather than retained in her service if they were forced to abjure their oaths to her as queen; for they could not take the second oath without perjury, neither could any inducement prevail on Katharine to say she should consider them as her dutiful servants if they called her the princess-dowager. Both her almoner and receiver implored her to yield in this point, yet she persisted in her determination. The rest of the household refused to take the oath against her wish, and the commissioners questioned them regarding the persons who had persuaded them so earnestly that Katharine was queen. At last the servants declared that the chaplains, Abell and Barker,¹ had strengthened them in this belief. "Upon which," says the commissioners to Henry, "we called and examined these men, and found them stiffly standing in their conscience that she was queen, and the king's lawful wife, and that no man sworn to serve her as queen might change that oath without perjury, and they acknowledged they had showed the same to as many as asked their counsel, whereupon we have committed them to the porter's ward, with liberty to speak to no one but their keeper." With some difficulty the household was made up, and the bishop of Llandaff, an old Spanish priest of the name of Allequa, who had served Katharine before her marriage, was suffered to remain with her.

Sir Edmund Bedingfeld bore the nominal office of steward of her household, but was in reality the castellan who held her in custody. He wrote to the privy council at this period, giving a minute detail of the conversation that passed between him and Katharine on the subject of her household. The papers are half obliterated by fire, yet the following particulars, throwing much intelligence on her private life,

¹ Harleian MS. 283, p. 102 (Art. 44). This despatch from the council has been endorsed 1532, an evident mistake, since many circumstances prove it was the removal from Bugden, December, 1534, that is under discussion: and this arrest of Abell and his colleague agrees with the Privy Council-book.

are legible.¹ She desired to retain "her confessor, her physician, and her *potecary*; two men-servants, and as many women as it should please the king's grace to appoint; and that they should take no oath, but only to the king and to her, but to *none other woman*." A glance at the oath required will show the reasons of this expression. It was no wonder the queen objected that her servants should be thus exhorted:—"Ye shall swear to bear faith, troth, and obedience only to the king's grace, and to the heirs of his body by his most dear and entirely beloved lawful wife, queen Anne."²—"As to my physician and *potecary*," continues queen Katharine, "they be my countrymen: the king knoweth them as well as I do. They have continued many years with me, and have (I thank them) taken great pains with me; for I am oftentimes sickly, as the king's grace doth know right well. And I require their attendance for the preservation of my poor bodie, that I may live as long as it pleaseth God. They are faithful and diligent in my service, and also daily do they pray that the king's royal estate long may endure. But if they take any other oath than they have taken to the king and me (to serve me), I shall never trust them again, for in so doing I should live continually in fear of my life with them. Wherefore I trust the king, of his high honor and goodness, and for the great love that hath been betwixt him and me (which love in me now is as faithful to him as ever it was, so take I God to record), will not use extremity with me, my request being so reasonable."

This gentle and truly feminine supplication appears fairly reported by sir Edmund. The Spanish physician and apothecary certainly remained in queen Katharine's household; but the confessor, Dr. Abell,³ was separated from it at this juncture. The next despatch, signed R. Sussex, gives the information that Abell had departed, and implies that he was a great loss to Katharine, because he could speak Spanish, in which language she was ever confessed, "and she

¹ Privy Council, Henry VIII., edited by sir Harris Nicolas, pp. 347, 349.

² See the oath, Parliamentary History; 2d edition, vol. iii. p. 108.

³ He was afterwards put to a cruel death by Henry VIII.

will use no other for that purpose." Father Forrest, her former confessor, had been thrown into Newgate at an early period of the divorce, and the difficulty was now to find a confessor agreeable both to Henry and his divorced wife. "The bishop of Llandaff," continues the king's agent, "will do less harm than any other to tarry and be her ghostly father." The reason was, that the old Spaniard was timid and quiet, and had implored Katharine to yield to expediency. "But against all humanity and reason," continues Sussex, "she still persists that she will not remove, saying, that although your grace have the power, yet *ne* may she, *ne* will she go, unless drawn with ropes." In this dilemma, the king's directions are required "what to do, if she persisteth in her obstinacy; and that she will, we surely think, for in her wilfulness she may fall sick and keep her bed, refusing to put on her clothes."¹

The queen objected to Fotheringay on account of its malaria from the banks of the river Nene, and likewise to go to any residence belonging to the dower granted her by prince Arthur, lest she should tacitly compromise her cause. She told Thomas Vaux, one of her officers, "that she had no mind to go to Fotheringay, and that she would not go thither though all provisions were made for her; yet from the place where she was she much wished to go." Vaux was a spy, who communicated all she said to Cromwell. At last Kimbolton castle was appointed for her, a situation she considered as particularly noxious to her health.² Indeed, the air of the counties of Huntingdonshire, Northamptonshire, or Bedfordshire, however wholesome it might be to those accustomed to breathe it as natives, was not likely to be salubrious to a person reared under the sunny skies of Granada.

At the termination of the contest relative to her change of residence, the duke of Suffolk behaved with such personal insolence to the repudiated queen that she left his presence abruptly; she was, nevertheless, taken to Kimbolton castle,

¹ State-Papers, p. 453; this despatch is dated December 31, 1534.

² Encyc. Brit. Pollino says the air was noxious on account of damp.

where she commenced the dreary new year of 1535, with her comforts greatly diminished. Notwithstanding 5000*l.* was her nominal income as prince Arthur's widow, it was so ill-paid that sir Edmund Bedingfeld, during the lingering malady that followed her arrival at Kimbolton, wrote, more than once, that the household was utterly devoid of money. An instance occurred, while Katharine lived at Kimbolton, which proved that her neighbors of low degree were desirous to propitiate her, though fallen from her queenly state. A poor man, ploughing near Grantham, found a huge brass pot, containing a large helmet of pure gold, set with precious stones, with some chains of silver and ancient defaced rolls of parchment, "all which he presented," says Harrison in his description of England,¹ "to queen Katharine, then living near Peterborough." The queen was then in a dying state, and these treasures fell into the hands of the king's agents at Kimbolton castle.

The persecution Henry was carrying on against the unfortunate father Forrest, Katharine's former confessor, caused inexpressible anguish to her at Kimbolton. The only information on this subject is to be found in the Church History of Pollino, from which we translate this passage:—"But chiefly to be deplored was the barbarous cruelty used against the venerable old man father John Forrest, who had been confessor to the queen, and for this reason was one of the first of her friends who were incarcerated. He had been thrown into hard durance, and for two years had the old man remained among thieves and persons of infamous characters, and had endured the cruellest torments. Queen Katharine, who considered herself the cause of his intolerable miseries, felt herself obliged to write to him, saying, 'how much the thought of his sufferings grieved her, and moved her to pity, and to write him a letter of comfort, although she dreaded lest it should be intercepted and occasion his death.' Nevertheless, he safely received it when in the prison of London called *Porta-nuovo*" (New-gate). He answered it by a letter, of which the following is an abstract:—

¹ Holinshed's Chronicle, vol. i. p. 217.

"SERENEST QUEEN AND DAUGHTER IN CHRIST:—

"Your servant Thomas gave me your majesty's letter, which found me in great affliction, yet in constant hope of release by means of death from the captivity of this miserable body. Not only did your letter infinitely comfort me, but it excited in me patience and joy.

"Christ Jesu give you, daughter and lady of mine, above all mortal delights, which are of brief continuance, the joy of seeing his divine presence for evermore! Remember me in your most fervent oraisons; pray that I may fight the battle to which I am called and finally overcome, nor give up for the heavy pains and atrocious torments prepared for me. Would it become this white beard and these hoary locks to give way in aught that concerns the glory of God? Would it become, lady mine, an old man to be appalled with childish fear who has seen sixty-four years of life, and forty of those has worn the habit of the glorious St. Francis? Weaned from terrestrial things, what is there for me if I have not strength to aspire to those of God? But as to you, lady mine and daughter in Christ, sincerely beloved, in life and death I will continue to think of you, and pray God in his mercy to send you from heaven, according to the greatness of your sorrows, solace and consolation. Pray to God for your devoted servant, the more fervently when you hear of horrid torments prepared for me.

"I send your majesty, for consolation in your prayers, my rosary, for they tell me that of my life but three days remain."¹

The situation this unfortunate man had held as confessor to Katharine was the origin of his persecution, the king being desirous of forcing from him some admission that his queen might have made in confession, which would authorize the divorce in a greater degree. Abell, the queen's other confessor, was detained in as cruel confinement, and both were put to the most horrible deaths. Father Forrest was burnt alive in a manner too terrible for description; but, contrary to his own anticipations, his dreadful doom was not executed till two years after the death of the queen.

Pollino says that the signora Lisabetta Ammonia,² the faithful lady of the queen, wrote a letter to father Forrest, informing him of the continual tears and grief that oppressed Katharine on his account, ever since his sentence:—"That the queen could feel no ease or comfort till she had sent to him to know whether there was aught she could do to avert from him his fate?" adding, "that she was herself languishing under incurable infirmity, and that the fury and rage of the king would infallibly cut short her life. It

¹ Pollino, pp. 126-129.

² It is probable that this name, thus Italianized, means Elizabeth lady Hammond.

was but last Monday the king had sent some of his council to the queen's house to make search for persons or things he thought were hidden there; and his agents, with faces full of rage and angry words, had exceedingly hurried and terrified queen Katharine." Forrest sent word, "that in justification of her cause he was content to suffer all things." He wrote in a similar strain to his fellow-sufferer Abell, and to many domestics of the queen, who had excited the wrath of the king for their extreme attachment to her.

The close of this sad year left the queen on her death-bed. As she held no correspondence with the court, the king received the first intimation of her danger from Eustachio Capucius,¹ the resident Spanish ambassador. Cromwell instantly wrote to sir Edmund Bedingfeld, rating him "because foreigners heard intelligence from the king's own castles sooner than himself." Sir Edmund excused himself by saying, "that his fidelity in executing the orders of the king rendered him no favorite with the lady-dowager, therefore she concealed everything from him."² Meantime, he sent for the queen's Spanish physician, and questioned him regarding her state of health; the answer was, "Sir, she doth continue in pain, and can take but little rest; if the sickness continueth in force, she cannot remain long."—"I am informed," proceeds sir Edmund, "by her said doctor, that he had moved her to take some more counsel of physic: but her reply was,—'I will in nowise have any other physician, but wholly commit myself to the pleasure of God.'"

When Katharine found the welcome hand of death was on her, she sent to the king a pathetic entreaty to indulge her in a last interview with her child,³ imploring him not to withhold Mary from receiving her last blessing. This request was denied.⁴ A few days before she expired, she

¹ He is the Capucius of Shakspeare; but his despatches are signed Eustace Chapuys.

² State-Papers.

³ Cardinal Pole's Works; see Lingard, vol. v. p. 236.

⁴ The following curious incident must have happened about the same period; it shows that Henry VIII. and his acknowledged family were prayed for by his church after a preface of panegyric, likewise the extreme jealousy with which any acknowledgment of the unfortunate Katharine as queen was regarded.—State-Papers, vol. i. p. 427. The bishop of Bath and Wells thought it necessary

caused one of her maids to come to her bedside and write a farewell letter to the king, which she dictated in the following words:—

“MY LORD AND DEAR HUSBAND:—

“I commend me unto you. The hour of my death draweth fast on, and, my case being such, the tender love I owe you forceth me, with a few words, to put you in remembrance of the health and safeguard of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miseries and yourself into many cares. For my part I do pardon you all; yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God that He will also pardon you.

“For the rest I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I heretofore desired. I entreat you also, on behalf of my maids, to give them marriage-portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants I solicit a year’s pay more than their due, lest they should be unprovided for.

“Lastly do I vow that mine eyes desire you above all things.”

It appears, from contemporary authority,¹ that king Henry received queen Katharine’s letter some days before her death. He shed tears on perusing it, and sent to Capucius, entreating him to hasten to Kimbolton, to greet Katharine kindly from him. It has been generally supposed that the king gave leave to lady Willoughby, the friend and

to write to Cromwell in explanation of an unfortunate slip of the tongue made by an old canon when praying for the royal family in his cathedral. He says, “Dr. Carsley, canon, when he came to *bidding off the beads*, after a very honorable mention made of the king’s highness, said these words:—‘That, according to our most bounden duty, we should pray for his grace, and for the lady *Katharine* the queen, and also by express name for the lady Elizabeth, princess, their daughter.’” Now the bishop of Bath and Wells had no inclination to undergo the doom of Fisher and More by a report reaching the ears of the tyrant that Katharine was prayed for as queen in his presence, and in his cathedral. He therefore “immediately showed the canon his error, and re-proved him for the same. The truth was,” continued the bishop, “he was staggered a season, and would by no means allow that he had spoken a word of the lady Katharine; but at last, being assured by me and others that he had spoken it, he openly, before all the audience, acknowledged his error and fault, and seemed very sorry for it, saying, ‘I call God to witness that I thought not of the lady Katharine; I meant only queen Anne, for I know no *mo* queens but her.’ The man is reported to be a good man, but he is not much under the age of eighty. There was no one there but might well perceive that the word escaped him unawares. Notwithstanding, I thought it my duty to advertise you thereof, and, by my fidelity to God and my king, so you have the whole plain truth.”

¹ Pollino, p. 132.

countrywoman¹ of his dying queen, to visit and comfort her; but there is reason to believe, from the following narrative, that this faithful lady made her way to her without Henry's sanction:—It was at nightfall, about six o'clock on New-year's day, when lady Willoughby arrived at Kimbolton castle-gate, almost perished with cold and exhausted with fatigue from her dreary journey, being much discomposed, withal, by a fall from her horse. Chamberlayne and Bedingfeld demanded of her the license that authorized her to visit Katharine. She piteously represented her sufferings, and begged to come to the fire; her countenance was overcast with grief and dismay. She told them that, "From the tidings she had heard by the way, she never expected to see the *princess-dowager* alive;" adding, "she had plenty of letters sufficient to exonerate the king's officers, which she would show them in the morning." By her eloquence she prevailed on them to usher her into her dying friend's chamber; but when once she was safely ensconced therein, "we neither saw her again, nor beheld any of her letters," says Bedingfeld, from whose despatch of exculpation this information is derived.² Thus it is evident that she never left the chamber of death, but the stern castellans dared not remove her by violence from the bedside of the beloved friend for whose sake she had encountered so many dangers.

Eustachio Capucius, the emperor's ambassador, arrived at Kimbolton, January 2d. After dinner he was introduced into the dying queen's chamber, where he stayed a quarter of an hour. Bedingfeld was present at the interview, but was much disappointed that he could send no information

¹ Lady Willoughby had been one of queen Katharine's maids of honor, who accompanied her from Spain. Her name was Mary de Salines, or Salucci; she was of illustrious descent, and related, through the house of De Foix, to most of the royal families of Europe. During the prosperity of Katharine of Arragon, this lady married lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and had by him an only child, named Katharine after the queen, who was the fourth wife of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, and became a leading character in the religious contests of the times. Lady Willoughby was left a widow in 1527, the time when Katharine of Arragon's troubles began.—Dugdale: likewise information given by the Rev. Mr. Hunter, Augmentation-office.

² Strype's Memorials.

as to what passed, for Katharine conversed with the ambassador only in Spanish. He had hopes, however, that if Mr. Vaux was present, he could make out what they said. At five o'clock the same afternoon, Katharine sent her physician for Capucius, but there was little chance of the spy Vaux learning any intelligence, since no man but the ambassador's attendant was permitted to enter the royal chamber. They stayed with the queen half an hour, and paid her similar visits next day, when none but her trusty women were permitted to be present, who either knew no Spanish, or would not betray what passed if they did. Lady Willoughby, of course, spoke to her dying friend in the dear language of their native Castile. Katharine expired in the presence of Capucius and lady Willoughby with the utmost calmness. In the words of Dr. Harpsfield,¹ "she changed this woful troublesome existence for the serenity of the celestial life, and her terrestrial ingrate husband for that heavenly spouse who will never divorce her, and with whom she will reign in glory forever."

Sir Edmund Bedingfeld, the castellan in whose custody she expired, announced the demise of the sorrow-stricken queen in these words:—² "January the 7th, about ten o'clock, the lady-dowager was *aneled* with the holy ointment, master Chamberlayne and I being called to the same, and before two in the afternoon she departed to God. I beseech you that the king may be advertised of the same." He added the following postscript to his despatch to Cromwell that announced her death:—"Sir, the groom of the chaundry here can sere her, who shall do that feat; and further, I shall send for a plumber to close her body in lead, the which must needs shortly be done, for that may not tarry. Sir, I have no money, and I beseech your aid with all speed. Written at Kimbolton, about 3 o'clock, afternoon."

The will of Katharine of Arragon, it is evident, from various foreign idioms, was of her own composition. It is as follows:—³

¹ Translated by Hearne. Katharine's letter, previously quoted, is from his Latin narrative; it varies a little from the usual version.

² State-Papers, i. p. 452.

³ Strype's Mem., vol. i. pp. 252, 253.

"In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I, Katharine, etc., supplicate and desire king Henry VIII., my good lord, that it may please him of his grace, and in alms and for the service of God, to let me have the goods which I do hold, as well in silver and gold as in other things, and also the same that is due to me in money for the time past, to the intent that I may pay my debts and recompense my servants for the good services they have done for me. The same I desire as *affectuously* as I may, for the necessity wherein I am ready to die and to yield my soul unto God.

"First, I supplicate that my body be buried in a convent of Observant-friars. *Item*, that for my soul may be said 500 masses. *Item*, that some personage go to Our Lady of Walsingham in pilgrimage; and, in going, by the way to deal [distribute in alms] twenty nobles. *Item*, I appoint to *maistris* Darel 20*l.* for her marriage. *Item*, I ordain the collar of gold, which I brought out of Spain, be to my daughter. *Item*, I ordain to *maistris* Blanche 100*l.* *Item*, I ordain to Mrs. Margery and Mr. Whyller, to each of them 40*l.* *Item*, I ordain to Mrs. Mary, my physician's wife, and to Mrs. Isabel, daughter to Mr. Marguerite, to each of them 40*l.* sterling. *Item*, I ordain to my physician the year's coming wages. *Item*, I ordain to Francisco Phillippo¹ all that I owe him; and besides that 40*l.* I ordain to master John, my apothecary, his wages for the year coming; and besides that, all that is due to him. I ordain that Mr. Whyller be paid his expenses about the making of my gown; and besides that 20*l.* I give to Philip, to Antony, and to Bastien, to every one of them 20*l.* I ordain to the *little* maidens 10*l.* to every one of them. I ordain my goldsmith to be paid his wages for the year coming; and besides that, all that is due to him. I ordain that my *lavenderer* [laundress] be paid that which is due to her and her wages for the year coming. I ordain to Isabel de Vergas 20*l.* *Item*, to my ghostly father his wages for the year coming.

"*Item*. It may please the king, my good lord, to cause church-ornaments to be made of my gowns, *which he holdeth*, to serve the convent *thereas* I shall be buried; and the furs of the same I give to my daughter."

Ralph Sadler, and several other underlings of the privy council, have their names prefixed, who were evidently the administrators appointed by the king. This will prove how slight were the debts of the conscientious queen, yet she felt anxiety concerning them. On her just mind, even the obligations she owed her laundress had their due weight. It furnishes, too, another instance of the pitiful meanness of Henry VIII. The sentence alluding to the disposal of her gowns "*which he holdeth*," will not be lost on female readers, and shows plainly that he had detained the best part of his wife's wardrobe; it is likewise evident that the gold collar brought from Spain was the only jewel in her possession. Will it be believed that, notwithstanding Henry

¹ This faithful servant, who is called by Wolsey Francis Phillipps (p. 537), was evidently a Spaniard.

shed tears over her last letter, he sent his creature, lawyer Rich, to see whether he could not seize all her property without paying her trifling legacies and obligations! The letter of Rich, dated from Kimbolton, January 19th, is extant: it is a notable specimen of legal chicanery. "To seize her grace's goods as your own," he says, "would be repugnant to your majesty's own laws; and I think, with your grace's favor, it would rather enforce *her blind opinion* while she lived than otherwise;" namely, that she was the king's lawful wife. He then puts the king into an under-hand way of possessing himself of poor Katharine's slender spoils, by advising him "to administer by means of the bishop of Lincoln for her as *princess-dowager*, and then to confiscate all as insufficient to defray her funeral charges!" Whether the debtors and legatees of the broken-hearted queen were ever satisfied is a doubtful point; but from a contemporary letter of a privy councillor, it seems that one of her three faithful ladies, Mrs. Elizabeth Darell (the daughter of an ancient line still extant in Kent), was paid her legacy. The other ladies, Blanche and Isabel de Vergas, were from Spain,—a fact Shakspeare has not forgotten. The name of Patience, remembered in his scene as Katharine's sweet songstress, does not occur; perhaps she was reckoned among the *little* maidens, who are likewise the legatees of their unfortunate patroness.

The property Katharine could claim for the liquidation of her debts and obligations to her faithful servants was, even by Henry's own arbitrary decisions, considerable, being the arrears of the 5000*l.* per annum due from her jointure as Arthur's widow. This stipend, either from malice or poverty, had not been paid her. A scanty maintenance was (as may be seen by the foregoing despatches from Bedingsfeld) all that Katharine received from her faithless spouse; and when the noble portion she had brought into England is remembered, such dishonesty appears the more intolerable. Even a new gown, it will be observed by the will, was obtained on trust. It appears likely that Katharine possessed no more of her jewels than were on her person when she was expelled from Windsor castle by

the fiat of her brutal lord. The particulars of Katharine's funeral are chiefly to be gathered from a letter sent by Henry VIII. to Grace lady Bedingfeld, wife to sir Edmund:—

“HENRY REX,

“*To our right dear and well-beloved Lady Bedingfeld.*

“Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy out of this transitory life the right excellent princess our dearest sister the lady Katharine, relict of our natural brother prince Arthur, of famous memory, deceased, and that we intend to have her body interred according to her honor and estate; at the interment whereof (and for other ceremonies to be done at her funeral, and in conveyance of her corpse from Kimbolton, where it now lieth, to Peterborough, where the same is to be buried) it is requisite to have the presence of a good many ladies of honor: You shall understand that we have appointed you to be there one of the principal mourners, and therefore desire you to be in readiness at Kimbolton the 25th of this month, and so to attend on the said corpse till the same shall be buried. Letting you further *wit*, that for the mourning apparel of your own person we send you by this bearer [a certain number of] yards of black cloth, and black cloth for two gentlewomen to wait upon you, and for two gentlewomen and for eight yeomen; all which apparel you must cause in the mean time to be made up, as shall appertain. And concerning the habiliment of linen for your head and face, we shall before the day limited send the same to you accordingly. Given under our signet, at our manor of Greenwich, January 10th.

“P.S. For saving of time, if this order is shown to sir William Poulett (living at the Friars-Augustine's, London), comptroller of our household, the cloth and linen for the head¹ shall be delivered.”

A circular, nearly to the same effect, summoned the principal gentry in the neighborhood of Kimbolton castle to attend the body of the king's dearest sister (as he chose to call his repudiated queen) from Kimbolton castle to Peterborough abbey, on the 26th of January. Thus it is plain that the king did not comply with her last request regarding her place of burial. A local tradition declares that her funeral approached Peterborough by an ancient way from Kimbolton, called Bygrame's lane. The last abbot of Peterborough, John Chambers, performed her obsequies. The place of burial was in the church, between two pillars on

¹ Here is a curious proof of the manner in which the sovereign condescends to deal out from his stores articles pertaining to female dress, none of which were considered too trifling to receive the sanction of his royal hand and seal. This letter is copied from Notes to vol. v. of Dr. Lingard, p. 349: the original is in the possession of sir Henry Bedingfeld, Bart., of Oxborough hall, Norfolk.

the north side of the choir, near to the great altar. From the Italian contemporary historian we translate this passage:—"At Greenwich, king Henry observed the day of Katharine's burial with solemn obsequies,¹ all his servants and himself attending them dressed in mourning. He commanded his whole court to do the same. Queen Anne Boleyn would not obey; but, in sign of gladness, dressed herself and all the ladies of her household in yellow, and, amidst them all, exulted for the death of her rival. 'I am grieved,' she said, 'not that she is dead, but for the vaunting of the good end she made.' She had reason to say this, for nothing was talked of but the Christian death-bed of Katharine; and numberless books and papers were written in her praise, blaming king Henry's actions, and all the world celebrated the obsequies of queen Katharine."²

A short time after queen Katharine's interment, some friends of hers ventured the suggestion to king Henry, "that it would well become his greatness to rear a stately monument to her memory." He answered, that "He would have to her memory one of the goodliest monuments in Christendom." This was the beautiful abbey-church of Peterborough, which he spared, on account of its being her resting-place, from the general destruction that soon after overwhelmed all monasteries. Thus the whole of that magnificent structure may be considered the monument of Katharine of Arragon, although the actual place of her repose was never distinguished excepting by a brass plate.³ It will be shown, in the course of these biographies, that her daughter Mary intended that her beloved mother should share her tomb. A hearse covered with a black velvet pall, on which was wrought a large cross of cloth of silver, and embossed with silver scutcheons of Spain, stood over her grave for several

¹ It must always be remembered that *obsequies*, though the word is often used by modern poets as synonymous to funeral rites, was a service fondly meant to benefit the soul of the deceased, often performed by dear friends at distant places.

² Pollino, p. 129.

³ The spot of her interment was long pointed out by the centegenarian sexton, old Scarlett, who buried her, and lived long enough to inter another royal victim, Mary queen of Scots, in the same cathedral.

years. At first it was surrounded with tapers, as may be proved by the following curious piece of intelligence sent to Cromwell by John de Ponti, one of his agents, who wrote to him "that the day before the lady Anne Boleyn was beheaded, the tapers that stood about queen Katharine's sepulchre kindled of themselves; and after matins were done to *Deo gratias*, the said tapers quenched of themselves; and that the king had sent thirty men to the abbey where queen Katharine was buried, and it was true of this light continuing from day to day." ¹ Whoever performed this trick was never discovered, neither was the person who abstracted the rich pall that covered the queen's hearse and substituted a mean one, which likewise vanished in the civil wars of the seventeenth century, 1643. The old verger at Peterborough cathedral, when he pointed out the small brass plate which briefly certifies the place where the mortal remains of Katharine of Arragon repose, said, in 1847, "that his father, who preceded him in his office, saw the coffin of that unfortunate queen when it was exhumed, about seventy years ago, during the repairs of that part of the church. It was very strongly fastened, and no one attempted to open it, as it was considered a sacrilegious act, at that time, to disturb the ashes of the dead for the sake of unveiling the secrets of the grave. His father, however, being somewhat of an antiquary, was desirous of making what discoveries he could; he bored a hole with a gimlet, and introduced a long wire into the coffin, with which he drew out a fragment of black and silver brocade, whereby he ascertained the material of her funeral robes. The black and silver stuff was damp, and mouldered away when exposed to the air, but afforded by its aroma, satisfactory evidence that the royal remains had undergone the process of embalming." The chamber, hung with tapestry, in which Katharine of Arragon expired, is to this day shown at Kimbolton castle: the tapestry covers a little door leading to a closet still called by her name. One of her travelling portmanteaus has remained at Kimbolton ever since her sad removal from Bugden. It is covered with scarlet velvet, and the queen's in-

¹ Gunton's Hist. of Peterborough, p. 57; and Patrick's Supplement, p. 330.

initials, K R, with the regal crown, are conspicuous on the lid; there are two drawers beneath the trunk. Its preservation may be attributed to its having been used as the depository of the robes of the earls and dukes of Manchester.¹ A monument was raised to the memory of Katharine so lately as the end of the last century. "I have lately been at lord Ossory's, at Ampthill," wrote Horace Walpole² to the antiquary Cole. "You know Katharine of Arragon lived some time there: nothing remains of the castle, nor any marks of residence but a small bit of her garden. I proposed to lord Ossory to erect a cross to her memory, and he will." The cross was raised by lord Ossory: it cost him 100*l*. The following lines were engraved on it from the pen of Horace Walpole:—

"In days of old, here Ampthill's towers were seen,
The mournful refuge of an injured queen;
Here flowed her pure but unavailing tears,
Here blinded zeal sustained her sinking years;
Yet freedom hence her radiant banners waved,
And Love avenged a realm by priests enslaved;
From Katharine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed."

The grand abilities of Katharine of Arragon, her unstained integrity of word and action, united with intrepid firmness, commanded even from her enemies that deep respect which her sweetness, benevolence, and other saintly virtues would not have obtained, unsupported by these high queenly qualities. Sustained by her own innate grandeur of soul, her piety and lofty rectitude, she passed through all her bitter trials without calumny succeeding in fixing a spot on her name. Among many eulogists, one mighty genius, who was nearly her contemporary, has done her the noblest justice. In fact, Shakspeare alone has properly appreciated and vividly portrayed the great talents, as well as the moral worth, of the right royal Katharine of Arragon.

¹ Kimbolton castle was the principal residence of the earls and dukes of Manchester.

² He was then lord Orford; the letter is dated June 22d, 1772.—Cole's MSS. Brit. Museum.



ANNE BOLEYN.

ANNE BOLEYN,

SECOND QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

CHAPTER I.

Descent and parentage—Place of birth—Early education—Maid of honor to the queen of France—Her letter to her father—Enters the service of queen Claude—Her accomplishments—Returns to England—Proposed marriage—Becomes maid of honor to queen Katharine—Her first interview with the king—His admiration—Courtied by lord Percy—Jealousy of Henry VIII.—Wolsey divides Anne and Percy—Her resentment—She is sent from court—King's visit to her—She repulses him—His love-letters—Henry's persevering courtship—Her dissimulation—Anne's enmity to Wolsey—Wyatt's passion for her—Steals her tablets—Anger of Henry—Anne's retirement during the pestilence—King's letters to her—Her illness—Henry's anxiety—Divorce agitated—Anne returns to court—Dismissed to Hever—Henry's letters—Anne's establishment in London—Her levees—Her letter to Gardiner—Her copy of Tindal's Bible—Effects Wolsey's ruin—King's presents to her—Book of divination—Dialogue with Anne Saville—Anne Boleyn's death predicted—Created marchioness of Pembroke—Goes to France with the king—His grants to her—Her gambling propensities.

THERE is no name in the annals of female royalty over which the enchantments of poetry and romance have cast such bewildering spells as that of Anne Boleyn. Her wit, her beauty, and the striking vicissitudes of her fate, combined with the peculiar mobility of her character, have invested her with an interest not commonly excited by a woman, in whom vanity and ambition were the leading traits. Tacitus said of the empress Poppea, "that with her, love was not an affair of the heart, but a matter of diplomacy;" and this observation appears no less applicable to Anne Boleyn, affording, withal, a convincing reason that she never incurred the crimes for which she was brought to the block. Unfortunately for the cause of truth, the eventful tragedy of her life has been so differently recorded by the chroniclers of the two great contending parties in

whose religious and political struggle she was involved, that it is sometimes difficult to maintain the balance faithfully between the contradictory statements of champion and accuser. Prejudice, on the one hand, has converted her faults into virtues; and, on the other, transformed even her charms into deformity, and described her as a monster, both in mind and person. It would be well for the memory of the lovely Boleyn, if all the other detractions of her foes could be disproved by evidence as incontrovertible as that which Hans Holbein's faithful pencil has left in vindication of her beauty. Her character has, for the last three centuries, occupied a doubtful, and therefore a debatable point in history; and philosophic readers will do well, in perusing her memorials, to confine their attention to those characteristics in which both her panegyrists and accusers agree, without allowing their opinions to be biassed by the unsupported assertions of either.

The family of Boleyn, Bullen, or, as it was anciently spelt, Boulén, was of French origin, and appears to have been first settled in Norfolk. Thomas Boleyn of Salle, in Norfolk, the patriarch of Anne Boleyn's line, was a younger brother of the estatesman of the family; he married Anna, the daughter of sir John Bracton, and bound their eldest son, Geoffrey Boleyn, apprentice to a mercer. He was probably a thriving London trader himself, for he died in that city, 1411, and was buried in the church of St. Lawrence-Pountney. Geoffrey became very prosperous, and may certainly be regarded as one of the most distinguished citizens of London. He married Anna, daughter of the lord of Hoo and Hastings. He was master of the mercers' company in 1424, and was sheriff of London during the stormy and difficult times of the wars of the roses, and not unfrequently exchanged the mercer's yard for the sword, to preserve the city from the outrages of the rival factions. He was lord mayor in the year 1457, and by his wisdom, courage, and unremitting exertions, maintained tranquillity in his jurisdiction during the memorable congress between the hostile partisans of York and Lancaster for the accommodation of their differences. He died in 1471, and left the magnificent

sum of 1000*l.* to poor householders of London.¹ He established his family on the sure foundation of landed property, purchasing Blickling hall and manor, in Norfolk, from sir John Falstolf, and the manor and castle of Hever from the Cobhams of Kent. After the death of this good and great citizen, his son, sir William Boleyn, eschewed the city and became a courtier; he was made knight of the Bath at Richard III.'s coronation. Thomas, the father of Anne Boleyn, distinguished himself in the reign of Henry VII. as a brave leader against the Cornish insurgents. He was the son of sir William Boleyn, of Blickling, Norfolk, by Margaret,² daughter and co-heir of Thomas Butler, last earl of Ormond, which ancient title was revived in the person of sir Thomas Boleyn, who was, by maternal descent, the representative of one of the most illustrious of the Norman noblesse. Sir Thomas Boleyn obtained for his wife the lady Elizabeth Howard, the daughter of the renowned earl of Surrey, afterwards duke of Norfolk, by his first wife Margaret Tylney. Sir Thomas Boleyn was brought into close connection with royalty through the marriage of his wife's brother, the lord Thomas Howard, with the lady Anne Plantagenet, sister to Henry VII.'s queen. He was appointed knight of the body at the commencement of Henry VIII.'s reign, and advanced to many other preferments, as will be seen hereafter. The lady Boleyn was one of the reigning beauties of the court of Katharine of Arragon, and took a leading part in all the masks and royal pageantry which marked the smiling commencement of the reign of Henry. It was not till long after the grave had closed over lady Boleyn, that the malignant spirit of party attempted to fling an absurd scandal on her memory, by pretending that Anne Boleyn was the offspring of her amours with the king during

¹ Stowe's Annals.

² This lady shared patrimony equal to 30,000*l.* per annum of our circulation, exclusive of considerable domains in Ireland, many rich jewels, and 40,000*l.* in money: besides Rochford, she had the manors of Smeton, Lee, Hawkswell hall, and Radings. Her great estate of Rochford hall had been granted by Edward IV. to his sister, the duchess of Exeter; and on her death to earl Rivers, the brother of queen Elizabeth Woodville. On the accession of Henry VII. it was restored to the heiress of the Butlers, its rightful possessors.

the absence of sir Thomas Boleyn on an embassy to France.¹ But, independently of the fact that sir Thomas Boleyn was not ambassador to France till many years after the birth of all his children, Henry VIII. was a boy under the care of his tutors at the period of Anne's birth, even if that event took place in the year 1507, the date given by Camden. Lord Herbert, however, says expressly, that Anne Boleyn was twenty years old when she returned from France in 1521, so that she must have been born about 1501. She was the eldest daughter of sir Thomas Boleyn and the lady Elizabeth.

Hever castle in Kent, Rochford hall in Essex, and Blickling hall in Norfolk have each been named by historians and topographers as the birthplace of Anne Boleyn. The evidences are strongly in favor of Blickling hall: the local tradition that Anne Boleyn was born there is so general that it pervades all classes in that neighborhood, even to the peasantry. This is confirmed by Blomfield, the accurate historian of that county;² and also by that diligent antiquarian, sir Henry Spelman, in his *Icena*, in which we find the following passage:—"To the left lies Blickling, once the seat of the Boleyns, from whence sprung Thomas Boleyn earl of Wiltshire, and Anne Boleyn, the mother of the divine queen Elizabeth. To Blickling was decreed the honor of Anne Boleyn's birth." As sir Henry Spelman was a Norfolk man, and the contemporary of queen Elizabeth, we think his testimony, borne out as it is by the opinion of the late noble owner of the domain,³ is conclusive. No fairer spot than Blickling is to be seen in the county of Norfolk. Those magnificent arcaded avenues of stately oaks and giant chestnut-trees, whose majestic vistas stretch across the velvet verdure of the widely-extended park, reminding us, as we walk beneath their solemn shades, of green cathedral aisles, were in their meridian glory three hundred and forty years ago, when Anne Boleyn first saw the light in the adjacent mansion. The room where she

¹ Brookes's *Succession*.

² Blomfield's *Hist. of Norfolk*, vol. iii., folio; 2d edition.

³ The earl of Buckinghamshire's letters: "Anne Boleyn was born here."

was born was shown till that portion of the venerable abode of the Boleyns was demolished to make way for modern improvements.¹ Some relics of the ancient edifice have been evidently united to the new building, and the servants were formerly in fear of a domestic spectre, whom they called 'old Bullen.' One room, called 'old Bullen's study,' was shut up, on account of the supernatural terrors of the household. There are statues of Anne Boleyn and queen Elizabeth on the staircase of wainscot, painted white.

The first years of Anne Boleyn's life were spent at Blickling, with her sister Mary and her brother George, afterwards the unfortunate viscount Rochford. Thomas Wyatt, the celebrated poet, was in all probability her playfellow, for his father sir Henry Wyatt was her father's coadjutor in the government of Norwich castle, and when the Boleyns removed to Hever castle, in Kent, the Wyatts were still their neighbors, residing at Allington in the same county. The first misfortune that befell Anne was the loss of her mother, lady Boleyn, who died in the year 1512, of puerperal fever.² She was interred in the splendid chapel and mausoleum of her own illustrious kindred, the Howards, at Lambeth.³ Sir Thomas Boleyn married again; at what period of his life we have no record, but it is certain that Anne's step-mother was a Norfolk woman of humble origin, and it has been observed that queen Elizabeth was connected, in consequence of this second marriage of her grandfather, with numerous families in Norfolk of a mean station in that county.⁴

¹ After the death of Anne Boleyn's father, Blickling fell into the possession of the infamous lady Rochford, on whom it had possibly been settled as dower. When lady Rochford was committed to the Tower with queen Katharine Howard, Henry VIII. sent his sharks to pillage Blickling. After lady Rochford's execution, Blickling was granted to sir Francis Boleyn, a kinsman of the family. If Mary Boleyn had had any peculiar claims on Henry's remembrance, it is scarcely probable that she and her children would have been thus wrongfully deprived of their patrimony.

² Howard Memorials, by Mr. Howard of Corby.

■ The chapel at Lambeth church, from which all traces of magnificence were removed in the revolution of 1640.

⁴ Thoms's Traditions; Camden Society. The fact that the lady Boleyn so prominent in history, who is evidently the person on whom scandal glances as

After the death of lady Boleyn, Anne resided at Hever castle, under the superintendence of a French governess called Simonette, and other instructors, by whom she was very carefully educated, and acquired an early proficiency in music, needle-work, and many other accomplishments. While her father was at court, or elsewhere, Anne constantly corresponded with him. Her letters were fairly written by her own hand, both in her own language and in French. These acquirements, which were rare indeed among ladies in the early part of Henry VIII.'s reign, rendered Anne a desirable *suivante* to the princess Mary Tudor, king Henry's youngest sister, when she was affianced to Louis XII. of France, in September, 1514. This also makes it certain that Anne was at least double the age stated by her biographers, for it is neither likely that a child of seven years old would have acquired the knowledge which Anne possessed at that time, or that an appointment would have been sought, much less obtained, for her in the suite of the departing princess. Certainly, both nurse and governess would have been required for a maid of honor of that tender age. The letter written by Anne to her father in French, on the joyful news that she was to come to court to receive the honor of presentation to queen Katharine, expresses the feelings of a young lady of seventeen on the contemplation of such an event, and not those of a little child:—

“SIR:—

“I find by your letter that you wish me to appear at court in a manner becoming a respectable female; and likewise that the queen will condescend to enter into conversation with me. At this I rejoice, as I do to think that conversing with so sensible and elegant a princess will make me even more desirous of continuing to speak and to write good French; the more as it is by your earnest advice, which (I acquaint you by this present writing) I shall follow to the best of my ability. Sir, I entreat you to excuse me if this letter is badly written. I can assure you the spelling proceeds entirely from my own head, while the other letters were the work of my hands alone; and Semmonet tells me she has left the letter to be composed by myself, that nobody else may know what I am writing to you. I therefore pray you not to suffer your superior knowledge to conquer the inclination which (you say) you have to advance me; for it seems

the mistress of Henry VIII., was *not* Anne Boleyn's mother, throws a new light on the history of the court. It ought to be noted how completely Mr. Thoms's Norfolk MSS. and the Howard Memorials agree on this point.

to me you are certain . . . where, if you please, you may fulfil your promise. As to myself, rest assured that I shall not ungratefully look upon this fatherly office as one that might be dispensed with; nor will it tend to diminish the affection you are in quest of, resolved as I am to lead as holy a life as you may please to desire of me; indeed, my love for you is founded on so firm a basis that it can never be impaired. I put an end to this my lucubration, after having very humbly craved your good-will and affection. Written at Hever, by

“Your very humble and obedient daughter,

“ANNA DE BOULLAN.”¹

It is impossible to believe that such a letter was written by an infant of seven years old, unassisted by her governess.

Anne Boleyn is named in the lists of the English retinue of Mary queen of France as her fourth maid of honor. Her coadjutors in this office were the grand-daughters of Elizabeth Woodville, lady Anne Gray and Elizabeth Gray, sisters to the marquess of Dorset: they were cousins to king Henry. The other was the youngest daughter of lord Dacre. The document in which they are named is preserved in the Cottonian library, and is signed by Louis XII. Four was the smallest number of maids of honor that could have been appointed for a queen of France, and assuredly a child of seven years old would scarcely have been included among them, especially at a time when the etiquettes of royalty were so much more rigidly observed than at present. There can be no doubt that mademoiselle de Boleyn, as she is called in that catalogue, was of full age to take a part in all the pageantry and processions connected with the royal bridal, and to perform the duties pertaining to her office, which could not have been the case had she been under fourteen years of age.

The fair young Boleyn, as one of the maids of honor to the princess Mary, had, of course, a place assigned to her near the person of the royal bride at the grand ceremonial of the espousal of that princess to Louis XII. of France, which was solemnized August 13, 1514, in the church of the Gray Friars, Greenwich, the duke of Longueville acting as the proxy of his sovereign.² In September, Anne attended her

¹ The above translation of the original French letter, preserved among archbishop Parker's MSS., Coll. Corp. Christi, Cantabr., is from the invaluable collection of royal letters edited by sir Henry Ellis; second series, vol. ii.

² Lingard.

new mistress to Dover, who was accompanied by the king and queen, and all the court. At Dover they tarried a whole month on account of the tempestuous winds, which did great damage on that coast, causing the wrecks of several gallant ships, with awful loss of lives. It was not till the 2d of October that the weather was sufficiently calm to admit of the passage of the royal bride.¹ Long before the dawn of that day, Anne and the rest of the noble attendants, who were all lodged in Dover castle, were roused up to embark with their royal mistress. King Henry conducted his best-loved sister to the sea-side, and there kissed her, and committed her to the care of God, the fortune of the sea, and the governance of the French king, her husband.² She and her retinue went on board at four o'clock in the morning. Anne Boleyn, though bidding adieu to her native land, was encouraged by the presence of her father sir Thomas Boleyn, her grandfather the duke of Norfolk, and her uncle the earl of Surrey, who were associated in the honor of delivering the princess to the king of France. Great perils were encountered on the voyage, for a tempestuous hurricane presently arose and scattered the fleet. The ship in which Anne sailed with her royal mistress was separated from the convoy, and was in imminent danger for some hours; and when at last she made the harbor of Boulogne, the master drove her aground in the mouth of the haven. Fortunately the boats were in readiness, and the terrified ladies were safely conveyed to the shore. Wet and exhausted as the fair voyagers were, they were compelled to rally their spirits the instant they landed, in order to receive, with the best grace their forlorn condition would permit, the compliments of a distinguished company of French princes, prelates, nobles, knights, and gentlemen, who were waiting on the strand to offer their homage to their beautiful young queen. To say nothing of the inconvenience, it must have been mortifying enough to Mary and her ladies to make their first appearance before the gallants of the court of France in the plight of a water-goddess and her attendant Nereids. Thus was the future queen of Eng-

¹ Hall.

² Ibid.

land, Anne Boleyn, initiated into some of the pains and penalties of grandeur, to which she served her early apprenticeship in the court of the graceful princess whom she was in after-days to call sister.

The fair travellers were conducted with solemn pomp to the town of Boulogne, where they obtained needful rest and refreshment, with the liberty of changing their wet garments. Anne proceeded with her royal mistress and the rest of the train, by easy journeys, till within four miles of Abbeville, when the bride and all her ladies, clad in glittering robes, mounted white palfreys, forming an equestrian procession of seven-and-thirty. Queen Mary's palfrey was trapped with cloth of gold: her ladies were dressed in crimson velvet, a costume peculiarly becoming to the sparkling black eyes and warm brunette complexion of the youthful maid of honor. A series of splendid pageants graced the public entrance of queen Mary and her ladies into Abbeville. On the following Monday, being St. Denis's day, Anne Boleyn was an assistant at the nuptials of her royal mistress with the king of France, which were solemnized with great pomp in the church of Abbeville. After the mass was done, there was a sumptuous banquet, at which the queen's English ladies were feasted, and received especial marks of respect. But the next day, October 10th, the scene changed, and, to the consternation and sorrow of the young queen, and the lively indignation of her followers, all her attendants, male and female, including her nurse, whom she called 'her mother Guildford,' were dismissed by the king her husband, and ordered to return home. Anne Boleyn and two other ladies were the only exceptions to this sweeping sentence.¹ She therefore witnessed all the pageants that were given in honor of the royal nuptials, and took a part in the fêtes. Her skill in the French language was doubtless the reason of her detention, and in this she must have been very serviceable to her royal mistress, who, but for her company, would have been left a forlorn stranger in her own court. It has been stated by a French biographer, from the authority of records

¹ Lingard. Benger. Thompson. Herbert.

of contemporary date, that when sir Thomas Boleyn returned to England, he placed his daughter, whose education he did not consider complete, in a seminary, probably a convent, in the village of Brie, a few miles from Paris, under the especial care of his friend and kinsman Du Moulin, lord of Brie and Fontenaye.¹

Whether Anne remained with her royal mistress till the death of Louis XII. broke the fetter which had bound the reluctant princess to a joyless home, and left her free to return to England as the happy wife of the man of her heart, or the previous jealousy of the French court against Mary's English attendants extended at last to her young maid of honor and caused her removal to Brie, cannot be ascertained. It is, however, certain that she did not return to England with queen Mary, but entered the service of the consort of Francis I., queen Claude, the daughter of the deceased king Louis XII. This princess, who was a truly amiable and excellent woman, endeavored to revive all the moral restraints and correct demeanor of the court of her mother, Anne of Bretagne. Queen Claude was always surrounded by a number of young ladies, who walked in procession with her to mass, and formed part of her state whenever she appeared in public. In private she directed their labors at the loom or embroidery-frame, and endeavored, by every means in her power, to give a virtuous and devotional bias to their thoughts and conversation. The society of gentlemen was prohibited to these maidens.² How the rules and regulations prescribed by this sober-minded queen suited the lively genius of her volatile English maid of honor, we leave our readers to judge after they have perused the following description, which the viscount Chateaubriant, one of the

¹ The abbé Libouf, who mentions this circumstance, considers that the French progenitor of the Boleyns formerly emanated from this very village, as Brockart, in his *Life of Du Moulin*, proves, by an ancient document which he quotes, that Gaultier de Boleyn, the ancestor of Anne, was a vassal kinsman to the lord of Brie in 1344. That Anne Boleyn received much kindness from the lord of Brie and his family is also inferred by this gentleman from the manner in which her daughter, queen Elizabeth, urged the French ambassador to bring the murderers of the wife of one of the family to justice.

² Brantome.

courtiers of Francis I., has left of the personal characteristics of the fair Boleyn:—"She possessed a great talent for poetry, and when she sung, like a second Orpheus, she would have made bears and wolves attentive. She likewise danced the English dances, leaping and jumping with infinite grace and agility. Moreover, she invented many new figures and steps, which are yet known by her name, or by those of the gallant partners with whom she danced them. She was well skilled in all games fashionable at courts. Besides singing like a siren, accompanying herself on the lute, she harped better than king David, and handled cleverly both *flute* and *rebec*.¹ She dressed with marvellous taste, and devised new modes, which were followed by the fairest ladies of the French court; but none wore them with her gracefulness, in which she rivalled Venus."² Our modern taste could dispense with her skill on the flute and fiddle, and likewise with her agile leaps and jumps in the dance, but every age varies in its appreciation of accomplishments. Like musical talent, poetical genius is often manifested in persons of the same descent. Anne Boleyn was cousin-german to the first English poet of her day, the celebrated earl of Surrey, and her brother, George Boleyn, was a lyrist of no little fame in the gallant court of Henry VIII. Several of his poems are published with those by sir Thomas Wyatt, her lover and faithful friend.

The French chroniclers have preserved a description of the costume Anne Boleyn wore at the court of Francis I. She had a bourrelet or cape of blue velvet, trimmed with points; at the end of each hung a little bell of gold. She wore a vest of blue velvet starred with silver, and a surcoat of watered silk lined with miniver, with large hanging sleeves, which hid her hands from the curiosity of the courtiers; her little feet were covered with blue velvet brodequins, the insteps were adorned each with a diamond star.

¹ In the original extract, "*elle manoit fort gentilment fluste et rebec.*" The rebec was a little violin with three strings.

² This extract is made from the manuscript of the count by M. Jacob, the learned octogenarian bibliopole of Paris. He says that the unedited memoirs of the count de Chateaubriant are "*trop hardis pour voir le jour.*"

On her head she wore a golden-colored aureole of some kind of plaited gauze, and her hair fell in ringlets. This is not the attire in which her portraits are familiar to the English, but it was the dress of her youth. If we may believe Sanders, Blackwood, and, indeed, many of the French historians, Anne Boleyn did not pass through the ordeal of the gay court of Francis I. without scandal. Francis himself has been particularly named in connection with these reports, but as nothing like proof has been stated in confirmation of such aspersions, she was probably innocent of anything beyond levity of manner. Even in the present age it may be observed that ladies who aim at becoming leaders of the *beau monde* not unfrequently acquire that species of undesirable notoriety which causes them to be regarded as *blazé*. It is possible that Anne Boleyn might be so considered by the more sedate ladies in the service of queen Claude.

Anne Boleyn is not mentioned as one of the company at the "field of the cloth of gold," yet it is almost certain that she was present in the train of her royal mistress, queen Claude. Her father, her step-mother, her uncle sir Edward Boleyn and his wife, and all her noble kindred of the Howard line were there, so that we may reasonably conclude that she graced that splendid *réunion* of all that was gay, gallant, and beautiful in the assembled courts of France and England. Our limits will not permit us to enter into the details of that last gorgeous page in the annals of chivalry; records of darker hue and deeper interest are before us than those of the royal pageantry in the plain of Ardres, where, if Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn looked upon each other, it was not as lovers. His fancy, we can scarcely venture to say his heart, was at that time occupied with her younger sister, Mary Boleyn; and Anne would naturally aim her brilliant glances at the young and noble bachelors, among whom she might reasonably expect to find a fitting mate.

At what period Anne Boleyn exchanged the service of the good queen Claude for the more lively household of that royal *belle esprit*, Margaret duchess of Alençon, and afterwards queen of Navarre, the sister of Francis I., is not

exactly known. Her return to England, according to the most authentic accounts, took place in the year 1522. Some historians of modern date have supposed that she remained in France till 1527, but this is decidedly an error, as we shall very soon prove from incontrovertible evidence.¹ Lord Herbert, who gives the first date, assures us that he has examined very carefully many manuscripts and records, both French and English, on this subject, and, as he gives a very favorable view of Anne Boleyn's character, there is no reason why he should have misrepresented a point of some consequence in her life. We give the noble historian's sketch of Anne at this period, transcribed, as he tells us, from the then unpublished manuscripts of George Caven-dish, gentleman-usher to cardinal Wolsey:—"This gentlewoman being descended on the father's side from one of the heirs of the earl of Ormond, and on the mother's from the house of Norfolk, was from her childhood of that singular beauty and towardness, that her parents took all possible care for her good education. Therefore, besides all the usual branches of virtuous instruction, they gave her teachers in playing on musical instruments, singing, and dancing, insomuch that, when she composed her hands to play and her voice to sing, it was joined with that sweetness of countenance that three harmonies concurred; likewise when she danced, her rare proportions varied themselves into all the graces that belong either to rest or motion. Briefly, it seems that the most attractive perfections were evident in her. Yet did not our king love her at first sight, nor before she had lived some time in France, whither, in the train of the queen of France, and in company of a sister of the marquess of Dorset, she went A.D. 1514. After the death of Louis XII. she did not return with the dowager, but was received into a place of much honor with the other queen, and then with the duchess of Alençon, where she stayed till some difference grew betwixt our king and Francis; therefore, as saith Du Tillet, and our records, 'about the time when our students at Paris were remanded, she likewise

¹ From Du Tillet, Fiddes, Herbert, State-Papers, Lingard, Duplex, Tindal's notes on Rapin.

left Paris, her parents not thinking fit for her to stay any longer.'"¹

In confirmation of this statement, Fiddes also informs us that Francis I. complained to the English ambassador, "that the English scholars and the daughter of sir Thomas Boleyn had returned home."² When a disputed matter happens to be linked with a public event, there can be no real difficulty in fixing the date, at least not to those historians who, instead of following the assertions of others, refer to the fountain-heads of history. There was another cause for Anne's return to England in that year; this was the dispute between sir Thomas Boleyn and the male heirs of the Butlers for the inheritance of the last earl of Wiltshire, Anne's great-grandfather, which had proceeded to such a height, that the earl of Surrey suggested to the king that the best way of composing their differences would be by a matrimonial alliance between a daughter of sir Thomas Boleyn and the heir of his opponent, sir Piers Butler.³ Henry agreed, and directed Wolsey to bring about the marriage. Mary Boleyn had been married to William Carey nine months before Wolsey received this interesting commission in November, 1521; therefore Anne was recalled from France for the purpose of being made the bond of peace between her father and their rival kinsman, Piers the Red.⁴

With so many graces of person and manners as were possessed by Anne Boleyn, it is remarkable that she had not previously disposed of both hand and heart to some noble cavalier in the gay and gallant court of France; but she appears to have been free from every sort of engagement when she returned to England. She was then, lord Herbert tells us, about twenty years of age, but according to the French historians, Rastal, a contemporary, and Leti (who all affirm that she was fifteen when she entered the service of Mary Tudor queen of France), she must have

■ Lord Herbert's Henry VIII.; in *White Kennet*, vol. ii. fol. 122.

■ Fiddes's *Wolsey*, 268.

■ *State-Papers*, published by Government, ii. 57.

■ *Lingard*, *Hist. England*, vol. vi. p. 172.

been two years older. The first time Henry saw her after her return to England was in her father's garden at Hever, where, it is said,¹ he encountered her by accident, and, admiring her beauty and graceful demeanor, he entered into conversation with her; when he was so much charmed with her sprightly wit that on his return to Westminster he told Wolsey, "that he had been discoursing with a young lady who had the wit of an angel, and was worthy of a crown."—"It is sufficient if your majesty finds her worthy of your love," was the shrewd rejoinder. Henry said "that he feared she would never condescend in that way."—"Great princes," observed Wolsey, "if they choose to play the lover, have that in their power which would mollify a heart of steel." Our author avers "that Wolsey, having a desire to get all the power of state into his own hands, would have been glad to see the king engrossed in the intoxication of a love-affair, and that he was the first person who suggested Anne Boleyn's appointment as maid of honor to the queen."²

"There was at this time presented to the eye of the court," says the poet Wyatt, "the rare and admirable beauty of the fresh and young lady Anne Boleyn, to be attending upon the queen. In this noble *imp* the graces of nature, adorned by gracious education, seemed even at the first to have promised bliss unto her in after-times. She was taken at that time to have a beauty, not so *whitely*, clear, and fresh, but above all we may esteem, which appeared much more excellent by her favor, passing sweet and cheerful, and was enhanced by her noble presence of shape and fashion, representing both mildness and majesty more than can be expressed." Wyatt is rapturous in his commendations of her musical skill and the exquisite sweetness of her voice,

¹ Gregorio Leti.

² In Leti's Life of Queen Elizabeth there is a modernized Italian translation of a letter purporting to be from Anne Boleyn to Henry VIII., expressing great delight at her appointment as maid of honor to the queen, as it would afford her the means of being oftener in his presence; but independently of the absence of those traits that generally verify a genuine letter, it bears every appearance of being a commonplace forgery. Anne Boleyn never wrote in a coarse, fulsome style, under any circumstances.

both in singing and in speaking. In the true spirit of a lover, the courtly poet, when he mentions the malformation of the little finger of the left hand, on which there was a double nail with something like an indication of a sixth finger, says, "but that which in others might have been regarded as a defect, was to her an occasion of additional grace by the skilful manner in which she concealed it from observation." On this account Anne always wore the hanging sleeves, previously mentioned by Chateaubriant as her peculiar fashion when in France. This mode, which was introduced by her into the court of Katharine of Arragon, was eagerly copied by the other ladies. Her taste and skill in dress are mentioned even by Sanders, who tells us, "she was unrivalled in the gracefulness of her attire, and the fertility of her invention in devising new patterns, which were imitated by all the court belles, by whom she was regarded as the glass of fashion." The same author gives us the following description of her person from a contemporary,¹ not quite so enthusiastic in his ideas of her personal charms as her admirer, the poetical Wyatt:—"Anne Boleyn was in stature rather tall and slender, with an oval face, black hair, and a complexion inclining to sallow: one of her upper teeth projected a little. She appeared at times to suffer from asthma. On her left hand a sixth finger might be perceived: on her throat there was a protuberance." This is confirmed by Chateaubriant, who describes it as a disagreeably large mole, resembling a strawberry; this she carefully covered with an ornamented collar-band, a fashion which was blindly imitated by the rest of the maids of honor, though they had never before thought of wearing anything of the kind. "Her face and figure were in other respects symmetrical," continues Sanders; "beauty and sprightliness sat on her lips; in readiness of repartee, skill in the dance, and in playing on the lute, she was unsurpassed."

Having thus placed before our readers the testimony of

¹ Which contemporary is cardinal Pole, in whose Latin letters we have seen all Sanders's intelligence concerning Anne Boleyn, who was, withal, Reginald Pole's kinswoman.

friend and foe, as to the charms and accomplishments of the fair Boleyn, we will proceed to describe the allowance and rules that were observed with regard to the table of the ladies in the household of queen Katharine, to which Anne was now attached. Each maid of honor was allowed a woman-servant and a spaniel as her attendants; the *bouche* of court afforded ample sustenance, not only to the lady herself, but her retainers, both biped and quadruped, were their appetites ever so voracious. A chine of beef, a manchets, and a *chet* loaf offered a plentiful breakfast for the three; to these viands was added a gallon of ale, which could only be discussed by two of the party. The brewer was enjoined to put neither hops nor brimstone into their ale, the first being deemed as horrible an adulteration as the last. The maids of honor, like officers in the army and navy at the present day, dined at mess, a circumstance which shows how very ancient that familiar term is. "Seven messes of ladies dined at the same table in the great chamber. Manchets, beef, mutton, ale, and wine were served to them in abundance, to which were added hens, pigeons, and rabbits. On fast-days their mess was supplied with salt salmon, salted eels, whittings, gurnet, plaice, and flounders. Such of the ladies as were peers' daughters had stabling allowed them."¹

There was a striking resemblance between Anne Boleyn and her sister Mary, the previous object of Henry's attention; but Mary was the fairest, the most delicately featured, and the most feminine of the two. In Anne, the more powerful charms of genius, wit, and fascination triumphed over every defect which prevented her from being considered a perfect beauty, and rendered her the leading star of the English court. Yet it was her likeness to her sister which, perhaps, in the first instance constituted her chief attraction with the king, who soon became secretly enamoured of her, though he concealed the state of his mind. As for the fair Boleyn herself, at the very time when most surrounded with admirers she appears to have been least sensible to the pride of conquest, having engaged herself in

¹ Household-books of Henry VIII.

a romantic love-affair with Henry lord Percy, the eldest son of the earl of Northumberland, regardless of the family arrangement by which she was pledged to become the wife of the heir of sir Piers Butler. Percy, like herself, had been destined by paternal policy to a matrimonial engagement wherein affection had no share. He had exhibited great reluctance to fulfil the contract into which his father had entered for him in his boyhood with the daughter of the earl of Shrewsbury,¹ and it was still unratified on his part when he appeared at court as an *élève* of cardinal Wolsey. The office which Percy filled about the person of the minister required that he should attend him to the palace daily, which he did; and while his patron was closeted with the king, or engaged at the council-board, he was accustomed to resort to the queen's antechamber, where he passed the time in dalliance with the maids of honor. At last he singled out mistress Anne as the object of his exclusive attention, and, from their frequent meetings, such love was nourished between them that a promise of marriage was exchanged, and, reckless alike of the previous engagements which had been made for them in other quarters by their parents, they became what was then called troth-plight, or insured to each other.²

Percy, like a true lover, gloried in his passion and made no secret of his engagement, which was at length whispered to the king by some envious busybody, who had probably observed that Henry was not insensible to the charms of Anne Boleyn. The pangs of jealousy occasioned by this intelligence, it is said, first awakened the monarch to the state of his own feelings towards his fair subject,³ in whose

¹ Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 20, 21. In a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury from his priest, Thomas Allen, concerning the contract between the earl of Northumberland and the earl of Shrewsbury for their children, Thomas Allen says:—"The question hath been asked of my lord of Northumberland of the marriage of his son; he hath answered, 'I have concluded with my lord Shrewsbury.' He hath been desired to bring lord Percy to court. He answered, 'When he is better learned, and well acquainted with his wife, shortly after he shall come to court.'" Such was the intelligence written to the earl of Shrewsbury by his family priest so early as May 24, 1516.

² Cavendish. Nott's Life of Surrey.

³ Cavendish. Herbert. Tytler.

conversation he had always taken the liveliest pleasure, without being himself aware that he regarded her with emotions inconsistent with his duty as a married man. As for the young lady herself, she appears to have been wholly unconscious of the impression she had made on her sovereign's heart. In fact, as her whole thoughts were employed in securing a far more desirable object,—namely, her marriage with the heir of the illustrious and wealthy house of Percy,—it is scarcely probable that she incurred the risk of alarming her honorable lover by coquetries with the king. Under these circumstances, we think Anne Boleyn must be acquitted of having purposely attracted the attention of Henry in the first instance. On the contrary, she must, at this peculiar crisis, have regarded his passion as the greatest misfortune that could have befallen her, as it was the means of preventing her marriage with the only man whom we have the slightest reason to believe she ever loved.

If Anne, however, regarded the king with indifference, his feelings towards her were such that he could not brook the thought of seeing her the wife of another, though aware that it was not in his power to marry her himself.¹ With the characteristic selfishness of his nature, he determined to separate the lovers. Accordingly he sent for Wolsey, and, expressing himself very angrily on the subject of the contract into which Anne Boleyn and Percy had entered, charged him to take prompt steps for dissolving their engagement.² The cardinal, in great perplexity, returned to his house at Westminster, and sending for lord Percy, there, before several of his servants, he rudely addressed him in these words:—³ “I marvel not a little at thy folly, that thou wouldst thus attempt to *assure* [contract] thyself with a foolish girl yonder in the court, Anne Bullen. Dost thou not consider the estate that God hath called thee unto in this world? For, after thy father's death, thou art likely to inherit and enjoy one of the noblest earldoms in the kingdom; and therefore it had been most meet and

¹ Cavendish. Herbert. Tytler. Guthrie.

² Cavendish's Wolsey. Herbert.

³ The whole scene is in the words of Cavendish, who was present.

convenient for thee to have had thy father's consent in this case, and to have acquainted the king's majesty therewith, requiring his princely favor, and in all such matters submitting thy proceedings unto his highness, who would not only thankfully have accepted thy submission, but I am assured would have so provided thy purpose that he would have advanced thee much more nobly, and have matched thee according to thy degree and honor, and so by thy wise behavior mightest have grown into his high favor, to thy great advancement. But now, see what you have done through your wilfulness! You have not only offended your father, but also your loving sovereign lord, and matched yourself with such a one as neither the king nor your father will consent to; and hereof I put thee out of doubt that I will send for thy father, who, at his coming, shall either break this unadvised bargain or else disinherit thee forever. The king's majesty will also complain of thee to thy father, and require no less than I have said, because he intended to prefer Anne Bullen to another, wherein the king had already *travailed* [taken trouble]; and being almost at a point with one for her (though she knew it not), yet hath the king, like a politic prince, conveyed the matter in such sort that she will be, I doubt not, upon his grace's mention, glad and agreeable to the same."

"Sir," quoth the lord Percy, weeping, "I knew not the king's pleasure, and am sorry for it. I considered I am of good years, and thought myself able to provide me a convenient wife as my fancy should please me, not doubting but that my lord and father would have been right well content. Though she be but a simple maid, and a knight to her father, yet is she descended of right noble parentage, for her mother is high of the Norfolk blood, and her father descended of the earl of Ormond, being one of the earl's heirs-general. Why then, sir, should I be anything scrupulous to match with her, in regard of her estate and descent, equal with mine when I shall be in most dignity? Therefore I most humbly beseech your grace's favor therein, and also to entreat the king's majesty, on my behalf, for his princely favor in this matter, which I cannot for-

sake."—"Lo, sirs," quoth the cardinal to us, pursues Caven-
dish, who was a witness of this conference, "ye may see
what wisdom is in this wilful boy's head! I thought that,
when thou heardest the king's pleasure and intention herein,
thou wouldst have relented, and put thyself and thy volup-
tuous act wholly to the king's will and pleasure, and by him
to have been ordered as his grace should have thought
good."—"Sir," quoth the lord Percy, "so I would, but in
this matter I have gone so far before so many worthy wit-
nesses that I know not how to discharge myself and my
conscience."—"Why," quoth the cardinal, "thinkest thou
that the king and I know not what we have to do in as
weighty matters as this? Yes, I warrant thee: but I see
no submission in thee to that purpose."—"Forsooth, my
lord," quoth lord Percy, "if it please your grace. I will
submit myself wholly to the king and your grace in this
matter, my conscience being discharged of a weighty bur-
den thereof."—"Well, then," quoth my lord cardinal, "I
will send for your father out of the north, and he and we
shall take such order as—in the mean season I charge thee
that thou resort no more into her company, as thou wilt
abide the king's indignation." With these words¹ he rose
up, and went into his chamber.

Nor was this unceremonious lecture the only mortifica-
tion the unfortunate lover was doomed to receive. His
father, the earl of Northumberland, a man in whose cold
heart and narrow mind the extremes of pride and mean-
ness met, came with all speed out of the north, having re-
ceived a summons in the king's name; and, going first to
Wolsey's house to inquire into the matter, was received by
that proud statesman in his gallery, "where," says Caven-
dish, "they had a long and secret communication." Then
(after priming himself for the business with a cup of the
cardinal's wine) he seated himself on a bench which stood
at the end of the gallery for the use of the serving-men,
and calling his son to him, he rated him in the following
harsh words,² while Percy stood cap in hand before him:—
"Son," quoth he, "even as thou hast been, and always wert,

¹ Cavendish.² Ibid.

a proud, licentious, and unthinking waster, so hast thou now declared thyself; and therefore what joy, what comfort, or pleasure, or solace shall I conceive of thee, that thus, without discretion, hast misused thyself? having neither regard unto me, thy natural father, nor yet to the king, thy sovereign lord, nor to the weal of thy own estate, but hast unadvisedly assured thyself unto her, for whom the king is with thee highly displeased, whose displeasure is intolerable for any subject to bear. But his grace, considering the lightness of thy head and wilful qualities of thy person (his indignation were able to ruin me and my posterity utterly),—yet he (being my singular good lord and favorable prince), and also my lord cardinal my good lord, hath and doth clearly excuse me in thy light act, and doth lament thy folly rather than malign me for the same, and hath devised an order to be taken for thee, to whom both I and you are more bound than we conceive of. I pray God that this may be a sufficient admonition to thee to use thyself more wisely hereafter, for assure thyself that, if thou dost not amend thy prodigality, thou wilt be the last earl of our house. For thy natural inclinations, thou art masterful and prodigal to consume all that thy progenitors have, with great travail, gathered together; but I trust (I assure thee) so to order my succession that thou shalt consume thereof but little.” Then telling Percy that he did not mean to make him his heir, having other boys whom he trusted would prove themselves wiser men, he threatened to choose the most promising of those for his successor. To crown all, he bade Wolsey’s servants mark his words, and besought “them not to be sparing in telling his son of his faults; then bidding him ‘Go his ways to his lord and master and serve him diligently,’ he departed to his barge.”¹

A contemporary document has lately been discovered in the State-Paper office,² which bears the strongest evidence

¹ Although Cavendish has not given the dates when these events occurred, he relates them in chronological order with other matters, which verify the year as precisely as if he had noted it in figures.

² By sir Henry Ellis, in the Cromwell correspondence. See the third series

of being the transcript of a letter written by Percy in his first trouble at the prospect of being compelled to absent himself from Anne Boleyn, and expressing, as the reader will see, great perplexity and uneasiness at having incurred the anger of the king without being at all aware of the cause. The nature of his offence had not then, probably, been explained to him by Wolsey. This letter, which has neither date nor signature, is as follows:—

“MR. MELTON:—

“This shall be to advertise you, that *maistres Anne is changed from that she was at* ¹ when we iij were last together. Wherefore I pray you that ye, by no devil’s sake, but according to the truth, ever justify as ye shall make answer before God, and do not suffer her in my absence to be married to any other man. I must go to my master² wheresoever he be, for the lord privy-seal desireth much to speak with me; whom if I should speak with in my master’s absence, it would cause me [to] lose my head. And yet I know myself as true a man to my prince as liveth, whom (as my friends informeth me), the lord privy-seal saith, I have offended grievously in my words. No more to you, but to have me commended unto ‘maistres’ Anne; and bid her remember her promise, which none can loose but God only, to whom I shall daily during my life commend.

“To maister James be this delivered with speed.”

The following notation certifies the fact that the above is only a copy, which had cost the transcriber great trouble:—

“Some words in the original hereof be rent out of this letter, which John Uvedale, by guess, hath made sententious, as is before deciphered, as near as he can imagine.”³

The person to whom this letter is addressed is evidently a mutual friend and confidant of both parties, possessing—as we infer from the writer’s earnest entreaties to him not to allow ‘maistres’ Anne to be married to any other man in his absence—peculiar influence with her father. It is possible that the transcriber has erroneously written Mr. Melton instead of Mr. ‘Skelton,’ the kinsman of the Boleyns,

of Original Letters, vol. ii. pp. 132, 133, where this curious document is printed in the original orthography, which, in order to render the sense clear to general readers, is modernized in my quotation.

¹ Changed her abode.

² Query? Wolsey.

³ Cromwell’s object in making this transcript was, in all probability, to show it up in evidence of Anne’s pre-contract to Percy, as a convenient pretext for nullifying her subsequent marriage with Henry, when the fickle tyrant wished to give her place to Jane Seymour, and invalidate the legitimacy of their daughter Elizabeth.

who subsequently obtained great preferment in the court through the favor of Anne Boleyn.

Sir Henry Ellis says of this letter, "It relates to some sort of engagement not likely now to be explained, but evidently before Anne Boleyn could have had a thought of being raised to a throne." It is surprising that the learned editor should not have been struck with the peculiar similarity of circumstances, which leads to the presumption that it was written by Percy at the time when he had unwittingly incurred the displeasure of his imperious master the cardinal, and the anger of the king, for having engaged himself to Anne Boleyn. The writer of this letter is in the service of a master powerful enough to cause him to lose his head for a very slight offence. No one but Wolsey could inspire such an apprehension, and Percy was under his control. The peril of loss of head proves the elevated rank of the party, for if he had been merely one of the gentlemen of the court, or even a knight like sir Henry Norris, he would not have been in danger of the axe, but the halter; and, as there is not the slightest reason to believe that Anne Boleyn ever gave a promise of marriage to any nobleman but Percy, the natural inference is that the letter emanated from him.

The luckless heir of Northumberland was, in the sequel, not only commanded to avoid the company of 'maistres' Anne, but driven from the court, and compelled to fulfil his involuntary contract to lady Mary Talbot, one of the daughters of the earl of Shrewsbury.¹ It was therefore not Anne's inconstancy, but his own pusillanimity which broke the love-plight between them. If Percy had possessed firmness enough to remain constant to his beloved Anne, he would soon have been at liberty to please himself; for the proud earl his father died three years after he had, by forcing him into a heartless marriage, rendered him the most miserable of men.²

¹ The earl of Surrey, in a letter "scribbled the 12th day of September, 1523," says, "The marriage of my lord Percy shall be with my lord steward's daughter, whereof I am glad. The chief baron is with my lord of Northumberland to conclude the marriage."—Cited by Dr. Lingard, *Hist. England*, vol. vi. p. 112.

² Archives of the house of Percy.

Burnet, after adverting to Cavendish's account of Anne Boleyn's engagement with Percy, as the only satisfactory guide for the date of her first appearance in the court of Henry VIII., adds this remark:—"Had that writer told us in what year this was done, it had given a great light to direct us."¹ That date of Percy's marriage, in the autumn of 1523, proves that he could not have sought Anne Boleyn's hand in the year 1527, when he had been nearly four years the husband of another lady of the highest rank; besides, he was no longer the lord Percy, or in Wolsey's household in that year, but earl of Northumberland and his own master, as the archives of the house of Percy prove.² These stubborn facts verify the statements of Herbert and Fiddes, that Anne Boleyn returned to England in 1522, at which period this important episode in her life commenced, and the king gave the first indications of a passion which has left such memorable traces in the history of his country. Henry's jealous pique at the preference Anne Boleyn had shown for Percy, induced him to inflict upon her the mortification of discharging her from queen Katharine's household, and dismissing her to her father's house. "Whereat," says Cavendish, "mistress Anne was greatly displeased, promising that if ever it lay in her power, she would be revenged on the cardinal; and yet he was not altogether to be blamed, as he acted by the king's command." Anne Boleyn, having no idea of the real quarter whence the blow proceeded by which she was deprived of her lover and the splendid prospect that had flattered her, naturally regarded the interference of Wolsey as a piece of gratuitous impertinence of his own, and, in the bitterness of disappointed love, nourished that vindictive spirit against him which no after submissions could mollify. She continued for a long time to brood over her wrongs and disappointed hopes in the stately solitude of Hever castle, in Kent, where her father and step-mother then resided. There appears to have been little

¹ Hist. Reformation, vol. i. p. 43.

² See Lingard's Hist. of England, vol. vi. p. 112; Brooke's Succession; Milles's Catalogue of Honor; and letters of Bryan, Higden, and the earl of Cumberland to Heneage, touching the funeral of Percy's father.—Chapter-house MSS.

intercourse, after her father's second marriage, with her noble maternal kindred, as sir Thomas Boleyn's name is never mentioned in the Howard-book among the visitors to the duke of Norfolk from the date of his first lady's death. There is reason to believe that Anne was tenderly attached to her step-mother, and much beloved by her.

After a period sufficient to allow for the subsiding of ordinary feelings of displeasure had elapsed, the king paid an unexpected visit to Hever castle. But Anne was either too indignant to offer her homage to the tyrant whose royal caprice had deprived her of her affianced husband, or her father, feeling the evil of having the reputation of one lovely daughter blighted by the attentions of the king, would not suffer her to appear; for she took to her chamber, under pretence of indisposition, on Henry's arrival at the castle, and never left it till after his departure.¹ It was doubtless to propitiate the offended beauty that Henry, on the 18th of June, 1525, advanced her father sir Thomas Boleyn to the peerage by the style and title of viscount Rochford, one of the long-contested titles of the house of Ormond.² He also, with the evident intention of drawing the whole family to his court once more, bestowed on the newly-created viscount the high office of treasurer of the royal household, and appointed William Carey, the husband of Mary Boleyn, a gentleman of the privy-chamber.

It must have been towards the end of this summer that Anne addressed the following affectionate letter to her friend lady Wingfield, which is signed, in the pride of her new nobility, Anne "Rocheford." It is evidently a letter of condolence. The trouble under which Anne begs her to take comfort is, of course, the death of her husband, sir Richard Wingfield, who died at Toledo, July 15, 1525, during his embassy to the emperor Charles V.

"MADAME:—

"I pray you, as you love me, to give credence to my servant, this bearer, touching your removing, and anything else he shall tell you of my behalf, for I will desire you to do nothing but that shall be for your weal; and, madame, though at all times I have not showed the love that I bear you as much as it was

¹ Benger's Life of Anne Boleyn.

² Lingard.

indeed, yet now I trust that you shall well prove that I loved you a great deal more than I made feign for; and assuredly, next mine own mother,¹ I know no woman alive that I love better, and at length, with God's grace, you shall prove that it is unfeigned. And I trust you do know me for such a one, that I will write nothing to comfort you in your trouble, but I will abide by it as long as I live; and therefore I pray you leave your indiscreet trouble, both for displeasing God, and also for displeasing me, that doth love you so entirely. And trusting in God that you will thus do, I make an end, with the ill hand of

"Your own assured friend during my life,

"ANNE ROCHEFORD.

"To my lady Wingfield, this be delivered."²

It is scarcely probable that Anne continued unconscious of the king's passion, when he followed up all the favors conferred on her family by presenting a costly offering of jewels to herself; but when Henry proceeded to avow his love, she recoiled from his lawless addresses with the natural abhorrence of a virtuous woman, and falling on her knees she made this reply:—³ "I think, most noble and worthy king, your majesty speaks these words in mirth to prove me, without intent of degrading your princely self. Therefore to ease you of the labor of asking me any such question hereafter, I beseech your highness, most earnestly, to desist and take this my answer (which I speak from the depth of my soul) in good part. Most noble king! I will rather lose my life than my virtue, which will be the greatest and best part of the dowry I shall bring my husband." Henry, having flattered himself that he had only to signify his preference in order to receive the encouragement which is too often accorded to the suit of a royal lover,—

"Suit lightly made, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain,"—

met this earnest repulse with the assurance that "he should at least continue to hope."—"I understand not, most mighty

¹ As lady Elizabeth Howard, Anne's real mother, died in 1512, it must be her step-mother of whom she speaks with so much regard. The princess Mary styles Jane Seymour 'her mother,' and even 'her most natural mother the queen.'

² Wood's Letters of Royal Ladies. The above letter derives its sole importance from being addressed to the lady whose alleged death-bed deposition regarding the mysterious offences for which Anne was beheaded is supposed to have been the cause of her condemnation.

³ MS., Sloane, 2495, p. 197.

king, how you should retain such hope," she proudly rejoined. "Your wife I cannot be, both in respect of mine own unworthiness, and also because you have a queen already; your mistress I will not be."¹

Those historians who have consigned the name of Anne Boleyn to unmixed infamy have distorted this beautiful instance of lofty spirit and maidenly discretion into a proof of her subtlety, as if she had anticipated a like result to that which had followed the repulse given by Elizabeth Woodville to Edward IV. But the case was wholly different, as Edward was a bachelor and Henry a married man; therefore Anne Boleyn very properly reminded Henry that she could not be his wife, because he had a queen. This speech affords no intimation that her answer would have been favorable to his wishes, even if he had been free to offer her his hand. Keenly feeling, and deeply resenting, as she undoubtedly did, the loss of Percy, she was not of a temper to reward the royal libertine for compelling her betrothed to break his contract with her and wed another.

The manner in which Anne repelled her enamoured sovereign's addresses only added fuel to his flame, and he assailed the reluctant beauty with a series of love-letters of the most passionate character. The originals of these letters are still preserved in the Vatican, having been stolen from the royal cabinet and conveyed thither. Burnet was prepared to consider them as forgeries; but, says he, "directly I saw them, I was too well acquainted with Henry's hand to doubt their authenticity."² In the absence of all dates, the arrangement of these letters becomes matter of opinion, and we are disposed to think the following was written soon after the circumstances to which we have just alluded, containing as it does an earnest expostulation from Henry against her continued refusal to appear at his court:—

"TO MY MISTRESS:—

"As the time seems very long since I heard from you, or concerning your health, the great love I have for you has constrained me to send this bearer, to

¹ MS., Sloane, No. 2495. Tytler. Sharon Turner.

² They are chiefly in old French. We have seen a faithful transcript from the original MS. in the collection of sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., of Middle Hill.

be better informed both of your health and pleasure, particularly because, since my last parting with you, I have been told that you have entirely changed the mind in which I left you, and that you neither mean to come to court with your mother, nor any other way; which report, if true, I cannot enough marvel at, being persuaded in my own mind that I have never committed any offence against you. And it seems hard, in return for the great love I bear you, to be kept at a distance from the person and presence of the woman in the world that I value the most; and if you love me with as much affection as I hope you do, I am sure the distance of our two persons would be equally irksome to you, though this does not belong so much to the mistress as to the servant.

"Consider well, my mistress, how greatly your absence afflicts me. I hope it is not your will that it should be so; but if I heard for certain that you yourself desired it, I could but mourn my ill fortune, and strive by degrees to abate of my folly. And so, for lack of time, I make an end of this rude letter, beseeching you to give the bearer credence in all he will tell you from me.

"Written by the hand of your entire servant,

"H. R."

The relative terms of mistress and servant, which the king uses so frequently in this correspondence, belonged to the gallantry of the chivalric ages, and were not yet obsolete. Anne's replies were evidently of a most unsatisfactory nature to Henry, as we perceive from the following remonstrance, which occurs at an early stage of the correspondence:—

"By revolving in my mind the contents of your last letters, I have put myself into great agony, not knowing how to interpret them, whether to my disadvantage (as I understand some others) or not. I beseech you earnestly to let me know your real mind, as to the love between us two. It is needful for me to obtain this answer of you, having been for a whole year wounded with the dart of love, and not yet assured whether I shall succeed in finding a place in your heart and affection. This uncertainty has hindered me of late from declaring you my mistress, lest it should prove that you only entertain for me an ordinary regard. But if you please to do the duty of a true and loyal mistress, and to give up yourself, heart and person, to me, who will be, as I have been, your most loyal servant (if your rigor does not forbid me), I promise you that not only the name shall be given you, but also that I will take you for my mistress, casting off all others that are in competition with you out of my thoughts and affections, and serving you only. I beg you to give an entire answer to this my rude letter, that I may know on what and how far I may depend; but if it does not please you to answer me in writing, let me know some place where I may have it by word of mouth, and I will go thither with all my heart.

"No more, for fear of tiring you. Written by the hand of him who would willingly remain

"Yours,

"H. REX."

Notwithstanding all these submissions on the part of her royal lover, it is certain that Anne Boleyn continued to absent herself. Indeed, as all traces of her disappear from the annals and correspondence of the period, it may reasonably be inferred that it was at this juncture she went back to France, and entered the service of Margaret duchess of Alençon, the French court having reassembled in the year 1525-26 with renewed splendor, to celebrate with a series of fêtes and rejoicings the emancipation of Francis I. from his captivity. All historians agree that Anne returned to England with her father in the year 1527, when he was recalled from his diplomatic mission; but those who have not taken the trouble of tracing the dates of Percy's marriage and his subsequent succession to the earldom, erroneously assert that her acquaintance with the king commenced that year.

✓ After an absence of four years, Anne Boleyn resumed her place in the palace of queen Katharine, in compliance, it is supposed, with her father's commands, and received the homage of her enamoured sovereign in a less repulsive manner than she had done while her heart was freshly bleeding for the loss of the man whom she had passionately desired to marry. If her regrets were softened by the influence of time and absence, it is certain that her resentment continued in full force against Wolsey for his conduct with regard to Percy, and was treasured up against a day of vengeance; "she having," says Cavendish, "always a prime grudge against my lord cardinal for breaking the contract between her and lord Percy, supposing it to be his own device and no other's. And she at last knowing the king's pleasure and the depth of his secrets, then began to look very haughty and stout, lacking no manner of rich apparel or jewels that money could purchase."

Henry's passion for Anne and her ill-will to his favorite minister were soon apparent to the magnates of the court, who, disgusted with the pride and despotic conduct of the latter, were eager to avail themselves of her influence to accomplish his fall. Wolsey, perceiving the danger that threatened him, exerted all his arts of pleasing to conciliate

the offended beauty, and prepared many feasts and masks to entertain her and the king at his own house. This induced her to treat him with feigned civility, but the hatred of a vindictive person dissembled is always far more perilous than the open violence of a declared foe. Anne, however, went further than dissembling, for she condescended to the use of the most deceitful blandishments in order to persuade the cardinal that she had a great regard for him. "This day," writes Heneage to Wolsey,¹ "as the king was going to dinner, 'maistres' Anne spake to me, and said 'she was afraid your grace had forgotten her, because you sent her no token with Forest;' and said, 'she thought that was the matter that he came not to her.' And I showed her that he came from your grace very *timely* ;² and also that your grace had such mind upon those letters sent by him, that your grace did not remember to send any letters by mine; and," pursues Heneage, "my lady her mother [step-mother] desired me to send unto your grace, to desire your grace to bestow a morsel of tunny upon her."³ The date of this letter, March 4th, shows that it was Lent, and the Boleyn ladies were hungering after all sorts of dainty fish, such as graced the cardinal's sumptuous board. Anne, in particular, appears to have been very much of an epicure; for though the king sent that night, as Heneage informs Wolsey, a dish from his own table by him for mistress Anne's supper,⁴ of which she kindly invited him to partake, yet even that did not content her, for while Heneage and she were discussing it, she was hankering after Wolsey's dainties, and expressing her wish "for some of his good meat, as carpes, shrimpes,⁵ and other delicacies. I beseech your grace, pardon me," continues Heneage, who appears to draw strange conclusions from those cravings, "that I am so bold as to write unto your grace hereof; it is but the conceit and mind of a woman." Anne Boleyn was at Windsor at this time, as the letter is dated from that place.

The question of Henry's divorce from Katharine was now

¹ Original Letters, sir H. Ellis; third series.

² Meaning early.

³ Ellis's Original Letters; third series.

⁴ Ibid. Heneage was then in waiting on king Henry.

⁵ Ibid.

mysteriously agitated under the name of "the king's secret matter," and Wolsey, far from suspecting the real object for which the king was desirous of riding himself of his consort, became the blind instrument of opening the path for the elevation of his fair enemy to a throne. The intrigues which prefaced the public proceedings for the divorce have been related in the life of Katharine of Arragon. A splendid farewell fête was given to the French ambassadors at Greenwich, May 5, 1527, and at the mask with which the midnight ball concluded the king gave a public mark of his preference for Anne Boleyn by selecting her for his partner.¹ It was at this period, perhaps, that Henry caused the following sonnet, of his own composition, to be sung to the reluctant object of his regard, thus pointing out, with characteristic arrogance, the difference in their relative positions, and the inutility of resistance on her part:—

"The eagle's force subdues each bird that flies :
 What metal can resist the flaming fire?
 Doth not the sun dazzle the clearest eyes,
 And melt the ice, and make the frost retire?
 The hardest stones are pierced through with tools,
 The wisest are with princes made but fools." ²

Henry's new passion became obvious even to the queen, and occasioned her to upbraid him with his perfidy, but it does not appear that she condescended to discuss the matter with Anne. Wolsey's appointment to the embassy to France is stated by Cavendish to have been contrived by the intrigues of Anne Boleyn, at the instigation of his enemies, who were desirous of getting him out of England. During the absence of Wolsey the influence of Anne increased beyond measure, and the "king's secret matter" ceased to be a mystery to those who did not shut their eyes to the signs of the times. Wolsey, indeed, had suffered himself to be so completely duped by Henry's diplomatic feints, as to have committed himself at the French court by entering into negotiations for uniting his master to Rénée of France, the sister of the deceased queen Claude. Meantime, a treatise

¹ MSS. de Brieune, fol. 80.

² Harrington's *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 388.

on the unlawfulness of his present marriage was compounded by the king and some of his favorite divines. How painfully and laboriously the royal theologian toiled in this literary labyrinth is evidenced by a letter written by himself to the fair lady whose bright eyes had afflicted him with such unwonted qualms of conscience that he had been fain to add the pains and penalties of authorship to the cares of government for her sake. This curious letter must have been written in the summer of 1527, during one of those temporary absences with which Anne Boleyn occasionally tantalized him :—

“MINE OWN SWEET HEART :—

“This shall be to advertise you of the great loneness that I find since your departing, for, I assure you, me-thinketh the time longer since your departing now last, than I was wont to do a whole fortnight. I think your kindness and my fervency of love causeth it, for otherwise I would not have thought it possible that for so little awhile it should have grieved me. But now that I am coming towards you, me-thinketh my pains be half relieved, and also I am right well comforted, insomuch that my book maketh substantially for my matter. In token whereof I have spent above four hours this day upon it, which has caused me to write the shorter letter to you at this time, because of some pain in my head.”¹ . . .

Henry's impatience for the accomplishment of his wishes made him dissatisfied with Wolsey's diplomatic caution with regard to his “matter;” and, having hitherto found the cardinal subservient to all his wishes, he recalled him to England, and confided to him his desire of making Anne Boleyn his wife.² Thunderstruck at this disclosure, the minister threw himself at the feet of his royal master, and remained several hours on his knees reasoning with him on the infatuation of his conduct, but without effect. Henry's passion was again quickened by the stimulus of jealousy, for about this time we find Anne coquetting with sir Thomas

¹ Dr. Lingard considers the expressions with which this letter concludes too coarse to be transcribed. Sharon Turner, on the contrary, who quotes the whole letter, regards it as one of the proofs of Henry's respect for Anne Boleyn's virtue. “It requires no great correctness of taste,” says Turner, “to feel that those letters are written in very decorous, affectionate, and earnest terms, and with the feelings and phrase that men use to honorable and modest women.” It is, nevertheless, difficult to imagine any woman of honorable principles receiving and treasuring such letters from a married man.

² Cavendish. Lingard.

Wyatt, her early friend and devoted admirer. Wyatt, Surrey, George Boleyn, and Anne Boleyn were the most accomplished quartette in the court of Henry VIII. The ties of blood which united the two Boleyns with their cousin Surrey were not so powerfully felt as the attraction which a sympathy of tastes and pursuits created between them and Wyatt. Anne Boleyn might, perhaps, have consoled herself for the loss of Percy by marrying Wyatt; but, unfortunately, his hand was pledged to another before her contract with the heir of Northumberland was broken. Her French education had, however, taught her to regard adulation as a welcome tribute to her charms, and she permitted his attentions.

A very curious incident occurred during this perilous flirtation, as it would be called in modern parlance, which throws some light on the progress of Henry's courtship at this time. "One day, while Anne Boleyn was very earnest on her embroidery, Wyatt was hovering about her, talking and complimenting her (for which their relative employments about the king and queen gave him good opportunity), he twitched from her a jewelled tablet, which hung by a lace or chain out of her pocket. This he thrust into his bosom, and, notwithstanding her earnest entreaties, never would restore it to her, but wore it about his neck under his cassock. Now and then he showed it to her in order to persuade her to let him retain it as a mark of her favor, or at all events to prove a subject of conversation with her, in which he had great delight. Anne Boleyn, perceiving his drift, permitted him to keep it without further comment, as a trifle not worth further contest. Henry VIII. watched them both with anxious jealousy, and quickly perceived that the more sir Thomas Wyatt hovered about the lady the more she avoided him. . . . Well pleased at her conduct, the king," says sir Thomas Wyatt, "fell to win her by treaty of marriage, and in his talk on that matter took from her a ring, which he ever wore upon his little finger."

Anne Boleyn had gained some little wisdom by her disappointment in regard to Percy, for Wyatt declares "that

all this she carried with great secrecy." Far different was the conduct of the king, who was extremely anxious to display his triumph over Wyatt. Within a few days after, he was playing at bowls with Wyatt, the duke of Suffolk, and sir Francis Bryan. Henry was in high good humor, but affirmed that in the cast of the bowl he had surpassed his competitor Wyatt. Both Wyatt and his partner declared, "By his leave it was not so." The king, however, continued pointing with his finger on which he had Anne Boleyn's ring, and, smiling significantly, said, "Wyatt, I tell thee it is *mine*." The ring, which was well known to him, at last caught the eye of sir Thomas Wyatt, who paused a little to rally his spirits. Then taking from his bosom the chain to which hung the tablet, which the king likewise remembered well, and had noted it when worn by Anne Boleyn, he said, "And if it may like your majesty to give me leave to measure the cast with *this*, I have good hopes yet it will be mine." Wyatt then busied himself with measuring the space between the bowls with the chain of the tablet, and boldly pronounced the game to be his. "It may be so," exclaimed the monarch, haughtily spurning from him the disputed bowl; "but then I am deceived!" and, with an angry brow, he broke up the sport. This double-meaning dialogue was understood by few or none but themselves; but the king retired to his chamber with his countenance expressive of the resentment he felt. He soon took an opportunity of reproaching Anne Boleyn with giving love-tokens to Wyatt, when the lady clearly proved, to the great satisfaction of her royal lover, that her tablet had been snatched from her and kept by superior strength.¹

No one who dispassionately reflects on these passages in Anne's conduct can reconcile it either with her duty to her royal mistress, or those feelings of feminine delicacy which would make a young and beautiful woman tremble at the

¹ On this circumstance, related by Wyatt himself, has been founded the calumny repeated by Sanders and many French and Spanish writers, and by the Catholic historians in general, that Wyatt had confessed to Henry an intrigue with Anne Boleyn; but the high favor in which he continued with *both*, plainly proves that Wyatt's passion was not permitted by the lady to transgress farther than he describes in the above narration.

impropriety of becoming an object of contention between two married men. Wyatt prudently resigned the fair prize to his royal rival, and if Anne abstained from compliance with the unhallowed solicitations of the king, it must, we fear, be ascribed rather to her caution than her virtue, for she had overstepped the restraints of moral rectitude when she first permitted herself to encourage his attentions. In the hour that Anne Boleyn did this she took her first step towards a scaffold, and prepared for herself a doom which fully exemplifies the warning, "Those who sow the whirlwind must expect to reap the storm." Ambition had now entered her head; she saw that the admiration of the sovereign had rendered her the centre of attraction to all who sought his favor, and she felt the fatal charms of power,—not merely the power which beauty, wit, and fascination had given her, but that of political influence. In a word, she swayed the will of the arbiter of Europe, and she had determined to share his throne as soon as her royal mistress could be dispossessed. The Christmas festival was celebrated with more than usual splendor at Greenwich that year, and Anne Boleyn, not the queen, was the *prima donna* at all the tournaments, masks, banquets, and balls with which the king endeavored to beguile the lingering torments of suspense occasioned by the obstacles which Wolsey's diplomatic craft continued to interpose in the proceedings for the divorce.

When Henry's treatise on the illegality of his present marriage was completed, in the pride of authorship he ordered it to be shown to the greatest literary genius of his court, sir Thomas More, with a demand of his opinion. Too honest to flatter, and too wise to criticise the work of the royal pedant, More extricated himself from the dilemma by pleading his ignorance of theology. The treatise was, however, presented to pope Clement; and Stephen Gardiner (then known by the humble name of Mr. Stephen) was, with Edmund Fox, the king's almoner, deputed to wring from that pontiff a declaration in unison with the prohibition in Scripture against marriage with a brother's widow. This, and some other equivocal concessions, having been obtained, Fox returned to England, and, proceeding to Greenwich,

communicated the progress that had been made to the king, who received him in Anne Boleyn's apartments. Anne, whose sanguine temper, combined with feminine inexperience in ecclesiastical law, made her fancy that the papal sanction to the divorce was implied in the instruments exhibited to the king, was agitated with transports of exultation, and bestowed more liberal promises of patronage on the bearer of these unmeaning documents than became her. Wolsey was included in a commission with cardinal Campeggio to try the validity of the king's marriage, and, under the influence of his enamoured master, had written a letter to the pope, describing Anne Boleyn as a model of female excellence, in order to controvert the scandals that were already current at Rome respecting her connection with the king.

In this position were affairs when the noted epidemic called 'the sweating sickness' broke out, June 1st, in the court. Henry, in his first alarm, yielded to the persuasions of Wolsey and his spiritual directors, and sent the fair Boleyn home to her father at Hever castle, while he effected a temporary reconciliation with his injured queen. His penitentiary exercises with Katharine did not, however, deter him from pursuing his amatory correspondence with her absent rival. Here is one of the letters which appears to have been addressed to Anne while at Hever castle:—¹

"MY MISTRESS AND MY FRIEND:—

"My heart and I surrender ourselves into your hands, and we supplicate to be commended to your good graces, and that by absence your affections may not be diminished to us. For that would be to augment our pain, which would be a great pity, since absence gives enough, and more than I ever thought could be felt. This brings to my mind a fact in astronomy, which is, that the further the poles are from the sun, notwithstanding, the more scorching is his heat. Thus is it with our love; absence has placed distance between us, nevertheless fervor increases,—at least on my part. I hope the same from you, assuring you that in my case the anguish of absence is so great, that it would be intolerable were it not for the firm hope I have of your indissoluble affection towards me. In order to remind you of it, and because I cannot in person be in your presence, I send you the thing which comes nearest that is possible; that is to say, my

¹ Printed at the end of Robert of Avesbury.

picture, and the whole device, which you already know of, set in bracelets, wishing myself in their place when it pleases you. This is from the hand of

“Your servant and friend,

“H. R.”

Fears for the health of his absent favorite certainly dictated the following letter from Henry to Anne:—

“The uneasiness my doubts about your health gave me, disturbed and frightened me exceedingly, and I should not have had any quiet without hearing certain tidings. But now, since you have as yet felt nothing, I hope it is with you as it is with us. For when we were at Walton, two ushers, two valets-de-chambre, and your brother¹ fell ill, but are now quite well; and since we have returned to your house at Hunsdon² we have been perfectly well, God be praised, and have not, at present, one sick person in the family, and I think, if you would retire from the Surrey side, as we did, you would escape all danger. There is another thing that may comfort you, which is, that, in truth, in this distemper few or no women have been taken ill; and besides, no person of our court, and few elsewhere, have died of it. For which reason I beg you, my entirely beloved, not to frighten yourself, or to be too uneasy at our absence, for wherever I am, I am yours. And yet we must sometimes submit to our misfortunes, for whoever will struggle against fate is generally but so much the farther from gaining his end: wherefore comfort yourself and take courage, and make this misfortune as easy to you as you can, for I hope shortly to make you sing ‘*le renvoyé*.’³

“No more at present for lack of time, but that I wish you in my arms, that I might a little dispel your unreasonable thoughts.”

One of the earliest victims to the pestilence was Anne's brother-in-law, William Carey,⁴ gentleman of the bedchamber to the king. A letter, written by Anne to the king in behalf of her sister Mary, now left a destitute widow with two infants, elicits from Henry this mysterious reply, in which no lingering symptom of tenderness for the former object of his fickle regard is discernible:—

¹ This was George Boleyn.

² Hunsdon. This seat, so noted as the nursery of Henry VIII.'s children, originally belonged to the Boleyns, and was purchased by the king from them.

³ This was probably the refrain of some pretty French roundelay she used to sing.

⁴ He was only just released from his duty in the royal bedchamber, in which he had slept for several nights. Bryan Tuke writes to Wolsey:—“Now is news come that Mr. Carey is dead of the sweat, whom, at my first coming, I met near this place; and he said to me, that he had been with his wife at Plashey, and would not be seen in the king's residence, because he wanted to ride and hunt. Our Lord have mercy on his soul, and hold his hand over us!”—Cott. MS., Vesp. c. iv. f. 237.

"In regard to your sister's matter, I have caused Walter Welche¹ to write to my lord [her father] my mind thereon, whereby I trust that Eve shall not deceive Adam; for surely, whatever is said, it cannot stand with his honor but that he must needs take her, his natural daughter,² now in her extreme necessity. No more to you at this time, mine own darling, but awhile I would we were together an evening.

"With the hand of yours,

"H. R."

This metaphor of Eve has allusion to the step-mother of Mary and Anne Boleyn, who had been extremely averse to Mary's love-match; but the king seems to suppose that she would not, after his mandate, dare to prejudice the father against his distressed child. We shall soon find the indiscreet Mary in disgrace with all parties, on account of her incorrigible predilection for making love-matches.

Anne and her father were both seized with this alarming epidemic early in June. The agitating intelligence of the peril of his beloved was conveyed to Henry by express at midnight. He instantly despatched his physician, Dr. Butts, to her assistance, and indited the following tender epistle to her:—

"The most displeasing news that could occur came to me suddenly at night. On three accounts I must lament it. One, to hear of the illness of my mistress, whom I esteem more than all the world, and whose health I desire as I do my own: I would willingly bear half of what you suffer to cure you. The second, from the fear that I shall have to endure my wearisome absence much longer, which has hitherto given me all the vexation that was possible. The third, because my physician (in whom I have most confidence) is absent at the very time when he could have given me the greatest pleasure. But I hope, by him and his means, to obtain one of my chief joys on earth; that is, the cure of my mistress. Yet, from the want of him, I send you my second (Dr. Butts), and hope that he will soon make you well. I shall then love him more than ever. I beseech you to be guided by his advice in your illness. By your doing this, I hope soon to see you again, which will be to me a greater comfort than all the precious jewels in the world.

"Written by that secretary who is, and forever will be, your loyal and most assured servant,
"H. R."

Henry was at Hunsdon, June 23, 1528, where he was attended by his secretary Bryan Tuke, who assisted him in

¹ Sir Walter Welche, one of the six gentlemen of his privy-chamber.

² The expression in the letter of *natural* daughter does not mean *illegitimate* daughter, but points out that she was sir Thomas's daughter by the ties of *nature*, while she was but the *step-daughter* of lady Boleyn. The term *natural* for illegitimate was not used till the last century.

some of his writings in favor of his divorce, evidently much against the secretary's inclination. The king used to commune secretly with his physician, and sup apart in a tower; and as he passed by the chamber of Bryan, would "turn in," and examine what he had written, and chat on news, and talk of anything on his mind. Among other matters he told him "how mistress Anne and lord Rochford both had the sickness, and what jeopardy they have been in by the turning in of the sweat before the time; of the endeavors of Dr. Butts, who went to them and returned; and finally, of their perfect recovery."¹ Anne was in imminent danger, but through the skill and care of Dr. Butts she was preserved to fulfil a darker destiny. The shadow of death had passed from over her, but the solemn warning was unheeded, and she fearlessly pressed onward to the fatal accomplishment of her wishes.

The first use she made of her convalescence was to employ Heneage to pen the following deceitful message from her to cardinal Wolsey:—"Maistres Anne is very well amended, and commended her humbly to your grace, and thinketh it long till she speak with you."² She soon after wrote to the cardinal herself, and it seems difficult to imagine how a woman of her haughty spirit could condescend to use the abject style which at this period marks her letters to her unforgiven foe. It is, however, possible that this dissimulation was enjoined by Henry, when he paid her his promised visit after her recovery from the sickness, at which time they must have compounded this partnership epistle³ with the view of beguiling Wolsey into forwarding their desire at the approaching convention:—

"MY LORD:—

"In my most humble wise that my heart can think, I desire you to pardon me that I am so bold to trouble you with my simple and rude writing, esteeming it to proceed from her that is much desirous to know that your grace does well, as I perceive from this bearer that you do, the which I pray God long to continue, as I am most bound to pray; for I do not know the great pains and

¹ Letter of Bryan Tuke to Wolsey, Cotton. MS., c. iv. f. 237.

² State-Papers, vol. i.

³ Harleian Miscellany.

troubles you have taken for me, both night and day, is ever to be recompensed on my part, but *alonely* [only] in loving you (next to the king's grace) above all creatures living. And I do not doubt but the daily proof of my deeds shall manifestly declare and affirm the same writing to be true, and I do trust you think the same. My lord, I do assure you I do long to hear from you news of the legate, for I do hope (an' they come from you) they shall be very good; and I am sure you desire it as much as I, and more an' it were possible, as I know it is not: and thus remaining in a steadfast hope, I make an end of my letter. Written with the hand of her that is most bound to be—" ¹

"P.S. by king Henry. The writer of this letter would not cease till she had caused me likewise to set my hand, desiring you, though it be short, to take it in good part. I *ensure* you that there is neither of us but greatly desireth to see you, and are joyous to hear that you have escaped this plague so well, trusting the fury thereof to be passed, especially with them that keepeth good diet, as I trust you do. The not hearing of the legate's arrival in France causeth us somewhat to muse, notwithstanding we trust, by your diligence and vigilancy (with the assistance of Almighty God), shortly to be eased out of that trouble. No more to you at this time, but that I pray God send you as good health and prosperity as the writer would.

"By your loving sovereign and friend,

"H. R."

The king had, according to the French ambassador, become infuriated with Wolsey at the delay of the divorce, and had used "terrible terms" to him. Wolsey, towards the middle of July, fell sick of the pestilence, or pretended to be so, in order to work on the king's affection, or to procure some respite till the arrival of Campeggio. Anne Boleyn sent him the following letter, which, from mentioning this illness, is supposed to have been written at the end of July, 1528:—

"MY LORD:—

"In my most humble wise that my poor heart can think, I do thank your grace for your kind letter, and for your rich and goodly present, the which I shall never be able to deserve without your help, of which I have hitherto had so great plenty, that all the days of my life I am most bound of all creatures, next the king's grace, to love and serve your grace, of the which I beseech you never to doubt that ever I shall vary from this thought, as long as any breath is in my body. And as touching your grace's trouble with the sweat, I thank our Lord that them that I desired and prayed for are escaped; and that is, the king's grace and you, not doubting that God has preserved you both for great causes known *alonely* [only] of His high wisdom. And as for the coming of the legate, I desire that much. And if it be God's pleasure, I pray him to send

¹ This letter has been attributed to queen Katharine and Henry VIII. It has no signature, but the manner of composition is precisely the same with the next letter by Anne Boleyn.

this matter shortly to a good end, and then I trust, my lord, to recompense part of your great pains. In the which I must require you, in the mean time, to accept my good will in the stead of the power; the which must proceed partly from you, as our Lord knoweth, whom I beseech to send you long life, with continuance in honor. Written with the hand of her that is most bound to be

"Your humble and obedient servant,

"ANNE BOLEYN."

There is a difficulty in reading and understanding the letters of Anne Boleyn, on account of an evident want of sincerity. Another of these epistles, meant to propitiate Wolsey, regarding the trial of the validity of queen Katharine's marriage, is a repetition, with very little variation, of the professions in the above. She "humbly thanks him for his travail in seeking to bring to pass the greatest weal that is possible to come to any creature living, and in especial remembering how wretched and unworthy I am in compare to his highness." The earnestness of her protestations of favor and affection to the cardinal, in case he should succeed in making her queen, is apparent in the following words, which are still to be seen in the British Museum, written by her hand, and subscribed with her autograph, as follows:—

"I assure you that after this matter is brought to bear, you shall find as your bound (in the mean time) to owe you my service, and then look what thing in this world I can imagine to do you pleasure in, you shall find me the gladdest woman in the world to do it.

*Y^r humble and
obedient servant
anne boleyne*


That occasional doubts and misgivings were entertained by Anne, as to the stability of Henry's regard and the real nature of his intentions, may be gathered from the device of a jewel presented by her to the royal lover, to which he alludes in the following letter:—

"For a present so valuable, that nothing could be more (considering the whole of it), I return to you my most hearty thanks, not only on account of the costly diamond, and the ship in which the solitary damsel is tossed about, but chiefly for the fine interpretation and the too humble submission which your goodness hath made to me; for I think it would be very difficult for me to find an occasion to deserve it, if I were not assisted by your great humanity and favor, which I have always sought to seek, and will always seek to preserve by all the services in my power; and this is my firm intention and hope, according to the motto, ¹ *Aut illic aut nullibi*.

"The demonstrations of your affections are such, the fine thoughts of your letter so cordially expressed, that they oblige me forever to honor, love, and serve you sincerely, beseeching you to continue in the same firm and constant purpose; and assuring you that, on my part, I will not only make you a suitable return, but outdo you in loyalty of heart, if it be possible.

"I desire, also, that if at any time before this I have in any way offended you, that you would give me the same absolution that you ask, assuring you that hereafter my heart shall be dedicated to you alone. I wish my person was so too. God can do it, if he pleases, to whom I pray once a day for that end, hoping that at length my prayers will be heard. I wish the time may be short, but I shall think it long till we see one another. Written by the hand of that secretary, who, in heart, body, and will is

"Votre loyal et plus assuré serviteur

L's autre  *ne cherche* *HS*

It must have been nearly at this crisis that the king was induced to declare to Anne Boleyn and her father, that it was his intention to make her his consort whenever he should be released from his present marriage. After this intimation, he became a frequent visitor at Hever castle. He used to ride thither privately from Eltham or Greenwich. The local tradition of Hever points out a certain

¹ The original of this letter is written in French. The letters are seventeen in all; eight of these are written in English, and nine of the earlier in French. Two of the French letters have the fanciful heart signature, with the French words on each side of the heart, signifying *Henry seeks Anne Boleyn, no other*: and the word of power, *Rex*. One French letter is signed with H. R., and the heart enclosing A. B. without the words; another has merely the king's initials, with the French words *ma aimable* written on each side. The English letters are signed in three different modes, with the initials of the king's name as above, without other additions. Some have a small *h* and the *Rex* contraction; another the word *Henry*, very well written, and the *Rex* contraction; this last is added to a small French letter (No. 8), ending in cipher, in answer to an evident request for a place in the royal household. The fantastic signature at the conclusion is appended to more than one of Henry's letters.

hill which commanded a view of the castle, where he used to sound his bugle to give notice of his approach. The oak-panelled chamber and the antique gallery are still shown at the castle where he used to have interviews with Anne Boleyn. "She stood still upon her guard," says Wyatt, "and was not easily carried away with all this appearance of happiness; first, on account of the love she bare ever to the queen whom she served, a personage of great virtue; and secondly, she imagined that there was less freedom in her union with her lord and king than with one more agreeable to her."

Her love of pleasure and thirst for admiration rendered Anne impatient to emerge from the retirement of Hever castle; and the fears of the pestilence having entirely passed away, she returned to court on the 18th of August. The French ambassador, Du Bellai, who had predicted that her influence would entirely decay with absence, thus announces her reappearance in his reports to his own government:—"Mademoiselle de Boleyn has at last returned to the court, and I believe the king to be so infatuated with her that God alone could abate his madness." The queen was sent to Greenwich, and her fair rival was lodged in a splendid suite of apartments contiguous to those of the king.¹ The time-serving portion of the courtiers flattered the weakness of the sovereign by offering their adulation to the beautiful and accomplished object of his passion. She was supported by the powerful influence of her maternal kinsmen, the duke of Norfolk and his brethren, men who were illustrious, not only by their high rank and descent from the monarchs of England and France, but by the services they had rendered their country, both by sea and land; yet the voice of the great body of the people was against her. They felt the cause of their injured, their virtuous queen as their own; and their indignation was so decidedly manifested, that Henry, despotic as he was, ventured not to oppose the popular clamor for the dismissal of his fair favorite.² Power might uphold, the sophistry of party defend, the position of

¹ Le Grand. Tytler. Lingard.

² Herbert, in *White Kennet*, vol. i. p. 106.

Anne Boleyn at this crisis, but on the grounds of morality and religion it could never be justified. The legate was expected from Rome to try the validity of the king's marriage with Katharine, and, as Henry founded his objections on scruples of conscience, it was judged most prudent to keep passion behind the scenes till the farce was ended. Anne Boleyn was accordingly required by her royal lover to retire to Hever castle for the present. This sort of temporizing policy was not agreeable to her, but the king insisted upon her departure; "whereat," to use the quaint but expressive phrase of a contemporary, "she smoked." So great, indeed, was her displeasure, that she vowed she would return to court no more, after having been dismissed in such an abrupt and uncourteous fashion.

Henry, who was greatly troubled at the perversity of mistress Anne, did everything in his power to conciliate her. He continued to write the most impassioned letters to her, and to give her the earliest intelligence of the progress of the expected legate. That Anne at first maintained an obdurate silence is evinced by one of Henry's letters, which we insert:—

"Although, my mistress, it has not pleased you to remember the promise you made me when I was last with you; that is, to hear good news from you, and to have an answer to my last letter, yet it seems to me that it belongs to a true servant (seeing that otherwise he can know nothing) to inquire the health of his mistress; and to acquit myself of the duty of a true servant, I send you this letter, beseeching you to apprise me of your welfare. I pray this may continue as long as I desire mine own. And to cause you yet oftener to remember me, I send you, by the bearer of this, a buck killed last evening, very late, by mine own hand,—hoping, that when you eat of it, you may think of the hunter. From want of room, I must end my letter. Written by the hand of your servant, who very often wishes for you instead of your brother.

"H. R."

Cardinal Campeggio's frequent fits of the gout had retarded his opening the legantine court, which was expected speedily to pronounce the divorce. It has been conjectured that the delay was wilful, in order that Henry's fickle temper might weary of his passion before the sentence was pronounced. Anne Boleyn was certainly of this opinion, and expressly declared that Campeggio's illness was feigned.

The next letter shows that the king was of a different opinion, and it is apparent that he thought she had acted unreasonably in the anger she had lately manifested against himself:—

"To inform you what joy it is to me to understand of your conformableness with reason, and of the suppressing of your inutile and vain thoughts with the bridle of reason, I assure you all the greatness of the world could not counterpoise, for my satisfaction, the knowledge and certainty thereof. Therefore, good sweetheart, continue the same, not only in this, but in all your doings hereafter, for thereby shall come, both to you and me, the greatest quietness that may be in this world.

"The cause why the bearer stays so long is, the gear¹ I have had to dress up for you, which I trust, ere long, to see you occupy; and then I trust to occupy yours, which shall be recompense enough to me for all my pains and labor.

"The unfeigned sickness of this well-willing legate² doth somewhat retard this access to your person, but I trust verily, when God shall send him health, he will with diligence recompense his demur. For I know well when he hath said (touching the saying and bruit noise³ that he is thought imperial) 'that it shall be well known in this matter that he is not *imperial*;⁴ and this for lack of time.

"Farewell."

According to Stowe, and some others, the revenues of the see of Durham (or, at any rate, that portion of the immunities of the bishopric which were situated in the metropolis) were bestowed by Henry on Anne Boleyn while she yet retained the name of maid of honor to his queen. It is certain that Durham house became by some means the London residence of herself and her parents.⁵ It was pleasantly situated on the banks of the river, on the very spot in the Strand now occupied by the Adelphi buildings. This, however, did not content Anne, and when, after an absence of two months, she consented, by the entreaties of the king, sec-

² Supposed the furnishing and decking of Suffolk house.

³ Cardinal Campeggio, whom Anne Boleyn suspected of a political fit of the gout.

⁴ 'Regarding the popular report,' is the meaning of this strange sentence.

⁵ Meaning that he was not devoted to the interests of queen Katharine's nephew, the emperor.

⁶ Pennant. It is curious to trace the possessions of queen Elizabeth as Anne Boleyn's heiress; when she was princess, this Durham house was her town residence, and was afterwards granted by her to sir Walter Raleigh. "It was a stately house, built in the reign of Henry III. by Anthony Beck, bishop of Durham; the hall is stately and high, supported with lofty marble pillars. It standeth upon Thames, very pleasantly. Her majesty [Elizabeth] hath given the use thereof to sir Walter Raleigh."—Norden's Survey: Camden Society.

ended by the commands and even the tears of her father, to return to court, it was only on condition that a more splendid and commodious residence should be allotted her. Henry took infinite pains to please her in this matter, and at length employed Wolsey as his agent in securing Suffolk house for her abode. This is announced to Anne in the following letter :—

“DARLING :—

“As touching a lodging for you, we have gotten one by my lord cardinal’s means, the like whereof could not have been found hereabouts for all causes, as this bearer shall more show you. As touching our other affairs, I assure you there can be no more done or more diligence used, nor all manner of dangers better both foreseen and provided for; so that I trust it shall be hereafter to both our comforts, the specialties whereof were both too long to be written, and hardly by messenger to be declared. Wherefore, till you repair hither I keep something in store, trusting it shall not be long, for I have caused my lord your father to make his provisions with speed.”

In another letter he wishes her father to hasten their arrival in London, saying, “I entreat you, my mistress, to tell your father from me, that I beg him to advance but two days the designated time, that it may be earlier than the old term, or at least on the day prefixed. Otherwise I shall think he is not disposed to assist lovers as he promised, nor according to my expectations.”

Suffolk house was contiguous to Wolsey’s splendid new-built palace, York house, known afterwards by the name of Whitehall. Henry took the opportunity of borrowing this mansion of the cardinal, as affording better facilities for unobserved intercourse with Anne than his own royal abode at Westminster. The monarch liked York house so well that he never returned it, either to its defrauded master or to the see of York. Before these arrangements were well completed, the king had the annoyance of learning that all he wrote in confidence to Anne Boleyn was publicly known in London soon after, which caused him to write this admonition to the incautious beauty :—

“DARLING :—

“I heartily commend me to you, ascertaining you that I am a little perplexed with such things as your brother shall, on my part, declare unto you, to whom I pray you will give full credit, for it were too long to write. In my last letters,

I writ to you that I trusted shortly to see you; this is better known in London than anything that is about me, whereof I not a little marvel, but *lack of discreet* handling must needs be the cause. No more to you at this time, but that I trust shortly our meeting shall not depend upon other men's light handling, but upon your own. Writ with the hand of him that longs to be yours."¹

The reproof contained in this letter is gentle, considering the provocation, and shows how extremely Anne Boleyn was indulged by her lover. It develops, likewise, a great weakness in her character, that of tattling and boasting to all around her of the arrangement the king was making at London to have access to her presence without ostensibly living under the same roof with her.

Anne took possession of the stately mansion which her enamoured sovereign had provided for her early in December, for on the 9th of that month the French ambassador writes, "Mademoiselle de Boulan has arrived, and the king has placed her in very fine lodgings, immediately adjoining to his own; and there, every day, more court is paid to her than *she* ever paid to the queen." Henry, indeed, induced his courtiers to attend the daily levees which she, like a rival queen, held with all the pomp of royalty. She had her ladies in waiting, her train-bearer, and her chaplains, and dispensed patronage both in church and state. At Christmas the king joined his family at Greenwich, and Anne Boleyn outraged all propriety by accompanying him. She and the queen, however, were not supposed to associate. The queen kept open house as usual, and mistress Boleyn held her revels apart.² Scandal, of course, was busy with her name;³ what lady who submitted to occupy a position so suspicious could escape with a reputation unblemished? The reports of the foreign ambassadors, especially those of France and Venice, are full of those rumors, which might have been foreseen by any female who had the slightest delicacy of mind. The apathy of Anne Boleyn to such imputations can only be accounted for by her residence in the licentious court of Francis I., where she had seen the

¹ This billet appears to be the last in the series of Henry's celebrated love-letters to Anne Boleyn.

² I. Evêque de Bayonne, p. 231.

³ Ibid. Turner, vol. ii. p. 516.

countess Chateaubriant and the duchess d'Éstampes treated with the distinction of princesses, and tolerated by the ladies of the royal family. Even her own illustrious and high-minded patroness, Margaret duchess of Alençon, had condescended to avail herself of the influence of D'Éstampes over the mind of Francis in more instances than one,—a melancholy proof of the deterioration of the moral standard of *diplomates*.

In the commencement of the year 1529, Gardiner was again despatched to Rome to plead for the divorce. It is a curious fact that on the 4th of April Anne Boleyn sent him a present of cramp-rings, accompanied with the following letter.¹ It is expressed in a style which shows she either considered him as her friend, or was desirous of persuading him that she thought him such :—

“MR. STEPHEN :—²

“I thank you for my letter, wherein I perceive the willing and faithful mind you have to do me pleasure, not doubting but as much as it is possible for man's wit to imagine you will do. I pray God to send you well to speed in all your matters, so that you will put me in a study how to reward your high service. I do trust in God you shall not repent it, and that the end of this journey shall be more pleasant to me than your first: for that was but a rejoicing hope, which, ceasing, the lack of it does put to the more pain, and they that are partakers with me, as you do know. Therefore do I trust that this hard beginning shall make the better ending.

“Mr. Stephen, I send you here the cramp-rings for you, and Mr. Gregory (Cassal), and Mr. Peter; pray you to distribute them both, as *she* that (you may assure them) will be glad to do them any pleasure which shall be in my power. And thus I make an end, praying God send you good health.

“Written at Greenwich the 4th day of April,

“By your assured friend,
“ANN BOLLEIN.”

There is something remarkable connected with this present of cramp-rings, seeing that by a superstition, parallel to the kings of England curing ‘the evil’ by their touch, the queens of England were supposed to possess the power alone of consecrating cramp-rings. The question naturally arises,

¹ Le Grand. Ellis, Royal Letters; first series.

² State-Paper, MSS. No. 123. Gardiner's Christian name was Stephen. The letter in Burnet, vol. ii. p. 265. In Tytler's lately published letters from the State-Papers, the envoys of Mary I. request there may be sent some newly-blessed cramp-rings for distribution.

how came Anne Boleyn in the year 1529 by a sufficient number of cramp-rings for Gardiner to distribute among the English ambassador to the pope, if she had not taken upon herself the queenly office of consecrating them?¹

It is remarkable that those cruel persecutors of our early reformers, Gardiner and Bonner, were the most active of all the ecclesiastics for the divorce, and that Cranmer was brought forward as an *élève* of Gardiner for the same purpose: all three were under the especial patronage of Anne Boleyn, and rose to greatness chiefly through her influence. Cranmer, when he was first encountered by Gardiner at the house of Mr. Cressy, at Waltham, was occupied in the tuition of Mr. Cressy's sons. His eloquence and learning attracted the attention of Gardiner, who, to prove him, introduced the topic of the divorce, and asked in what manner he would proceed if the conduct of that affair were intrusted to him? "I would obtain the opinion of the most learned universities in Europe on the validity of a marriage contracted under such circumstances," was the reply. Gardiner communicated this rejoinder to the king; on which Henry made this characteristic exclamation, "He has gotten the sow by the right ear." The plan was adopted, and Cranmer was immediately received into the family of Anne

¹ In Burnet, vol. ii. p. 266 of Records, is to be found the whole Latin formula of this singular and forgotten office pertaining to our English queens. It is entitled the Office of Consecrating the Cramp-rings; and certain Prayers to be used by the Queen's highness in the consecration of the Cramp-ring. It commences with the Psalm of *Deus misereatur nostri*: then follows a Latin prayer invoking the aid of the holy Spirit. The rings then lying in one basin or more, a prayer to be said over them, from which we learn the rings were made of metal (silver, we think), and were to expel all livid venom of serpents. The rings were blessed with an invocation to the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, and signed frequently with the cross; in the last benediction, the request is made "that the rings may restore contracted nerves." A psalm of benediction follows, and a prayer "against the frauds of devils." These prayers being said, "the queen's highness rubbeth the rings between her hands," saying, *Sanctifice, Domine, annulos istos*, etc.: the rest of the prayer implies, "that as her hands rub the rings, the virtue of the holy oil wherewith she was anointed might be infused into their metal, and by grace of God be efficacious." The ceremony concludes with holy water being poured into the basins, and further prayers. The manuscripts from which Burnet copied this service were written for the use of queen Mary I.

Boleyn's father,¹ where he was treated with much regard. Soon after he was preferred to the office of chaplain to the king, and ever enjoyed the confidence and favor of the fair Anne Boleyn, whose theological opinions he is supposed to have greatly influenced.

The first introduction of Tindal's translations of the holy Scriptures was, according to Strype, effected while Anne Boleyn was the all-powerful favorite of Henry, served with royal pomp, and attended by a suite of maids of honor like a queen. Among the ladies of her retinue there was a fair young gentlewoman called mistress Gaynsford, who was beloved by Anne's equerry, a youth of noble lineage, named George Zouch. In the course of their 'love tricks,' George one day snatched a book out of young mistress Gaynsford's hands, to which she was attending more than he approved when in his company. It was no other than Tindal's translation of the Gospels, which had been lent to her by her mistress Anne Boleyn, to whom it had been privately presented by one of the Reformers. It was proscribed by cardinal Wolsey, and kept secretly from the king. Mistress Gaynsford, knowing its importance, tried to get it back from her lover, but George Zouch remained perversely obstinate, and kept it to tease her. One day he went with other courtiers to the king's chapel, when he took it into his head to read the book he had snatched from his beloved, and was soon so utterly absorbed in its contents that the service was over before he was conscious of the lapse of time. The dean of the chapel, wishing to see what book the young gentleman was perusing with such attention, took it out of his hand; when, finding it was the prohibited version of the Scriptures, he carried it to cardinal Wolsey. Meantime, Anne Boleyn asked mistress Gaynsford for the book she had lent her, who, greatly terrified at its loss, confessed that George Zouch had stolen it, and detained it to

¹ It was at Durham house that Cranmer was domesticated with the Boleyns, and when the earl of Wiltshire was absent, he used to transmit from thence particulars of the proceedings and the welfare of his family. "The countess" (lady Boleyn), he writes, "is well. The king and the lady Anne rode to Windsor yesterday, and to-night they be expected at Hampton Court."—Strype's Cranmer.

torment her. Anne Boleyn sent for George and inquired into the matter. When she heard the fate of the book she was not angry with the lovers; "But," said she, "it shall be the dearest book that ever dean or cardinal detained." She then hastened to the king, and entreated that he would interpose to recover her stolen volume, a request with which he instantly complied. The first use she made of her recovered treasure was to entreat the king to examine it, and this incident had a great effect in producing the change that followed.¹

This circumstance is supposed to have precipitated the fall of Wolsey. Anne Boleyn had not forgiven, she never did forgive, the interference which had deprived her of her first love, Percy. The anger she had conceived against the cardinal on that occasion remained, after a lapse of six years, an unquenchable fire. In the hope of making him an instrument in her aggrandizement, she had, as we have seen, condescended to employ the arts of flattery, till she perceived that he was playing a game as fine and as false with her as she with him, and that it was no part of his intention to make her an amend for the loss of a countess's coronet by assisting her to encircle her brow with a queenly diadem. She had, moreover, shrewd reason to suspect, however fairly he might carry it with her, that he was the man who secretly incited the popular cry, "We'll have no Anne Bullen! Nan Bullen shall not be our queen!" Anne dissembled no longer than till Wolsey (entangled in the perplexities of the net he had woven for his own destruction) had committed himself irrevocably with the queen, and at the same time incurred the suspicions of the king by his sinuous conduct. She then placed in Henry's hands letters written by the cardinal to Rome, which afforded proofs of his duplicity. These she had obtained from her kinsman, sir Francis Bryan, and they weighed heavily

¹ Sir Thomas Wyatt likewise relates this anecdote, but he affirms that the book was Tindal's *Christian Obedience*; it is scarcely probable that an essay of mere precept could be so absorbing as the scriptural narratives, which, read for the first time, with all their beauty of simplicity and pathos, would have extraordinary power of captivation.

against the minister. She had already obtained more than one signal triumph over him, especially in the case of sir Thomas Cheney, whom Wolsey had injuriously driven from the court. Cheney entreated the intercession of Anne Boleyn with the sovereign, and she pleaded his cause so successfully that he was recalled, whilst Wolsey received a reprimand.¹

Having once declared her hostility, Anne was not of a temper to recede; she pursued her advantage with steady implacability, and in this she was fiercely seconded by her uncle Norfolk, the duke of Suffolk, Henry's brother-in-law, and—but at this no one can wonder—her defrauded lover Percy, whose compulsory marriage with lady Mary Talbot had rendered him the most wretched of men. An opportunity of inflicting an overwhelming blow on the cardinal soon offered. Wolsey, who was determined not to lose his credit with the sovereign without a struggle, after many repulses obtained permission to accompany Campeggio when that legate went to take leave of the king at Grafton. Campeggio received the most scrupulous attention, and stately apartments were provided for his use, but Wolsey was forced to be indebted to the civility of Henry Norris for the temporary accommodation of a chamber. This was an ominous beginning; and the courtiers awaited with intense curiosity the result of Wolsey's reception in the presence-chamber. But when the monarch entered, and Wolsey tendered the homage of his knee, a sudden revulsion in his favor evidently took place in the royal mind. Henry raised him up with both hands, and led him to the window, where he held a long private conference with him, to the dismay of the adverse party. "The king," says Cavendish, "dined the same day with Mrs. Anne Boleyn in her chamber, who kept state there more like a queen than a simple maid."²

"I heard it reported," pursues our author, "by those who waited on the king at dinner, that mistress Anne Boleyn was offended, as much as she durst, that the king did so graciously entertain my lord cardinal, saying, 'Sir, is it

¹ Bishop of Bayonne, 291.

² Singer's edition of Cavendish's Wolsey, vol. i. p. 174.

not a marvellous thing to see into what great debt and danger he hath brought you with all your subjects?"—"How so?" said the king. "Forsooth," she replied, "there is not a man in your whole nation of England worth a hundred pounds but he hath indebted you to him;" alluding to the late loan, an expedient in the ways and means of government which originated with that bold statesman, and has formed a fatal precedent for later times. "Well, well," quoth the king; "for that matter there was no blame in him, for I know that matter better than you, or any one else."—"Nay, quoth she, 'besides that, what exploits hath he wrought in several parts and places of this nation to your great slander and disgrace? There is never a nobleman but, if he had done half so much as he hath done, were well worthy to lose his head. Yea, if my lord of Norfolk, my lord of Suffolk, my father, or any other man had done much less than he hath done, they should have lost their heads ere this.'—"Then I perceive," said the king, "you are none of my lord cardinal's friends."—"Why, sir," replied she, "I have no cause, nor any that love you; no more hath your grace, if you did well consider his indirect and unlawful doings." Before the fair Boleyn had fully concluded schooling her royal lover on the financial sins of his favorite minister, "the waiters had dined, and came and took up the tables, so no more was heard for that time of their discourse."

"You may perceive by this," observes our author,¹ "how the old malice was not forgotten. The king, for that time, departed from Mrs. Anne Boleyn, and came to the chamber of presence, and called for my lord [Wolsey], and in the window had a long discourse with him. Afterwards the king took him by the hand, and led him into the privy-chamber, and sat in consultation with him all alone, without any other of the lords, till it was dark night, which blanked all his enemies very sore, who had no other way but by Mrs. Anne Boleyn, in whom was all their trust and affiance for the accomplishment of their enterprises, for without her they feared all their purposes would be frustrated." The king had promised to see Wolsey again in the morning,

¹ Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.

but the interview was prevented by the adverse influence of the fair intrigante, who had traversed all his hopes by prevailing on the king to attend her in an equestrian excursion. These are the words in which the faithful Cavenish records the fact :—"This sudden departure of the king was the especial labor of mistress Anne Boleyn, who rode with him purposely to draw him away, because he should not return till after the departure of the cardinals. The king rode that morning to view a piece of ground to make a park of (which was afterwards, and is at this time, called Harewell park), where mistress Anne had provided him a place to dine in, fearing his return before my lord cardinal's departure." It is probable, while dallying with her in the gay green wood at their sylvan meal, that Anne Boleyn extorted from her royal lover the solemn promise never to see or speak with Wolsey again which is mentioned by the bishop of Bayonne.¹

The mysterious disappearance of Henry's love-letters to Anne Boleyn from the royal cabinet of York house, and the anxiety of the monarch to prevent these records of his private feelings from being carried out of his realm, caused him to offer an unparalleled affront to the departing legate Campeggio, by ordering his baggage² to be ransacked at

¹ Du Bellai, the French ambassador, attributes the fall of Wolsey entirely to the ill offices of Anne Boleyn. In one of his letters, speaking of the cardinal, for whom he expresses great commiseration, he says, "The worst of the evil is, that mademoiselle de Boulen has made her friend promise that he never will hear him speak, for she well thinks that he cannot help having pity upon him."

² If we may judge of the treasures the poor legate was carrying away, by the sample of those of which an accidental *exposé* was made on his entrance into London, one would suppose, indeed, that the chance of food for the royal rapacity was but small, and this lends the greater probability to Dr. Lingard's idea, that the ostensible charge was a pretence to make a search for the lost papers. Speed gives a laughable description of an accident in Fleet street, owing to the wanton, high-pampered mules belonging to cardinal Wolsey running away with his brother-cardinal's luggage, when the fardels and portmanteaus burst, and out fell such a selection of old shoes, patched gaberdines, and ancient garments of all kinds, together with roasted eggs and dry crusts provided against the assaults of hunger by the way, that the purse-pride of the beholders (which was as thoroughly a national trait in London then as at present) was much gratified by the display of the poverty of the legantine baggage. Capucius, in his despatches to his master, Charles V., mentions that Campeggio had steadfastly refused the

Dover, under pretence that he was conveying Wolsey's treasure out of the kingdom.¹ Nothing was found of a suspicious nature, for he had already sent the stolen effusions of Henry's passion to Rome, where they are still shown at the Vatican.

The vengeance of Anne Boleyn continued to follow Wolsey after the departure of his colleague, and on the 9th of October two bills were filed against him by the attorney-general, charging him with having exercised his legantine authority in England contrary to the law of the land. Wolsey said, "He knew that there was a *night crow* that possessed the royal ear against him, and misrepresented all his actions,"—an expression that significantly pointed at Anne Boleyn. Capucius, the resident ambassador of the emperor, kept a wary eye on all the proceedings of Anne Boleyn. He dates the fall of Wolsey from his surrender of the seals, on St. Luke's day, 1530; and after relating the well-known fact that the disgraced minister had sent in a list, written in his own hand, of all his valuable effects, desiring the king's acceptance of them, he adds the following new historical circumstance:—"Yesterday the king came from Greenwich to view the said effects. He took with him only his lady-love, her mother, and one gentleman of the bedchamber."² Wolsey, who perhaps hoped that his fair foe had been softened by the inquisition she had just made into the stores of treasure he had resigned, humbly solicited the good offices of sir Henry Norris to intercede for him, and anxiously, from time to time, inquired of him "if the displeasures of my lady Anne, as he now called her, were somewhat abated, her favor being the only help and remedy."³ The lingering regard of Henry for his former favorite was openly manifested when he was told, at Christmas, that the cardinal was sore sick and like to die, for he expressed great concern, and sent Dr. Butts, his

bribes that Henry VIII. continually offered him while he was in England.—Correspondence of Charles V.; edited by W. Bradford, M.A., 1851.

¹ State-Papers, 332.

² Correspondence of the Emperor Charles V., edited by W. Bradford, M.A., p. 291.

■ Cavendish's Wolsey.

physician, to attend him. When Butts returned, the king said to him, "Have you seen yonder man?"—"Yes, sir," was the reply. "How do you like him?" demanded the king. "Sir," said Dr. Butts, "if you will have him dead, I will warrant you that he will be dead within four days if he receive not comfort shortly from you."—"Marry! God forbid," cried the king,¹ "that he should die, for I would not lose him for twenty thousand pounds. I pray you go to him, and do you your care to him."—"Then must your grace," said Dr. Butts, "send him some comfortable message."—"So I will," replied the king, "by you; therefore make speed to him again, and deliver this ring from me for a token;" in the which ring was the king's image engraven with a ruby, as like the king as might be desired. "This ring he knoweth well," continued Henry, "for he gave me the same. Tell him that I am not offended with him in my heart for anything, and bid him be of good comfort."—"Then spake the king to Mrs. Anne Boleyn, saying, 'Good sweetheart, as you love me, send the cardinal a token at my request, and in so doing you shall deserve our thanks.' She, being disposed not to offend the king, would not disobey his loving request, but incontinently took her tablet of gold that hung at her side, and delivered it to Dr. Butts with very gentle and loving words."² When the compassionate physician returned to his broken-hearted patient at Esher, and delivered the tokens from the king and Anne Boleyn, with the most soothing words he could devise on the king and Mrs. Anne's behalf, Wolsey raised himself in his bed, and received the tokens very joyfully, giving him many thanks for the good comfort he had brought him.

The king sent three more of his physicians to consult with Butts on Wolsey's case, and in four days they set him on his feet again. He was, however, too near the court to please the rival power that crossed his star; for Anne Boleyn held no terms with any one who showed him

¹ Cavendish's Wolsey.

² Ibid. See the vignette on the title-page, which illustrates this historical scene.

pity. Capucius wrote to his imperial master the result of a conversation he had with Russell, who affirmed that, on account of a few words in favor of the cardinal he had said to the king, the *lady* had held him in dudgeon, and refused to speak to him for a whole month.¹ The duke of Norfolk told Capucius that his niece was enraged against himself because he had not used all his influence to complete the ruin of Wolsey. As she complained to the king of this conduct, her uncle, Norfolk, sent word to him by Cromwell, "that if he departed not instantly for the north, he would tear him with his teeth." ²

When Cromwell reported this message to his patron, Wolsey significantly intimated to him the real quarter whence the attack proceeded, and predicted further evil to himself from the increasing ascendancy of Anne Boleyn. While Wolsey was absent at his see, the king began to feel his loss. One day at council he rated the Norfolk ministry for some deficiency or neglect, and regretted the time when the cardinal presided. "Since that hour," writes Capucius to Charles V., "the duke, the lady [Anne], and the father [Thomas Boleyn] have never ceased plotting against the cardinal. The *lady* especially has wept and lamented over her lost time and honor, and threatened the king 'that she should go away.' They say the king has had enough to do to quiet her, and even though he entreated her most affectionately, and with tears in his eyes, not to leave him, nothing would satisfy her but the arrest of the cardinal." ³ The king could not be brought up to the point the niece, the uncle, and the father required without greater provocation, which was given by the testimony of a Venetian physician, long an inmate of Wolsey's household, who had not followed him to his northern archbishopric. This man the trio enticed to the duke of Norfolk's house, where he was induced to bear testimony "that cardinal Wolsey had written to the pope, asking him to excommunicate the king and lay an interdict on England, if he did not dismiss the *lady* and

¹ Correspondence of Charles V., p. 311.

² Cavendish's Wolsey.

³ Correspondence of Charles V., edited by W. Bradford, M.A.: despatch of Capucius, February 6, 1530-31, pp. 324, 325.

treat Katharine with proper respect." Such evidence was sufficient for the purposes of Anne Boleyn, and the cardinal's arrest was the consequence. Capucius does not believe in the imputation on Wolsey, because he thinks, favorable as it was to the queen's cause, he should have heard of it from the duke of Norfolk, "who was," he adds, "a bad dissembler." He treats it as a fabrication of Anne to complete Wolsey's ruin. He reports that she had already persuaded the king to have a prison-chamber prepared for his old minister in the Tower, the same in which his victim the duke of Buckingham spent his last days.¹ Her vengeance was not satisfied till she had succeeded in obtaining his arrest for high treason, after he had retired to Cawood, near York, when, as if to bring to his mind the cause that had incurred this deadly hatred, her former lover, Percy, then earl of Northumberland, was the person employed to execute the royal warrant. The happiness of this young nobleman had been irreparably blighted by his separation from the woman of his heart and his compulsory marriage with another. He trembled with violent agitation when he arrested Wolsey, whom he treated in a very ignominious manner, causing his legs to be bound to the stirrups of his mule like a common malefactor. But before he approached his ominous place of destination the unhappy prisoner expired at Leicester, and obtained his release by death without the aid of the executioner.

The duke of Norfolk, Anne's maternal uncle,² was now the

¹ Correspondence of Charles V., edited by W. Bradford, M.A.

² The following very curious account of this great peer is given in the Reports of Ludovico Falier, ambassador from Venice to England, under the date 10th November, 1531, to the senate of Venice. The MS. is preserved in the Correr Museum in that city:—"There used to be twelve duchies, but from their disobedience and turbulence the duchies have been annexed to the crown, excepting three,—namely, Richmond, who is the grand admiral and his majesty's natural son, and he has an annual income of 10,000 ducats. The second is the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Howard, son-in-law to the duke of Buckingham, the constable of England. He is the treasurer-general, or lord high-treasurer, and his majesty's chief vassal, with a rental of 20,000 ducats. The king employs him more than any other person in all affairs, and since the cardinal's death his authority and power have increased: all affairs devolve on him. The duke is of most noble English descent, and that very influential person the duke of

president of the cabinet, and with the duke of Suffolk and her father¹ the earl of Wiltshire, sir Thomas More, Fitzwilliam, and Stephen Gardiner, formed a junta by whom the affairs of the realm were conducted; but, according to the reports of the French ambassador, Anne Boleyn was the ruling power, whose influence directed all. She kept her Christmas again at Greenwich in rival splendor to the queen, and received many costly gifts and gratuities from the enamoured sovereign.

The entries connected with Anne Boleyn in Henry's privy-purse accounts are curious, and in some measure tend to elucidate the peculiar terms on which they stood. There is, on the 22d of November, 1529, the following item:—"Paid to Cecill, for a yard and a quarter of purple velvet for maistress Anne, xij*s*. viii*d*. The same day paid to Walter Walshe, for certain stuff prepared for maistress Anne of divers persons," to the amount of 21*l*. 9*s*. 8*d*.² On the last day of December, 110*l*. is paid to her by the king's command.³ On the 16th of May, 1530, her tailor and skinner (furrier) are paid from the royal privy-purse, for goods and workmanship for my lady Anne. On the 29th, 1*l*. 3*s*. 4*d*. is paid for bows, arrows, shafts, broadheads, braser, and shooting-glove, for my lady Anne.⁴

On the 5th of June, a reward of 6*s*. 8*d*. was paid to a servant of the lord mayor of London for bringing cherries to lady Anne.⁵ On the 8th of the following September, 10*l*. is paid to the wife of the Dove (that is, of the man who keeps a shop with that sign) for linen cloth for her. On the 25th, the singular entry occurs of 10*s*. paid by the king for a cow that Urian, Anne's Breton greyhound, had killed.

Buckingham was his father-in-law. He is sage, prudent, liberal, pleasing, and subtle; he confers with everybody, and is most exceedingly well versed in royal administration; he discourses admirably concerning the affairs of the world, and, in fine, aspires to yet greater elevation. He evinces ill-will towards foreigners, and especially towards our Venetian nation; he is fifty-eight years old, of low stature, with a spare frame and dark hair; he has two sons.

¹ He was created earl of Wiltshire in England, with remainder to his heirs-male, and earl of Ormond in Ireland, with remainder to his heirs-general, on the 8th of December, 1529.

² Sir H. Nicolas, *Privy-purse Expenses of Henry VIII.*, p. 4.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 10.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 47.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 48.

This animal (not the most amiable pet in the world for a maid of honor) was probably brought by Anne from France. The name of *Urian*, which is one of the appellations of the foul fiend, appears indicative of his evil conditions. His exploit savors of the wolf-hound propensities. On the 13th of December 13*l.* is paid to the wife of the Dove, her linen-draper, for linen and other necessities. Towards the end of the month the sum of 5*l.* is delivered to Anne in groats for play-money. On the 30th, 100*l.* is delivered to her by the king's command, towards her New-year's gift.¹ The sum of 4*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* is paid to Adington, the skinner, for furring my lady Anne's gowns.²

It might be about this period that the following incident occurred to Anne Boleyn. A book, assuming to be of a prophetic character, was, by some mysterious agency, placed in her chamber one day. It seems to have been of a similar class with the oracular hieroglyphic almanacs of succeeding centuries, having within its pages certain figures marked with the letter H upon one, A on another, and K on a third; which were expounded as the king and his wives, and to her person certain destruction was predicted if she married the king. Anne, finding the book, took it up, and seeing the contents, she called her principal attendant, a young lady, named Anne Saville.³ "Come hither, Nan," said she. "See, here is a book of prophecies; this is the king, this is the queen, wringing her hands and mourning, and this is myself, with my head cut off." Anne Saville answered, "If I thought it true, I would not myself have him were he an emperor." "Tut! Nan," replied Anne Boleyn; "I think the book a bauble, and I am resolved to have him, that my issue may be royal, whatever may become of me." This story is the more deserving of credence, because related in Wyatt's memorials of Anne Boleyn. It proves either that her mind was free from superstition, or that she regarded the production as a device of some of the queen's friends, who might have taken that method of deterring her from her

¹ Sir H. Nicolas, *Privy-purse Expenses of Henry VIII.*, p. 101.

² *Ibid.*

³ The lady who afterwards bore Anne's train when she was created marchioness of Pembroke.

ambitious designs on the crown-matrimonial of England. It shows, also, her determination to be a queen, *coute qui coute*.

In the spring of 1530 her father, now earl of Wiltshire, was appointed, with several eminent divines, to attend the congress between the pope and the emperor at Bologna, on the part of Henry VIII. The earl, when introduced into the presence of Clement, gave great offence by refusing to comply with the usual ceremony of kissing his holiness's toe, and, if we may believe Fox,¹ "his lordship's dog made matters worse by biting it." The emperor, when the earl attempted to offer his arguments in favor of the divorce, "bade him be silent, and allow his less-interested colleagues to speak;" adding, "you are a party in the cause."² Boleyn, with undaunted spirit, replied, "That he came not there as a father, but as the representative of his sovereign: that if the emperor acquiesced in his royal master's wish, he should rejoice; but if not, his displeasure was of no consequence."³ Nevertheless, the earl and his colleagues offered Charles 300,000 crowns as the price of his consent to the divorce.⁴

Among the items for which Anne Boleyn was chargeable to Henry's privy-purse in the year 1531 are:—"Wearing-apparel furnished by George Taylor and John Scot to the amount of 18*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*; also 40*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.* to the said Taylor and Adington the skinner, for furs and work done for her; and 18*l.* odd to Lilgrave the embroiderer, on account of his bill for stuff made for my lady Anne." The sum of 35*l.* is paid to John Scot, on account of his bill for the fair favorite, and other sums to be expended in her service. Then a farm is purchased for her at Greenwich, and paid for by the king. In April upwards of 40*l.* is disbursed to Rasmus, the armorer (supposed herald-painter), for garnishing her desk with gold and other decorations.⁵ Notwithstanding all these presents and gratuities, added to the fine income she possessed, Anne was frequently in debt. The privy-purse expenses bear record that she pawned one of her jewels for

¹ Martyrology, p. 520. Mrs. Thompson's Court of Henry VIII.

² Le Grand.

³ Le Grand. Tytler.

⁴ Lingard.

⁵ Privy-purse Expenses of Henry VIII., by Nicolas.

20l. to her sister Mary, who was really in straitened circumstances. This jewel was redeemed by the king's order on the 21st of November, 1530. Henry constantly had to pay the tailor's, furrier's, and mercer's bills of his fair unthrifty favorite, to whom his indulgence appears to have been unbounded.

Anne, however, had her anxieties at this crisis, for the opinion of all Christendom was so much against the divorce that Henry was disposed to waver. Even the leaders of the Protestant church had much to say against the proceedings of Anne at this period. In answer to a question of Bucer, whether Anne Boleyn had children by the king, "I do not know," replied his friend, "that she has any acknowledged as such. They may probably be brought up in private (which, if I am not mistaken, I have heard more than once), though there are those that positively deny it. She is young, good-looking, and of a rather dark complexion; he is himself in the vigor of his age, indeed you never saw a taller or more noble-looking personage."¹ Luther himself declared, "That he would rather allow the king to take two wives, than dissolve his present marriage,"² and the pope had already caused a secret suggestion of the same kind to be made to Cassal; but it went no farther,³ such an arrangement not being very likely to please either of the ladies. At last, Cromwell's bold expedient of separating England from the papal see smoothed Anne Boleyn's path to the queenly chair. Her royal mistress was expelled from Windsor, and she became the king's constant companion; she rode with him on all his progresses, and, with glaring disregard to propriety, occupied apartments contiguous to his own. The dazzling prospect of a crown had rendered

¹ Zurich Letters, Simon Grynnæus to Martin Bucer: Parker Society, p. 553, November, 1531. Grynnæus was agent to Henry VIII. for collecting the opinions of foreign universities regarding the divorce. In the same collection of letters there is a noble one of that true reformer, the mild Philip Melancthon, firmly in favor of the unhappy Katharine of Arragon. "As to myself," says Melancthon, "I will have nothing to do with the business. If any one recommends divorce, he shall perform his part without me,"—*Ibid.*, p. 556.

² *Lutheri Epist.*, Halse, 1717, p. 290.

³ See Gregory Cassal's letter, in Herbert.

Anne forgetful of that delicacy of feeling which should have taught her to regard a stain as a wound. In May, 1532, the privy-purse expenses of king Henry bear record of the following extravagant item on account of my lady Anne of Rochford, as she is there called,—namely, “Twenty-two Flemish ells of gold arras, at forty-six shillings and eightpence a yard, seventy-four pounds twelve and fourpence.” A few days afterwards we find:—“*Item*, the 22d day, paid the sergeant of the cellar for that he won of my lady Anne at the bowls; and paid, by the king’s command, twelve pounds seven and sixpence.” It was not always that my lady Anne lost at games of chance, to which she was much addicted; repeated records occur in the privy-purse expenses of her winnings of her royal lover. In May, 1531, money is delivered to her to play; and yet the king pays various sums of 4*l.*, 15*l.*, and odd shillings, for his losses to her.

Some cause, perhaps the anxiety connected with her doubtful position in Henry’s court, had faded the beauty of Anne Boleyn at this period; for the Venetian ambassador, Carlo Capello, gives anything but a flattering description of her personal charms in a letter to the senate, as related by Sanuto, December 7, 1532. He says, “My lady Anne is not the most beautiful in the world; her form is irregular and flat, her flesh has a swarthy tinge, she has a long neck, a large mouth, but very fine black eyes.” He adds, “that it was generally reported that she had borne a son to the king, that had died soon after its birth.” Such reports, however unfounded they might be, were the natural consequences of her doubtful situation in the court.

On the 29th of May, Anne removed from Greenwich to Durham house, and the royal watermen were rewarded by the king with 16*s.* for conveying her thither by water. In June a costly cloak and evening dress (familiarily termed a night-gown) were provided for her at the king’s especial charge. For the amusement of such of our fair readers as may wish to see a specimen of a milliner’s bill of the sixteenth century for the reigning beauty of the court, we transcribe the account from that valuable work, the Privy-

purse Expenses of Henry VIII., for which we are indebted to the indefatigable research of sir Harris Nicolas:—

	£	s.	d.
"Item. Paid to John Malte for twelve yards of black satin for a cloak for my lady Anne, at 8s. the yard	4	16	0
For making the same cloak	0	5	0
A yard of black velvet for edging the same	0	13	4
Three yards and three-quarters of black velvet to line the collar and vents [armholes]	1	16	0
Two yards of black satin to line the sleeves of the said cloak, at 8s. the yard	0	16	0
Eleven yards of Bruges satin to line the rest of the cloak, at 2s. 4d. the yard	1	5	8
Two yards of buckram to line the upper sleeves of the said cloak	0	2	0
The whole cost of the cloak is	£9	4	8"

The night-gown, which was also made of black satin lined with black taffeta, stiffened with buckram and trimmed with black velvet, cost 10*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*; at the same time sixteen yards of green damask, at 8*s.* a yard, were purchased for her.¹ In August the same year, lady Russell, the wife of one of the most climbing of Henry's *parvenu* ministers, endeavored to propitiate the fair favorite by the present of a stag and a greyhound. Anne transferred this offering to the king, who rewarded lady Russell's servant with 40*s.*²

Anne was now fast approaching to the lofty mark at which she had been aiming for the last five years. On the 1st of September the same year, as a preparatory step for her elevation to a still higher rank, Henry created Anne Boleyn marchioness of Pembroke, a royal title which had last been borne by his uncle, Jasper Tudor. The king rendered the honor conferred on his betrothed the more marked, because it identified her with his own family. The preamble to Anne Boleyn's patent of creation as marchioness is couched in language deserving note.³ The king declares his motives for taking this step are,—because a monarch ought to surround his throne with many peers of the worthiest of both sexes, especially those who are of royal blood; for this reason "We, by the consent of the nobility

¹ Privy-purse Expenses of Henry VIII., pp. 222, 223.

² Privy-purse Exp., p. 245.

³ Milles's Catalogue of Honor, p. 41.

of our kingdom present, do make, create, and ennoble our cousin Anne Rochford, one of the daughters of our well-beloved cousin Thomas earl of Wiltshire and of Ormond, keeper of our privy-seal, to be marchioness of Pembroke; and also, by putting on of a mantle and the setting of a coronet of gold on her head, do really invest unto her the name, title, etc., and to her heirs-male." He adds a grant to Anne and her heirs of 35*l.* per annum out of the crown-rents of the county of Pembroke, to be paid by the sheriff. Her father, Gardiner, and the duke of Norfolk are among the witnesses of this charter, which was made the 1st of September, 1532.¹

Many instances had occurred of great peerages falling to ladies, but this is the first of a female peer being created. Anne was then staying, with almost queenly pomp, at Windsor castle, and there the ceremony took place which made her a peeress of the realm. "The king, attended by the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the French ambassador, and many peers, besides the privy council, went on Sunday, September 1st, to the state apartment in Windsor castle, called by some 'the chamber of salutation,' and by others 'the presence-chamber,' and seated himself in the chair of state. To this room Anne Boleyn was conducted by a great train of courtiers and the nobility, both lords and ladies. First entered Garter king-at-arms, bearing the king's patent of nobility. After Garter came the lady Mary, daughter to the duke of Norfolk and cousin-german to Anne Boleyn, carrying on her left arm a robe of state, made of crimson velvet furred with ermine, and in her right hand a coronet of gold. She was followed by Anne Boleyn herself, with

¹ The original of this patent is preserved in the Chapter-house, Westminster. It gives Anne Boleyn precedence, and her heirs after her, over all the other marchionesses in England. There were, at that time, two marchionesses closely allied to the royal family,—namely, the marchioness of Dorset, the king's own niece, and wife to his cousin the grandson of Elizabeth Woodville, and the marchioness of Exeter, whose husband was the son of his aunt, the princess Katherine Plantagenet. The usual clause touching the legitimacy of the offspring by whom the title was to be inherited is omitted in Anne Boleyn's patent. An omission which of course was regarded by her enemies as intentional, and liable to constructions not the most flattering to her virtue. She is designated as lady *marques* in the instrument.

her hair loose hanging about her shoulders, attired in her inner garment, called a surcoat, of crimson velvet, lined with ermine also, and with short sleeves: she walked between Elizabeth countess of Rutland and Dorothy countess of Sussex, and she was followed by many noble gentlewomen. While she approached the king's royal seat, she thrice made her obeisance; and when she arrived before him, she kneeled. The charter having been presented to the king, he delivered it to his secretary Gardiner, who read it aloud; and when he came to the words *mantillæ inductionem*, the king took the robe of state from the lady Mary and put it on Anne Boleyn's shoulders; and at the words *circuli aurei*, the lady Mary handed him the coronet, which he placed on the brow of the new-made marchioness. When the charter was read he presented it to her, together with another that secured to her a pension of 1000*l.* per annum during her life, for maintaining that dignity. She then gave the king humble thanks, and with the coronet on her head, and invested with the robe, she retired, the trumpets sounding most melodiously as she departed from the presence-chamber. A largess was cried on her gift to Garter king-at-arms of 8*l.*, and to his officers of 11*l.*; while Henry gave a largess of 5*l.* on the occasion."¹

The sum of 30*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.* was paid from the royal privy-purse for the materials of which Anne Boleyn's robes were made for her investiture as marchioness of Pembroke.² Henry presented her with some miniatures by Holbein, magnificently set in jewels, as ornaments for her person. The unpublished MSS. in the Chapter-house, Westminster, bear record of a costly donation of gold, silver, and parcel-gilt plate, presented by the king to Anne Boleyn on this occasion, to the value of 1188*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.* The articles in this curious inventory consist of cups, flagons, bowls, trenchers, goblets with covers, having the royal arms on shields; spoons, salts, chandeliers, and a chafing-dish. She had an establishment which outvied that of the sister and nieces of the king. She had a train-bearer, three ladies of the

¹ Milles's Catalogue of Honor, p. 42.

² Privy-purse Expenses; sir H. Nicolas.

bedchamber, and four maids of honor, all of them daughters of barons or knights; three gentlemen in waiting; six officers, all knights or barons; and more than thirty domestics. In most of the royal architecture which was under progress during the divorce, and while Anne Boleyn was beloved by the king, their initial ciphers were introduced, entwined with a true-lover's knot. This is still to be seen at Cambridge, where the choir of King's college is separated from the ante-chapel by a screen, added in the year 1534, in which are these ciphers and knot, besides the arms of England empaled with those of Boleyn.¹

Just before the visit Henry made to France in company with Anne Boleyn as marchioness of Pembroke, cardinal du Bellai, ambassador from Francis I., thus describes their proceedings:—"I am alone every day with the king when we are hunting; he chats familiarly with me, and sometimes madame Anne joins our party. Each of them are equipt with bow and arrows, which is, as you know, their mode of following the chase. Sometimes he places us both in a station to see him shoot the deer; and whenever he arrives near any house belonging to his courtiers, he alights to tell them of the feats he has performed. Madame Anne has presented me a complete set of hunting-gear, consisting of a cap, a bow and arrows, and a greyhound. I do not tell you this as a boast of the lady's favors, but to show how much king Henry prizes me as the representative of our monarch, for whatever that lady does is directed by

¹ The achievement of queen Anne Boleyn stands neatly carved on the large wood screen as you go up to the choir in King's college chapel, Cambridge, being quarterly France and England, empaling quarterly of six pieces; 1, gules, three lions passant, gardant, or, on a label of three points, azure, and fleurs-de-lys of the second, Lancaster; 2, azure, seme of flowers-de-luce, or, a label of three points, gules, Angoulême; 3, gules, a lion passant, gardant, or. These three augmentations were given her by Henry VIII. when he created her marchioness of Pembroke. Rochford, Brotherton, and Warren follow those of Butler of Ormond.—Camden's Remains, p. 217. "It is a singular fact," observes sir H. Nicolas, "that when Henry VIII. granted armorial ensigns to Anne Boleyn, then marchioness of Pembroke, he took especial care to show her *royal* and illustrious descent through the *Howards*, by introducing the arms of Thomas of Brotherton, son of Edward I., and of the Warrens, earls of Surrey, from the Howard shield."

him." This despatch is dated from Hanwell: so is the following, which is written to intimate that king Henry much desired that Anne Boleyn should be invited to his approaching congress with Francis I. "If our sovereign," says Bellai, "wishes to gratify the king of England, he can do nothing better than invite madame Anne with him to Calais, and entertain her there with great respect." The next sentence is not complimentary to the reputation of Anne Boleyn, for the ambassador adds:—"Nevertheless, it will be desirable that the king of France brings no company of ladies (indeed there is always better cheer without them); but in case they *must* come, he had better bring only the queen of Navarre to Boulogne. I shall not mention with whom, or from whence, this idea originates, being pledged to secrecy, but be assured I do not write without authority. As to the queen of France,¹ not for the world would he [Henry VIII.] meet her, for he says he would as soon see the devil as a lady in a Spanish dress."

It was at the period between Anne Boleyn's creation as marchioness of Pembroke and her recognition as queen that Wyatt addressed to her the following lines, in which he bids farewell to her as a lover:—

"Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet.

"Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know; since when
The suit, the service none tell can,
Forget not yet.

"Forget not yet the great *assays* [trials],
The cruel wrongs, the scornful ways,
The painful patience and delays,
Forget not yet.

"Forget not, oh! forget not this,
How long ago hath been and is
The love that never meant amiss,
Forget not yet.

¹ Eleanor of Austria, sister to Charles V., and consequently niece to Katharine of Arragon; she was the second wife of Francis I., and niece to the ill-treated Katharine of Arragon.

“Forget not now thine own approved,
 The which so constant hath thee loved,
 Whose steadfast faith hath never moved,
 Forget not yet.”

The state of horticulture in England at this period may be traced by some very interesting items in the privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII. in the summer of 1532, in which are recorded rewards paid to sundry poor women, on various days, for bringing the king presents of apples, pears, barberries, peaches, artichokes, filberts, and other fruits. His gardeners from Beaulieu, Greenwich, and Hampton bring him grapes, oranges, cucumbers, melons, cherries, strawberries, pomegranates, citrons, plums, lettuces, and, in short, almost every kind of luxury that could be supplied for the royal table in modern times. The first specimens of porcelain, or china, on record ever introduced into England, are mentioned by Henry Huttoft, surveyor of the customs at Southampton, in a letter to Cromwell about this period, announcing the arrival of a present of novelties for king Henry VIII., consisting of the following articles:—“Two musk cats, three little ‘munkkeys,’ a marmozet; a shirt, or upper vesture, of fine cambric, wrought with white silk in every part, which is very fair for a such-like thing; a chest of nuts of India, containing xl. which be greater than a man’s fist [cocoa-nuts, of course]; and three potts of erthe payntid, called *Porseland*.¹ Howbeit, the merchant saith, before they shall be presented, there shall be to every one of these things certain preparations, such as chains of gold and silver, with colours and other things according, for the furniture of the same.” These dainty chains, we think, must have been intended for the furniture of the cats, monkeys, and marmoset. In contradistinction to queen Katharine, who was fond of those animals, Anne Boleyn expressed the greatest abhorrence of monkeys.

On the 4th of October was paid, by Henry’s orders, 56*l.* for certain silks provided for apparel for Anne, who is styled my lady *marques* of Pembroke, and the same day 38*l.* 10*s.*

¹ Original Letters, edited by sir H. Ellis; third series.

10*d.* for furring the same.¹ Probably she had her share, also, in the jewels, mercery, and millinery for which the royal privy-purse accounts are charged, to the amount of more than 12,000*l.*, at the same time. The following day, the only daughter of the sovereign receives the noble gift of 10*l.*² On the 13th of October, Anne, attended by the marchioness of Derby and a chosen retinue of ladies, arrived at Dover in the royal train; and early on the following morning they all embarked for Calais, where they arrived at ten in the forenoon. On the 14th the grand-master of France sent a present of grapes and pears to the fair Boleyn. The same day Henry gave her further marks of his favor, by granting her a settlement of lands in Wales, Essex, Herts, and Somersetshire. On the 21st they progressed with great pomp to Boulogne, to meet the French king. Henry and Francis approached each other bare-headed, and embraced. Francis was not accompanied either by his queen, his sister, or indeed by any ladies,—a mortifying circumstance to Anne Boleyn, since nothing could afford a more decided proof of the questionable light in which she was regarded at this time by her old friends at the court of France. Hall gives an elaborate account of the munificence of Henry's entertainment at Boulogne, where Francis, in the capacity of host, furnished the cheer and paid all costs.³

Though Anne sojourned four days with Henry at Boulogne, the absence of the ladies of the French king's family prevented her from appearing at the festivities that were provided for her royal lover. On the 25th she returned with the two kings to Calais, where, for the honor of his realm, our English Harry had caused preparations⁴ to be made for the reception of the French sovereign and his court which can only be paralleled in the gorgeous details of Oriental romance; where, however, silver, and gold, and pearls are supplied by the writer cost-free, while Henry must have drained his exchequer to furnish the banqueting-chamber at Calais, which is thus described by Hall:—"It was hung with

¹ Privy-purse Expenses of Henry VIII.

² *Ibid.*

⁴ MS. Harl., No. 303, p. 4.

⁴ Herbert. Lingard. Tytler. Turner. Hall.

tissue raised with silver, and framed with cloth of silver raised with gold. The seams of the same were covered with broad wreaths of goldsmiths' work, full of stones and pearls. In this chamber was a cupboard of seven stages high, all plate of gold, and no gilt plate. Besides that, there hung ten branches of silver-gilt, and ten branches all white silver, every branch hanging by a long chain of the same sort, bearing two lights of wax. The French king was served three courses, dressed after the French fashion; and the king of England had like courses, after the English fashion. The first course of every kind was forty dishes, the second sixty, the third eighty, which were costly and pleasant. After supper on the Sunday evening, 28th of October, came in the marchioness of Pembroke, with seven ladies, in masking apparel of strange fashion, made of cloth of gold slashed with crimson tinsel satin, puffed with cloth of silver, and knit with laces of gold.¹ These ladies were led into the state-chamber just described by four damsels dressed in crimson satin, with tabards of pine cypress. Then the lady marchioness took the French king, the countess of Derby the king of Navarre, and every lady took a lord. In dancing, king Henry removed the ladies' visors, so that their beauties were shown."² The French king then discovered that he had danced with an old acquaintance, the lovely English maid of honor of his first queen, for whose departure he had chidden the English ambassador ten years before. He conversed with her some little time apart, and the next morning sent her as a present a jewel valued at 15,000 crowns.³ On the 30th of this festive month "the two sovereigns mounted their horses, and Henry having conducted his royal guest to the verge of his dominions, they dismounted on French ground; and there they joined hands with loving behavior and hearty words, embraced each other, and so parted."⁴ The weather was so tempestuous that Anne and her royal lover were detained a fortnight at Calais after the departure of Francis I. On the 14th of November they safely crossed the Channel, and landed at Dover.

The favorite diversion of Anne Boleyn and the king seems

¹ Hall, p. 794.

² Ibid.

³ Le Grand. Lingard.

⁴ Hall.

to have been cards and dice. Henry's losses at games of chance were enormous; but Anne, with the single exception of the sum she lost to the sergeant of the cellar at bowls, appears to be a fortunate gamester. On the 20th of November we observe the following entry in Henry's privy-purse expenses:—"Delivered to the king's grace at Stone 9*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, which his grace lost at *pope Julius's game* to my lady *marques* [Anne Boleyn], Mr. Bryan, and maister Weston." On the 25th, Henry loses twenty crowns to the same party at the same game; and the following day, 18*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* On the 28th, Anne again wins, 11*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, in a single-handed game of cards with her royal lover. The next day Henry is the loser of 4*l.* at *pope Julius's game*; and also, on the 31st, sixteen crowns at the same to Anne and young Weston.¹ Such entries are little to the credit of any of the persons concerned. *Pope Julius's game*,² which was at this time so greatly in vogue in the court of Henry VIII., was probably the origin of the vulgar round-game called in modern times 'Pope-Joan.' The various points in that game, such as matrimony, intrigue, pope, and the stops, appear to have borne significant allusion to the relative situations in the royal drama of the divorce, and the interference of the pope and his agents in preventing the king's marriage with his beautiful favorite, Anne Boleyn.

It is well known that the Observant-friars of Greenwich rendered themselves highly obnoxious to Henry by their determined opposition to his divorce from their royal patroness, queen Katharine; but even in this house Anne Boleyn had a partisan. Her charity to the mother of one of the lay-brothers, Richard Lyst, led him warmly to espouse her cause, "for which," he assures "her grace," as he styles her in a letter addressed to her soon after she was created marchioness of Pembroke, "he suffered oftentimes rebukes and much trouble."

¹ Young Weston, one of the gamblers at these orgies, was among the unfortunate victims of Henry's jealousy of Anne Boleyn.

² In the Privy-purse Expenses of Henry VIII. it is called *pope July's game*, in evident mockery of Julius II., the copy of whose *breve* of dispensation had been lately produced by Katharine of Arragon as an important document in favor of the legality of her marriage with Henry VIII.

"Also, madame," continues he, "oftentimes in derision I have been called your chaplain; howbeit, as yet I never took no orders to be priest, but with the grace of Jesu I do intend in time, and I trust within this ij year and less, to say *an hundred masses* for your prosperous state, both spiritual and corporeal; for now I am at liberty to be a priest, whereas before I was bound to the contrary, by the reason that I was made sure to a young woman in the way of marriage before I came to religion, but now she is departed to the mercy of God."¹

Can any one suppose that the writer of this letter, who is no babe in point of worldly wisdom, would have mentioned his hope of saying one hundred masses as an acceptable service to a person who did not profess a belief in their efficacy? But, however Anne Boleyn might, for her own personal interests, ally herself politically with the rising party who supported the Reformation, she continued, to the end of her life, to conform to the ceremonials and ritual authorized by king Henry's church, which retained every dogma, every observance, every superstition believed and practised by Roman Catholics, save the supremacy of the pope. Anne's future mass-sayer, Richard Lyst, goes on to extol her beneficence to his poor mother, adding significant hints how acceptable additional donations would be, and intimating the channel through which she could transmit them.

¹ Original Letters, edited by sir Henry Ellis; vol. ii. p. 248, third series.

ANNE BOLEYN,

SECOND QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

CHAPTER II.

Anne Boleyn's marriage with Henry VIII.—Its public celebration—Her coronation—Pageants and festivities—Opposition by the Catholics—Birth of princess Elizabeth—Settlement of the crown on Anne's issue—Henry and Anne excommunicated—Anne supports the Reformation and translation of the Scriptures—Her altered manners—Protects Latimer—Exults in queen Katharine's death—Loses Henry's affection—Discovers his passion for Jane Seymour—Bears a dead son—Anger of the king—Arrest of Brereton—Anne's dialogue with Smeaton—Jousts at Greenwich—King's angry departure—Arrest of Anne's brother and others—She is carried to the Tower—Her despair—Accused by Smeaton—Her letter to the king—Trial of Anne—Sentence—Her speech—Her marriage dissolved—Execution of her brother and others—Her poems—Behavior on the scaffold—Fidelity of her maids—Gift to Wyatt's sister—Dying speech—Beheaded—Hasty burial—Norfolk tradition—King Henry's remorse.

THE time and place of Anne Boleyn's marriage with Henry VIII. are disputed points in history. Some authors have affirmed that she was privately united to the king at Dover the same day they returned from France, being the festival of St. Erkenwald;¹ according to others, the nuptials were secretly performed in the presence of the earl and countess of Wiltshire, and the duke and duchess of Norfolk, in the chapel of Sopewell nunnery. This report, perhaps, was caused by a temporary retreat of Anne to that convent after her return from France, and the secret resort of the king to meet her there at a yew-tree, about a mile from this cloistered shade, of which the learned lady Juliana Berners was formerly the prioress. The unpopularity of this union was

¹ It is an odd coincidence that the papal bull, denouncing the sentence of excommunication against king Henry and Anne Boleyn if they presumed to marry, is dated the day after their interdicted nuptials are said to have taken place at Dover.—Hall. Holinshed.

the cause of the profound secrecy with which the nuptials between Henry and his fair subject were solemnized; for the same cause it was necessary to keep the fact from publicity as long as it was possible to do so.

It is among the historical traditions of Anne's native county, Norfolk, that she was privately married to the king at Blickling hall. Blomfield says¹ that Henry came there expressly for this purpose. This report is alluded to by a Norfolk poet, Stephenson, in his lines on the visit of Charles II. and his queen, Catharine of Braganza, to Blickling hall:—

“Blickling two monarchs and two queens has seen;
One king fetched hence, another brought a queen.”

The testimony of Wyatt, however, who was not only a contemporary, but a witness too deeply interested not to be correct on such a point, confirms the assertions of Stowe and Godwin that this event, so fatal to the bride, who was to purchase the brief possession of a crown with the loss of her head, took place on St. Paul's day, January 25, 1533. “On the morning of that day, at a very early hour,” says a contemporary, “Dr. Rowland Lee, one of the royal chaplains, received the unwonted order to celebrate mass in an unfrequented attic in the west turret of Whitehall. There he found the king, attended by Norris and Heneage, two of the grooms of the chamber, and the marchioness of Pembroke, accompanied by her train-bearer Anne Saville, afterwards lady Berkeley.” On being required to perform the nuptial rite between his sovereign and the marchioness, in the presence of three witnesses assembled, the chaplain hesitated; but Henry is said to have assured him that the pope had pronounced in favor of the divorce, and that he had the dispensation for a second marriage in his possession.³

¹ Blomfield's History of Norfolk.

² Le Grand. Tytler. Lingard. Benger. Mrs. Thompson.

³ This portion of the narrative we are inclined to doubt; since Henry, weary of the delays attending the prosecution of the divorce, which in its procrastinated tedium can only be compared to a modern chancery suit, had resolved upon the bold measure of treating his marriage with queen Katharine as a nullity. As for the scruples of Rowland Lee, they were more likely to have been overcome by the promise of the mitre of the bishopric of Lichfield, than by the fiction of a papal dispensation for the interdicted marriage.

As soon as the marriage ceremony had been performed, the parties separated in silence before it was light, and viscount Rochford, the brother of the bride, was despatched to announce the event in confidence to Francis I. Such is the account preserved in a contemporary MS.¹ of the romantic circumstances, as to time and place, under which the fair ill-fated Anne Boleyn received the nuptial ring from the hand that was so soon to sign her death-warrant, and also that of her fellow-victim, Henry Norris, one of the three witnesses of her marriage. That this step had been taken by the king, not only without the knowledge but against the advice of his council and most confidential advisers, may be inferred from the fact that even Cranmer knew not of it, as he himself writes to his friend Hawkins, "till a fortnight after the marriage had been performed," which, he says, "took place about St. Paul's day."² He was himself consecrated archbishop of Canterbury two months afterwards.

Anne remained in great retirement, as the nature of the case required, for her royal consort was still, in the opinion of the majority of his subjects, the husband of another lady. It was, however, found impossible to conceal the marriage without affecting the legitimacy of the expected heir to the crown. For this cause, therefore, on Easter-eve, which this year was April 12th, the king again openly solemnized his marriage with Anne Boleyn, and she went in state as his queen. "On the 8th of May, Cranmer presided at the public tribunal at Dunstable, which it was thought expedient to hold on the former marriage. The proceedings terminated May 23d, when Cranmer pronounced not a divorce, but a sentence that the king's marriage with Katharine had been, and was, a nullity and invalid, having been contracted against the divine law. Five days after, he gave at Lambeth a judicial confirmation to Henry's union with Anne Boleyn."³ Anne's queenly establishment

¹ This narrative was presented to queen Mary. It is quoted by four modern historians, Dr. Lingard, Mr. Tytler, Miss Benger, and Mrs. Thompson.

■ *Archæologia*, vol. xviii. p. 81.

³ In this brief, clear statement from Sharon Turner are condensed the volumi-

was immediately arranged, in which two of her own relatives, with whom she had hitherto been on bad terms, were given appointments,—namely, her brother's wife, lady Rochford, and lady Boleyn, the wife of her uncle sir Edward Boleyn.

At the establishment of Anne's household, a great multiplication of her portraits took place, all in one costume, which has given the general idea of her style of person and dress. The only one of this kind, painted on oak panel "as a tablet," which possesses a genuine pedigree, having been in the family of the late general Thornton¹ nearly three hundred years, is copied as our engraving. It was the etiquette for each of the officers of a royal household to possess a portrait of the king or queen. Before the art of locket miniatures was brought to perfection, these official portraits were painted on oak panel, about eight or nine inches square, and the face and bust appear within a ring. These were called tablets, or table-portraits. The well-known features of the oval-faced beauty are, in the Thornton portrait, painted with exquisite delicacy, though in the brunette style; the eyes are rich brown, the hair entirely drawn back under a species of banded coif; the lips beautiful, with a remarkable depth between the chin and under lip. The majesty of the head, and proud composure of expression, are remarkable; the contour of the chest, though it is long, and the form of the throat and shoulders, assist the fine air of the head. The gown is square in the bust; it seems of amber or tawny velvet, studded with emeralds: a drapery of green velvet is on the shoulders. A double string of pearls passes round the throat, and between them appears some indication of the enlargement which no engraver can be induced to copy. The "Anne Boleyn" cap in this original portrait is well defined: a frontlet made of the five-cornered frame of double strings of pearls, is first fitted to the face; at the back is a green velvet hood with broad

nous proceedings of this affair from all the heavy documentary records which have been collected by earlier historians, and which we have also examined.

¹ It was purchased at the sale of his effects after his decease, at his house, Grosvenor-gate, and is now the property of the author.

scarf lappets: one of these is thrown over the back of the hood, the other hangs on the right shoulder, in graceful folds.

Among the first tributes offered to Anne on her new dignity was a small present from her zealous partisan Richard Lyst, who took an early opportunity of reminding her grace of the uncomfortable predicament in which he had placed himself with his brethren the Observant-friars by his opposition to friar Forrest in her honor, and requesting her to be good and gracious unto him. His letter on this subject is addressed to Cromwell, whom he favors with some particulars of his former mode of living, which are illustrative of the domestic statistics of the period. He says:—

“I have made and composed iij glasses with waters, and I have sent two of them to the queen’s grace for a poor token; and so now, by my kinsman the bearer of this letter, I send unto your mastership the third glass with water for a poor token. I was in time past my lord cardinal’s servant, and also dwelled in London in Cheapside viij years, and made many waters for my lord cardinal, and much ipoeras also, and served him of much spice; and I was both a grocer and a poticarrier [apothecary]. And so now I have exercised one point of mine *oold* occupation in making of the foresaid waters, which waters will keep in their virtue and strength these two years, if they be well kept. I beseech your mastership to have me meekly commended unto the quyne’s grace, and desire her grace to remember my poor mother, her continual beedwoman.”¹

As early as the 28th of April, Henry had issued his letters of summons to the wives of his peers, requiring them “to give their attendance, they and their women, at the approaching solemnity of his dearest wife queen Anne’s procession from Greenwich to the Tower, and at her coronation, which is to take place on the feast of Pentecost; wherefore he requires them to be at his manor of Greenwich on the Friday before that feast, to attend the said queen from thence to the Tower of London that day, and the next day to ride with her through the city of London with her on horseback.” The ladies are commanded in this circular to provide themselves and their women with white or gray palfreys for the occasion, promising that “the caparisons

¹ Original Letters, sir H. Ellis; third series. Richard Lyst left his convent and became a secular priest in 1535: he was presented to the vicarage of St. Dunstan’s West.

of those to be ridden by themselves shall be furnished by the master of the horse to our said dearest wife the queen, save the bits and bosses; but that the liveries for their female followers, as well as their horse-gear, are to be provided by the ladies themselves, in such wise as shall do honor to themselves and the solemnity."¹ Their own robes are to be delivered to them on demand by the keeper of the royal wardrobe, which proves that it was the custom of the crown to furnish the robes of the peeresses.

Early in May, 1534, king Henry made proclamation that all who had claims to do customary service at the coronation of a queen of England were to urge them before the duke of Suffolk, temporary high-steward of England, then holding his court in the Star-chamber. The noblest and greatest in the land immediately made good their rights to serve the fair Boleyn as queen-consort of England. The lord mayor at the same time received letters from the king notifying that the coronation of queen Anne was to take place at Westminster the Whit-Sunday ensuing, and willing him to fetch her grace previously by water from Greenwich to the Tower. At a common council held on this matter, the lord mayor, who belonged to the worshipful craft of the haberdashers, and bore the very appropriate name of Peacock, issued his mandate to his brethren the haberdashers to fit up and ornament a foist or wafter (which was a sort of gunboat); likewise a barge for the bachelors, well garnished with streamers and banners.²

The broad bosom of the Thames was the theatre of this commencing scene of Anne Boleyn's triumph. In obedience to the royal order, the lord mayor and his civic train embarked at New-stairs at one o'clock, May 19th. In the city state-barge was stationed a band, playing on instruments called shalms and shag-bushes; but, notwithstanding these uncivilized names, we are informed "they made goodly harmony." The great men of the city were dressed in scarlet; all had about their necks heavy gold chains, and those who were knights wore the collar of SS. Fifty barges of the city companies followed the lord mayor. Every one in

¹ Summons to the lady Cobham, MS. Harl. 283, f. 96.

² Hall, p. 800.

London who could procure boat or wherry embarked on the Thames that May morning, and either accompanied the chief of the city to Greenwich, or, resting on their oars, awaited in advantageous positions to get a view of that triumphant beauty who had displaced the right royal Katharine, and was now to be publicly shown as their queen. The lord mayor's barge was immediately preceded by the foist, bristling at the sides with the small artillery called by our forefathers falcons and demi-falcons, culverins and chambers. On the deck, the place of honor was occupied by a dragon, which capered and twirled a tremendous long tail, and spat wild-fire perpetually into the Thames. Round about the dragon was arranged a company of attendant monsters and *salvage* men, very terrible, who vomited wild-fire, and performed the most extraordinary antics. Ever and anon the city artillerymen persuaded some of the ordnance of the foist to go off, to the mingled terror and delight of the worthy commonalty, who floated round about as near as they durst. On the right of the lord mayor was the bachelors' barge, and on the left another foist, the deck of which was occupied by a pageant representing Anne Boleyn's own device, and meant especially to flatter her. It was a mount round about which sat virgins singing her praises in sweet chorus. From the mount issued a stem of gold with branches of red and white roses; in midst of them sat a white falcon crowned, and beneath, the queen's somewhat presumptuous motto, ME AND MINE.¹ She had assumed the white falcon as her symbol from the crest of her maternal ancestors, the Butlers, and the whole device proclaimed her vaunt that by her was to be continued the line of the blended roses of Plantagenet.

The barges were fitted up with innumerable little colored flags; at the end of each hung a small bell, which, wavering in the wind, sent forth a low chime. Thus the gay flotilla

¹ Camden's Remains. "A white-crowned falcon, holding a sceptre in one foot and perched on a golden stem, out of which grew white and red roses, with the motto MIHI ET MEE, 'me and mine,' was the vainglorious device of Anne Boleyn." This device of the falcon may be seen in the grained roof of the antique gate-way at Hampton Court leading to the river, with the initials H. A. It was probably finished after the fall of Wolsey.

rowed merrily past Greenwich, and then all turned about, so that the barges of the lowest rank prepared to lead the way back to London ; and the lord mayor and his attendant pageantry cast anchor just before Greenwich palace, and while they waited the fair queen's pleasure made the goodliest melody. Precisely at three o'clock Anne issued from her palace, attired in cloth of gold, and attended by a fair bevy of maidens. When the queen entered her barge, those of the citizens moved forwards. She was immediately preceded by the lord mayor, while the bachelors' barge claimed their privilege of rowing on the right of the royal barge, sounding points of triumph with trumpets and wind-instruments, in which the queen took particular delight. The barge of her father the earl of Wiltshire, that of the duke of Suffolk, and many of the nobility followed that of the queen. Thus was she attended up the Thames till she came opposite the Tower, when a marvellous peal of guns was shot off. Henry was in that ominous fortress, awaiting the arrival of her who was still the desire of his heart and the delight of his eyes. At her landing, the lord chamberlain and the heralds were ready to receive her, and brought her to the king, who, with loving countenance, welcomed her at the postern by the water-side. As soon as he met her, he kissed her, and she turned about and thanked the lord mayor very gracefully before he returned to his barge. After the royal pair had entered the Tower, "the barges hovered before it the whole evening, making the goodliest melody ;" while the dragon and his attendant *salvage* monsters continued capering and casting forth flame with increased vivacity, as the twilight of a mid-May eve descended on the admiring multitude. The noble river in front of the Tower of London was covered with boats and skiffs of every sort, size, color, and gaudy ornament. The city poured forth its humbler population in crowds on the neighboring wharves : the adjacent bridge, then crested with fortified turrets and embattled gate-ways, swarmed with human life. It was a scene peculiar to its era, which can never occur again, for modern times have neither the power nor material to emulate it. In the midst of that

picturesque splendor, who could have anticipated what was in store for Anne Boleyn on the second anniversary of that gay and glorious day? and what was to be transacted within the gloomy circle of that royal fortress, of which she then took such proud possession, when May 19th had twice returned again?

The queen sojourned with her husband at the Tower some days, during which time seventeen young noblemen and gentlemen were made knights of the Bath, as attendants on her coronation. The royal progress through the city, which was usual to all the queens her predecessors on the eve of their coronations, was appointed for Anne Boleyn on the last day of May, and never was this ceremony performed with more pomp. The city was gravelled from the Tower to Temple Bar, and railed on one side of the streets, so "that the people should not be hurt by the horses." Cornhill and Gracechurch street were hung with crimson and scarlet, and most part of the Chepe with cloth of gold and velvet. "The lord mayor, sir Stephen Peacock, went in a gown of crimson velvet and a goodly collar of SS to receive the queen at the Tower gate. The first in her procession was the retinue of the French ambassador, in blue velvet and sleeves of yellow and blue; then the judges, and next to them the new-made knights of the Bath, in violet gowns and hoods purfled with miniver, like doctors. After them the abbots; then the nobility and bishops. The archbishop of York rode with the ambassador of Venice, and Cranmer, the archbishop of Canterbury, with the French ambassador,"—these ambassadors being the men whose gossiping journals have furnished us with much personal information regarding the domestic history of the court at this era. "After them rode two esquires, wearing the ducal coronet of Normandy and Aquitaine, the ducal robes being rolled baldric-wise, and worn across the breast. Then the lord mayor with his mace, and Garter in his dress of ceremony. After them lord William Howard as earl-marshal, being deputy for the duke of Norfolk, then ambassador in France. On his right hand rode the duke of Suffolk, who that day filled the office of lord high-constable of England, bearing the verge of silver

which denoted that office.”¹ Whether his thoughts were on the glaring pageantry around him, or on his royal and loving spouse then dying at Westhorpe hall in Suffolk, no chronicler informs us; but we doubt if those who examine the tenor of his actions must not class Charles Brandon among the most heartless of court favorites.

Then came the bright object of all this parade, Anne Boleyn, seated in an open litter,—

“Opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.”

“The litter was covered with cloth of gold shot with white, and the two palfreys which supported the litter were clad, heads and all, in a garb of white damask, and were led by the queen’s footmen. Anne was dressed in a surcoat of silver tissue, and a mantle of the same, lined with ermine; her dark tresses were worn flowing down her shoulders, but on her head she wore a coif, with a circlet of precious rubies. Over her was borne a canopy of cloth of gold, carried by four knights on foot. The queen’s litter was preceded by her chancellor, and followed by her chamberlain, lord Borough;² William Cosyns, her master of horse, led her own palfrey, bearing only a rich side-saddle, trapped down to the ground with cloth of gold. After came seven ladies, riding on palfreys, in crimson velvet, trimmed with cloth of gold, and two chariots, covered with red cloth of gold; in the first of which were the old duchess of Norfolk and the marchioness of Dorset, and in the other chariot were four ladies of the bedchamber. Fourteen other court ladies followed, with thirty of their waiting-maids on horseback, in silk and velvet; and then followed the guard, in coats ornamented with beaten gold.” In Fenchurch street they all came to a pause to view a pageant of children appparelled like merchants, who welcomed the queen with two proper propositions in French and English. At Gracechurch street corner

¹ The two great offices of hereditary high-steward and hereditary high-constable of England were then in abeyance, since the first merged in the crown with Henry IV., and the last was forfeited by the duke of Buckingham. Henry’s favorite, Suffolk, performed both alternately at this era.

² The step-son of Henry’s sixth queen, Katharine Parr.

was a "marvellous cunning pageant," made by the merchants of the Steel-yard, of mount Parnassus, with Apollo and all his attendants, who made speeches. They were placed about a fountain of Helicon, which sprang up, in four jets, several yards high, and fell in a cup at top, and overflowed. This fountain of Helicon "did run with right good Rhenish wine all that day, for the refreshment of the multitude." The next pageant was that of the white falcon, described in the water procession, with this difference, that the falcon sat uncrowned among the red and white roses, and an angel flew down, "with great melody, and placed a close crown¹ of gold on the falcon's head as the queen came opposite. St. Anne was near, with her descendants; and one of the children of Mary Cleophas made to the queen a goodly oration on the fruitfulness of St. Anne. At the conduit of Cornhill sat the three Graces on a throne, and before it was a spring of grace continually running with good wine. Before the fountain sat a poet, who declared to the queen the properties of each of the three, every one of whom gave her a gift of grace. The conduit of Cheapside ran, at one end white wine, and at the other claret, all that afternoon."

"At Cheapside cross stood all the aldermen, from among whom advanced master Walter, the city recorder, who presented the queen with a purse, containing a thousand marks of gold, which she very thankfully accepted, with many goodly words. At the little conduit of Cheapside was a rich pageant, full of melody and song, where Pallas, Venus, and Juno gave the queen their apple of gold, divided in three compartments, being wisdom, riches, and felicity. Over the gate of St. Paul's was a pageant of three ladies, and in a circle over their heads was written, in Latin words, 'Proceed, queen Anne, and reign prosperously:' the lady sitting in the middle had a tablet, on which was written, 'Come, friend, and receive the crown;' the lady on the right had a tablet of silver, on which was written, 'Lord, direct my steps;' and the third lady had on a tablet of gold, written with azure letters, 'Confide in the Lord:' and these ladies

¹ Meaning the coronation-crown, closed at top with arches, the white falcon representing the queen.

cast down wafers, on which these words were stamped. On a scaffold, at the east end of St. Paul's, stood two hundred children, well appavelled, who rehearsed to the queen many goodly verses of poets translated into English, which she highly commended. And when she came to Ludgate, the gate was newly burnished with gold and bice; and on the leads of St. Martin's church stood a choir of men and children, singing new ballads in her praise. Fleet street conduit was finely painted, all the scutcheons and angels were refreshed, and the chime melodiously sounding; on it was four turrets, and in each turret a cardinal virtue, which promised the queen never to leave her, but ever to be aiding and comforting her: and in the midst of the tower, closely concealed, was a concert of solemn instruments, which made a heavenly noise, and was much regarded and praised by the queen; and, besides all this, the said conduit ran with red and white wine all that afternoon. Thus the queen was brought to Westminster hall, which was richly hung with golden arras, and newly glazed. The queen rode in her litter to the very midst of the hall, where she was taken out, and led up to the high daïs, and placed under the canopy of state. On the left side was a cupboard of ten stages, filled with cups and goblets of gold marvellous to behold. In a short time was brought to the queen 'a solemn service in great standing spice-plates, and a *voide* of spice (which was no other than comfits or sugar-plums), besides ipocras and other wines, which the queen sent down to her ladies. When they had partaken, she gave thanks to the lord mayor, and to the ladies and nobles who had attended on her. She then withdrew herself, with a few ladies, to the white hall, and changed her dress, and remained with the king at Westminster that night."

The bright morrow was that coronation-day, the grand desideratum on which the heart and wishes of Anne Boleyn had been for so many years steadfastly fixed. It was Whit-Sunday, and the 1st of June,—of all days the most lovely in England, when the fresh smile of spring still blends with early summer. That morning of high festival saw the queen early at her toilet, for she entered Westminster hall with

her ladies a little after eight, and stood under her canopy of state in her surcoat and mantle of purple velvet, lined with ermine, and the circlet of rubies she wore the preceding day. Then came the monks of Westminster in rich copes, and the bishops and abbots in their splendid copes and mitres. The ray-cloth (striped-cloth) was spread all the way from the dais in Westminster hall, through the sanctuary and palace, up to the high altar in Westminster abbey. The usual procession of nobles officiating then set forth, among whom might be remarked the "marquess of Dorset, bearing the queen's sceptre, the earl of Arundel, with the rod of ivory and the dove, who went side by side. The earl of Oxford, lord high-chamberlain for the day, walked after them bearing the crown; after him came the duke of Suffolk, as temporary lord high-steward of England, bearing a long silver wand, and the lord William Howard, with the marshal's staff. Then came the queen, the bishops of London and Winchester walking on each side of her, holding up the lappets of her robe; and the freemen of the Cinque-ports, called barons, dressed in crimson, with blue points to their sleeves, bore her canopy. The queen's train was borne by the old duchess of Norfolk, and she was followed by the female nobility of England in surcoats of scarlet velvet with narrow sleeves, the stomachers barred with ermine, the degree of the nobility being indicated by the number of the ermine bars. The knights' wives were in scarlet, but they had no trains, neither had the queen's gentlewomen. Then the queen was set in a rich chair, between the choir and the high altar. And after she had rested herself awhile, she descended to the high altar, and there prostrated herself while Cranmer said certain collects. Then she rose up, and he anointed her on the head and breast, and she was led up again; and after many oraisons he set the crown of St. Edward on her head, and delivered to her the sceptres, and all the choir sang *Te Deum*. Which done, the archbishop took from her head the crown of St. Edward, being heavy, and set on the crown made for her, and so went to mass; and when the offertory came, she descended again to the altar and there offered, being

still crowned, and then ascended to her chair of state, where she sat till *Agnus Dei* was sung; and then she went down and kneeled before the altar, and received of Cranmer the eucharist, and returned to her place again. After mass was over she went to St. Edward's shrine, and there offered, and withdrew into a little place, made *for the nonce*, on one side of the choir.¹ The nobility had in the mean time assumed their coronets; and when the queen had reposed herself, she returned with the procession in the former order, excepting that the proud and triumphant father of the queen supported her sceptre hand, and on her left hand she was assisted by lord Talbot, as deputy for his father the earl of Shrewsbury. Thus she was led into Westminster hall, and then to her withdrawing-chamber, where she waited till the banquet was prepared."

Meantime, every lord who owed services at a coronation prepared them according to his duty. The duke of Suffolk, as high-steward, was richly apparelled, his doublet and jacket being set with orient pearl, and his courser trapped to the ground with crimson velvet, having letters of beaten gold thereon; and by his side rode about the hall the lord William Howard, earl-marshal for his brother, whose robe was crimson velvet, and the housings of his steed purple velvet, with white lions on it, cut out on white satin and embroidered. The earl of Essex was the queen's carver; the earl of Sussex her sewer; the earl of Arundel her chief butler, on whom twelve citizens of London did wait at the cupboard. The earl of Derby was her cup-bearer; the viscount Lisle her pantler; the lord Burgoyne chief larderer; and the mayor of Oxford kept the buttery bar; while her late lover, sir Thomas Wyatt, of poetical celebrity, acted for his father sir Henry Wyatt as chief ewerer, and claimed the office of pouring scented water on the queen's hands. When all these functionaries were at their stations, the queen entered the hall with her canopy borne over her. She washed, and sat down to table under the canopy of

¹ Hall, whose narrative is generally followed in this account, pp. 800-804. It is evident Cranmer performed the Catholic celebration of the mass at this ceremony.

state; on the right side of her chair stood the countess of Oxford, and on the left stood the countess of Worcester, all the dinner-time; and they often held a "fine cloth before the queen's face, whenever she listed to spit, or do otherwise at her pleasure,"—a most extraordinary office, certainly, but first appointed at an earlier and less refined era than even the reign of Henry VIII. "And under the table went two gentlewomen, and sat at the queen's feet during the dinner." When the queen and all these attendants had taken their places, the duke of Suffolk and lord William Howard rode into the hall on horseback, escorting the sewer and the knights of the Bath, each bearing a dish of the first course for the queen's table, twenty-seven dishes, besides "subtleties of ships made of colored wax, marvellous and gorgeous to behold." While this service was done, the trumpets standing in the window at the nethermost end of the hall played melodiously. "And all the tables in the hall were served so quickly, it was a marvel." The king took no part in all this grand ceremonial, but remained in the cloister of St. Stephen's,¹ where was made a little closet, in which he stood privately with several ambassadors, beholding all the service it was his pleasure should be offered to his new queen.

While the dinner was proceeding, "the duke of Suffolk and lord William Howard rode up and down the hall, cheering the lords and ladies, and the lord mayor and his brethren; and when these had dined, they commanded them to stand still in their places or on their forms, till the queen had washed. Then she arose and stood in the midst of the hall, to whom the earl of Sussex brought a goodly spice-plate, and served her with comfits. After him the lord mayor brought a standing cup of gold, set in a cup of assay; and after she had drunk she gave him the cups, according to the claims of the city, thanking him and his brethren for their pains. Then she went under her canopy, borne over her to the door of her chamber, where she turned about, and gave the canopy, with the golden bells and all, to the barons of the Cinque-ports, according to their claim, with great

¹ These most beautiful cloisters are nearly in their original state at this time.

thanks for their service. Then the lord mayor, bearing the gold cup in his hand, with his brethren passed through Westminster hall to the barge, and so did all the other noblemen and gentlemen return to their barges, for it was then six o'clock." On the following day, Whit-Monday, there were jousts in the tilt-yard before the king and queen.¹

Henry, notwithstanding his separation from the see of Rome, was desirous of obtaining the pope's sanction to his second marriage,² but the fulminations from Clement were manifold on the occasion of the interdicted nuptials. That pontiff annulled Cranmer's sentence on Henry's first marriage, and on the 11th of July published his bull, excommunicating Henry and Anne, unless they separated before the ensuing September, when the new queen expected her confinement. Henry sent ambassadors to the foreign courts, announcing his marriage with his fair subject, and his reasons for what he had done. These were also set forth to his discontented lieges in the north of England by the archbishop of York, in a sermon, with this appropriate text:—"I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come."³ Some ecclesiastics were not so complaisant to the king, but branded him from the pulpit with the name of a polygamist, and exhorted him to return to his lawful wife. Anne came in for a tenfold share of reviling, as the cause of his guilt. At Greenwich, friar Peyto preached boldly before the newly-wedded pair, and in no measured terms denounced the most awful judgments on them both,—comparing the sovereign to Ahab, and telling him that, "like that accursed Israelitish king, his blood would be licked by dogs."⁴ Cardinal Pole addressed letters of the most impassioned eloquence to his royal kinsman, reproaching him with his proceedings. Anne is styled by him "Jezebel," "sorceress," and many other offensive names; while, with the most cutting irony, in reply to those who had eulogized her virtue in rejecting all terms but those of queenship from her royal lover, he adds, "She must needs be chaste, as she chose to be the king's wife rather than his mistress; but," pursues he, "she must have known how soon he was

¹ Hall. Holinshed.² Burnet.³ Ibid.⁴ Holinshed. Hall.

sated with those who had served him in the latter quality, and if she wanted other examples, her sister was enough." The Catholic historians have too hastily construed these reproaches into evidences of Mary Boleyn's frailty. Mary was, indeed, tempted by the king, but, having been convinced of the impropriety of receiving the addresses of a married man, preserved herself from guilt by becoming the virtuous wife of a private gentleman. No one who dispassionately reads the king's letter in reply to an application from Anne Boleyn in behalf of her sister, when left a widow in destitute circumstances, can believe that Mary had been his mistress. Soon after Anne's elevation to a royal station, the widowed Mary gave great offence to her ambitious family, and also to the king and queen, by making a second love-match with sir W. Stafford. The following very interesting letter from Mary to that man of universal business, Cromwell, entreating his good offices, bespeaks the feelings of a high-minded and virtuous matron, not those of the forsaken mistress of the man who had raised her sister to a throne:—

"MASTER SECRETARY:—

"After my poor recommendations, which is smally to be regarded from a poor banished creature, this shall be to desire you to be good to my poor husband and me, for it is not unknown to you the high displeasure that both he and I have of the king's highness and the queen's grace, by reason of our marriage without their knowledge." [After much penitence expressed, she proceeds] "And, good master secretary, sue for us to the king's highness, and beseech his highness that it will please him of his goodness to speak to the queen's grace for us; for I perceive her grace is so highly displeased with us both, that, without the king be so good lord to us as to sue for us, we are never like to recover her grace's favor, which is too heavy to bear. For God's sake help us, for we have now been married a quarter of a year, I thank God, and too late now to recall that again. But if I were at my liberty and might choose, I assure you, master secretary, I had rather beg my bread with him *than be the greatest queen christened*."

"And I beseech you, good master secretary, pray my lord and father and my lady [she means lady Boleyn, but she does not call her mother] to be good to us, and let me have their blessings, and my husband their good-will. Also, I pray my lord Norfolk and my brother [lord Rochford] to be good to us. I dare not write to them, they are so cruel against us."—(Written between 1533 and 1536.)

Anne endeavored to strengthen her family connection and her own influence by inducing the king to marry his

illegitimate son Henry Fitzroy, duke of Richmond, to her beautiful cousin the lady Mary Howard, daughter of the duke of Norfolk. "The king's grace," writes the duchess of Norfolk to Cromwell, "had never a penny for my lady of Richmond, for queen Anne got the marriage clear for my lord my husband. When she did favor my lord my husband, I heard queen Anne say that if my lord of Richmond did die, that my daughter should have above a thousand pounds a year to her jointure." From letters written by Anne to Cromwell and others, there is reason to believe that much church preferment passed through her hands. Joyce, the dispossessed prioress of Catesby, affirms "that the queen undertook to negotiate with king Henry the terms of a pecuniary composition of two thousand marks, to induce him to allow that house to stand, but had not been able to obtain a decided answer from his grace." Joyce offers a bribe to Cromwell in addition to the sum which the queen had proffered to the king in behalf of this convent. "Master Onley, continues she, "saith he hath a grant of the house; but my very trust is in God and you to help forward that the queen's grace may obtain her request that the house may stand."¹ There is a letter in existence, addressed by Anne to the magistrates of Bristol,² telling them she desires a friend of hers to be preferred to be the head of the college of St. John Baptist in their town, at the death of the present incumbent; also she signifies her wish that the next advowsons in the said college may be granted to sir Edward Baynton, her chamberlain, Nicholas Shaston, D.D., her almoner,³ and David Hutton. What claim sir Edward Baynton could have to be coupled with a reverend divine as a candidate for church preferment is not otherwise explained by the queen, than that he is one of her trusty and well-beloved counsellors and her chamberlain.

At this season Anne enjoyed all that grandeur and power

¹ Wood's Letters.

² Ibid.

³ Shaston, or Shaxton, was considered an advocate for the principles of the Reformation, which exposed him to the terrors of persecution; but he avoided the fiery crown of martyrdom, and subsequently acted a part little to his credit, when Anne Askew and her fellow-victims were consigned to the flames.

could bestow. Henry, withal, in order to exalt her to the utmost in her queenly dignity, caused her initial **A** to be crowned and associated with his own regal **H** on the gold and silver coins that were struck after their marriage. Henry VIII. was the first and last monarch of England who offered this compliment to his consorts,—a brief and dearly-purchased honor it was to some of those unhappy ladies. Francis I. sent very friendly messages and compliments of congratulation by queen Anne's uncle Norfolk, not only to the king, but to herself, at which both were highly gratified. Henry, who fully persuaded himself that the infant of which Anne expected soon to be the mother would prove a son, invited king Francis to become its sponsor. Francis obligingly signified his consent to the duke of Norfolk, and it was agreed that the anticipated boy should be named either Henry or Edward;¹ but, to the great disappointment of king Henry, on the 7th of September, 1533, queen Anne, after very dangerous travail, gave birth, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, to a daughter, afterwards the renowned queen Elizabeth.² This event, so auspicious to England, took place in the old palace of Placentia at Greenwich, in an apartment called the 'chamber of the virgins,' because the tapestry with which it was hung illustrated the parable of the ten wise and the ten foolish virgins. When Anne was informed that, instead of the eagerly anticipated boy whom the king expected her to bear, she had brought forth a daughter, she sought with ready wit to console Henry for the disappointment in the sex of the infant by endeavoring to attach unwonted importance to a princess born under what might then be considered peculiarly felicitous circumstances. "Henceforth," said she, "they may with reason call this room the 'chamber of virgins,' for a virgin is now born in it on the vigil of that auspicious day when the church commemorates the nativity of our blessed lady the Virgin Mary."³ The 'prince's chamber,' in which our kings, in the last century, always robed when they attended the house of lords, was hung with curious old tapestry, representing the birth of queen Elizabeth,⁴

¹ Burnet.² State-Papers.³ Leti.⁴ Pennant's London.

Anne Boleyn being in bed with her noble attendants on one side, and the nurse with the child on the other; Henry VIII. and his courtiers in the distance waiting for the intelligence, which one seems despatched to bring to the impatient sire.

So confident had Henry been of the realization of his passionate desire of a son, that in the circular which was sent to the nobility in queen Anne's name, announcing the birth of her child, the word *prince* was written in the first instance, and an *s* was added after the queen's delivery. This curious fact has led Lodge and other celebrated writers into the error that Anne Boleyn brought Henry VIII. a living son, the addition of the feminizing *s* having probably been omitted in some of the copies of the circular, of which we give the transcript:—

"TO LORD COBHAM, BY THE QUEEN.

"Right trusty and well beloved, we greet you well. And whereas it hath pleased the goodness of Almighty God, of his infinite mercy and grace, to send to us at this time good speed in the deliverance and bringing forth of a prince, to the great joy, *rejoice*, and infinite comfort of my lord, us, and all his good subjects of this his realm, for the which his inestimable benevolence, so showed unto us, we have no little cause to give high thanks, laud, and praising our said Maker, like as we do, most lowly, humbly, and with all the inward desire of our heart. And inasmuch as we undoubtedly trust, that this our good speed is to your great pleasure, comfort, and consolation, we therefore, by these our letters, advertise you thereof, desiring and heartily praying you to give, with us, unto Almighty God high thanks, glory, laud, and praising; and to pray for the good health, prosperity, and continual preservation of the said prince accordingly. Given under our signet, at my lord's manor of Greenwich, the 7th¹ day of September, in the 20th year of my said lord's reign."

Anne's disappointment in the sex of her infant was not the only vexation she was doomed to suffer on the birth of her daughter. While the first powerful instincts of maternal love were thrilling in every vein, she earnestly desired to enjoy the delight of nourishing her babe from her own bosom. Henry, with characteristic selfishness, forbade it, giving as his reason, not the rigorous etiquette of royalty, which denies the peasant-mother's sweet privilege to queens,

¹ State-Papers, vol. i. p. 407. 'Princess' was always spelled at that era with only one *s*. There is reason to suppose that these circulars were always thus prepared.

but the probability that his rest would be broken by such an arrangement, and the frequent presence of the infant princess in his chamber might be attended with inconvenience to himself. It was, of course, through Anne's influence with her royal husband that her grandfather's widow, the duchess-dowager of Norfolk, obtained the appointment of state governess to the new-born princess, together with the fair mansion and all the rich furniture he had presented to Anne when he created her marchioness of Pembroke.¹

The succession was entailed by act of parliament on this infant, in default of heirs-male: persons were required at the same time to acknowledge the king's supremacy, and to swear fealty to the king's heirs by queen Anne, which excluded the princess Mary from the succession. Fisher bishop of Rochester and sir Thomas More refused to take this twofold oath, on scruples of conscience; both had previously enjoyed a great degree of Henry's favor, both had much to lose and nothing to gain by their rejection of a test which they regarded as a snare. They were the fast friends of queen Katharine, and had incurred the animosity of her triumphant rival by counselling the king against forsaking the wife of his youth. The resentment of Anne Boleyn is supposed to have influenced the king to bring these faithful servants to the scaffold. The integrity of sir Thomas More as lord chancellor had been some time before impugned by Anne's father, the earl of Wiltshire, but, like pure gold from the crucible, it shone more brightly from the trial.²

When More's beloved daughter, Margaret Roper, visited him in the Tower, he asked her, "How queen Anne did?" "In faith, father," she replied, "never better. There is nothing else in the court but dancing and sporting."—"Never better?" said he. "Alas! Meg, alas! it pitieth me to think into what misery, poor soul, she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances, that she will

¹ Leti. Anne Boleyn was very fond of the old duchess, who was only her step-grandmother, and in consequence of espousing her cause in the feud between the duke of Norfolk and her, incurred the implacable hatred of that vindictive peer.

² Roper's Life of More. Hoddesden. More's Life of More.

spurn our heads off like foot-balls, but it will not be long ere her head will dance the like dance."—"And how prophetically he spoke these words," adds the kindred biographer of More, "the end of her tragedy proved."¹ The account of sir Thomas More's execution was brought to Henry while he was playing at tables with Anne: he cast his eyes reproachfully upon her, and said, "Thou art the cause of this man's death." Then rising up, he left his unfinished game, and shut himself up in his chamber in great perturbation of spirit.² "Had we been master of such a servant," exclaimed the emperor Charles to the English ambassador, with a burst of generous feeling, "we would rather have lost the fairest city in our dominions than such a counsellor."

John Coke, the secretary of a guild of English merchants at Antwerp, wrote a complaint to Cromwell³ of the contempt in which king Henry and his new queen were held in that favorite city of Charles V., and how they were mocked and caricatured there; "For," said this informant, "a naughty person of Antwerp resorted to the town of Barow this Easter *mart* [fair] with images and pictures in cloth to sell,"—these pictures in cloth seem to have been paintings on canvas, at that time a new art, at least to the English,—“among which cloth pictures he had the picture of our lord the king (whom our Lord preserve). And this day, setting up the king's picture on the burse to sell, he pinned upon its body a wench painted in cloth, holding a pair of scales in her hand: in one scale was figured two hands as united, and in the other scale a feather, with a 'scripture' [inscription] over her head, saying, 'Love is lighter than a feather.' Whereat the Spaniards and Dutch took great pleasure in deriding, jesting, and laughing thereat, speaking opprobrious words against his most noble grace, and the most gracious queen Anne, his bed-fellow." Master John Coke lost no time in denouncing the "said naughty picture-merchant to the authorities of Barow; but all the redress he got was, that no hurt was meant;"

¹ More's Life of More, and Roper's More.

² More's Life of More.

³ Historical Letters, by sir H. Ellis; second series, vol. ii. p. 44.

and he gives a hint that the naughty person had been whispered, by a Spaniard in authority, "to let the offensive picture stand, and he should be borne out."

A remarkable page in the state-papers of France proves how soon the crowned beauty felt her precarious situation. Francis I., being desirous of making an irreconcilable rupture between Charles V. and Henry VIII., proposed marrying Anne Boleyn's daughter, the infant Elizabeth, to his third son, the duke of Angoulême. The marriage Anne Boleyn desired with passion, in order to interest the king of France to support her in the favor of her cruel and inconstant husband, who had ever ready reasons of conscience to effect a vacancy in his throne and bed, when he had a new candidate for those places. "I have," says the continuator of Castlenau, "a letter written February 5, 1535, to admiral Chabot, Francis I.'s prime-minister, by Palamedes Gontier, his secretary, which alludes thus early to the anxieties of the new queen. 'The secretary Palamedes, being introduced to Henry VIII. in the matted gallery at Westminster, after chatting and talking familiarly, pressed the king to take in hand some way with his daughter Mary, to hinder the competition with Elizabeth, if that princess married the son of France. The king said his youngest daughter had been proclaimed princess and heiress; people had been sworn on that matter, and every one took Mary for the bastard she was: but Mary was in his hands, and like to be; no one cared what became of her.' Therefore," he continued, "it would be better that my brother Francis should try to alter the bishop of Rome's opinions of my first marriage, and then all the English people would hold no contrary opinions on that head."¹ Nevertheless, it came out in conversation, that if Elizabeth died, leaving her sire without heirs-male, Mary would succeed, but not unless such was the case.²

Palamedes had, besides, a commission to treat for a visit and interview to take place between the two queens, being no other than Eleanor of Austria, queen of France, and the

¹ Additions to Castlenau, by Le Laboureur; folio, p. 405, vol. i., King's library, Brit. Mus.

² Ibid., 408.

then queen of England, Anne Boleyn. Strange as it may appear, such was the visit expected to take place after Easter in Normandy, to which the queen of Navarre, sister of Francis I. (former mistress of Anne Boleyn), was expected to come. Henry VIII. had some difficulty in believing that the noble matron Eleanor would encounter Anne Boleyn. Henry being soon after at his chapel of Westminster palace (St. Stephen's), during service sent his secretary Cromwell to search for Palamedes Gontier; he was then with M. de Morrette, the ostensible ambassador, but all the communication was with the lively and active Palamedes, who was introduced into a little closet of the chapel, where Henry, affecting to hear divine service, discussed private politics. "I did not," says Palamedes, in his despatch to his master, "forget to tell what you ordered me, that the queen [evidently Eleanor of Austria] had no other inclination than that of Henry VIII., without bearing affection to her brother [Charles V.] nor her aunt [Katharine of Arragon]." Palamedes presented a letter to the king, containing a request from Francis I. for the collar of the Garter for one of his great men; but Henry VIII. explained, "there had been but a single vacancy, which investiture he had sent within a few days to his nephew, the king of Scots."¹

"Monseigneur," continues Palamedes, "I was kept all this morning by Cromwell, and after dinner he led me to the *salle* of the queen, Anne Boleyn: the king was there. I made to the said lady reverence, and presented her your letters, showing entirely what I had to say from you. I saw her at the proposition astonished,"—probably at meeting the royal Eleanor. "She complained of my long delay, which had caused and engendered in the king her spouse many strange thoughts, of which, she said, there was great need that a remedy should be thought of, unless the king her brother [Francis I.] would that she should not be mad-

¹ The State-papers prove that this investiture took place as early as March 4, 1534-35. The embassy had to travel to Scotland, therefore it had been despatched about the date of this paper, February 5.—Additions to Castlenau, vol. i. p. 412.

dened and lost; for she found herself near to that, and more in pain and trouble than she had been since her espousals. She charged me to pray and require you on her part regarding the affair, of which she could not speak so amply to me as she would, for fear of where she was and of the eyes that were watching her countenance, not only of the said lord her husband, but of the princes with him. She told me she could not write, that she could not see me, and could no longer talk with me; with which language she left me, and went out with this lord king into the same hall I was introduced to the other day, where the dancers could not stand up to form themselves till the said lady came. Assuring you, monsieur, that the said lady, as I well know, is not at her ease, presuming, on my poor judgment, that she has doubts and suspicions of this king, which I mentioned to you before I took this journey." During the said dances, the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and Cromwell and others, formed a council.¹ The congress of queens thus projected never took place. The anxieties of Anne Boleyn proceeded from jealousy of the unfortunate princess Mary, lest any political change should bring the daughter of queen Katharine forward as a rival to her own child. It is to be feared that her persecutions of Mary were aggravated by the discussion Henry and Palamedes held in the closet of St. Stephen's chapel.

On the 30th of August, 1535, the new pope, Paul III., thundered forth his anathema against Henry and Anne provided they did not separate, declaring their issue illegitimate, and forbidding Henry's subjects to pay him their allegiance. Henry fortified himself by seeking the alliance of the Protestant princes of Germany. The decided opposition of the see of Rome and the ecclesiastics of that church against Anne Boleyn's marriage with the king, and her recognition as queen of England, led her to espouse the cause of the infant Reformation as a matter of party; but as she adhered to all the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic ritual, and professed the doctrine of transubstantiation, a Protestant she cannot be called with truth. The martyrdoms of

¹ Signed, A Londres, le 5 jour de Fevrier, Palamedes Gontier.

Bilney, of Frith, and several other pious reformers, were perpetrated while she was in the height of her power; and though it would be unjust to attribute to her the murderous cruelty exercised by Henry and his spiritual advisers, there is no record of any intercession used by her to preserve these blameless martyrs from the flames. Yet it is scarcely likely that to have saved them would have been a work of greater difficulty than compassing the destruction of her political opponents. The only great boon that the Reformation owes to Anne Boleyn is, that the translation of the Scriptures was sanctioned through her influence. There is an interesting letter in Ellis's royal collection, signed "Anne the Queen," for the protection of a merchant, who was involved in peril for importing from Holland some of those precious copies of the Bible, which, as yet, were contraband pearls of great price in England. Her own private copy of Tindal's translation is still in existence.

One or two traits of Anne's domestic tastes are unfolded in the correspondence of the viscountess Lisle, which lady, being ambitious of obtaining appointments for two of her daughters in the royal household, took infinite pains to discover what sort of offerings would be most agreeable to the queen. Her inquiries elicited the fact, from second-hand authority, "that the queen's grace set much store by a pretty dog," and delighted so much in one called 'little Purboy,' that when he was unfortunately killed by a fall, no one durst inform her of it till the king's grace took upon himself to break the matter to her.¹ Would that the courtier had also recorded the manner in which bluff king Hal communicated to his then entirely beloved consort the tragic fate of his diminutive canine rival in her affections. Anne's gracious reception of two presents from lady Lisle is thus certified to the noble sender of the same by a friend in the royal household, who, in reply to a letter inquiring how the queen's grace liked her present, a linnet, and some dotterels, —rare birds, which were then esteemed "a dainty dish to set before a queen," writes,—“Pleaseth you to understand that her grace liked them both very well; the one for being

¹ Wood's *Letters of Royal Ladies*, vol. ii. p. 311.

a special good dish, and the other for a pleasant singing-bird, which doth not cease at no time to give her grace rejoicing with her pleasant song."¹ The important how and when the foreign dainties my lady Lisle had sent to tickle the palate of our epicure queen were served up at the royal table are thus gravely communicated by a friend who had taken the pains of ascertaining the particulars from persons behind the scenes:—"The queen did appoint six of your dottrels for her supper, six for Monday dinner, and six for supper. My lord of Rochford presented them himself, and showed her how they were killed new at twelve of the clock in Dover; of the which she was glad, and spake many good words towards your ladyship's good report, as I was informed by them that stood by; and Harris hath made deliverance of your birds and images, and all is well." Yet lady Lisle did not obtain the appointment for her daughters.²

In the autumn of the year 1535, queen Anne was flattered with the hope of bringing a male heir to the throne, to the great joy of the king. Anne was now at the summit of human greatness. She had won the great political game for which she had, in the bitterness of disappointed love, vindictively entered the lists with the veteran statesman who had separated her from the man of her heart: she had wreaked the vengeance she had vowed for the loss of Percy, and laid the pride and power of Wolsey in the dust; she had wrested the crown-matrimonial from the brow of the royal Katharine; the laws of primogeniture had been reversed, that the succession to the throne might be vested in her issue, and the two men who were the most deservedly venerated by the king and the people of England, More and Fisher, had been sacrificed to her displeasure. But in all these triumphs there was little to satisfy the mind of a woman whose natural impulses were those of virtue, but who had violated the most sacred ties for the gratification of the evil passions of pride, vanity, and revenge. Anne Boleyn was a reader of the Scriptures, and must have felt the awful force of that text which says, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own

¹ Wood's *Letters of Royal Ladies*, vol. ii. p. 312.

² *Ibid.*

soul?" Conscious of her own responsibility, and finding far more thorns than roses in the tangled, weary labyrinth of greatness, Anne directed her thoughts to the only true source of happiness,—religion, which had hitherto been practised by her rather as a matter of state policy than as the emanation from a vital principle in the soul. She became grave and composed in manner, and, ceasing to occupy herself in the gay pursuits of pleasure, or the boisterous excitement of the chase, spent her hours of domestic retirement with her ladies, as her royal mistress Katharine had formerly done before her,—in needlework and discreet communication.¹ Wyatt tells us that the matchless tapestry at Hampton Court was for the most part wrought by the skilful hand of this queen and her ladies; "But far more precious," he says, "in the sight of God, were those works which she caused her maidens and those about her daily to execute in shirts and other garments for the use of the poor; and not contented with that, her eye of charity, her hand of bounty, passed through the whole land: each place felt that heavenly flame burning in her,—all times will remember it."

The change that had taken place in the manners of Anne Boleyn and her court has been attributed to the influence of the celebrated reformer, Hugh Latimer,² whom she had rescued from the durance to which Stokesley bishop of London had committed him. But for the powerful protection of Anne, Latimer would, in all probability, have been called to testify the sincerity of his principles at the stake five-and-twenty years before he was clothed with the fiery robes of martyrdom. At her earnest solicitation the king interposed, and Latimer was restored to liberty. The queen next expressed a wish to see and hear the rescued preacher; and Latimer, instead of addressing his royal protectress in the language of servile adulation, reminded her of the vanity of earthly greatness, and the delusions of human hopes and expectations. Anne listened with humility, and entreated

¹ Hentzner, the celebrated German traveller, when he visited Hampton Court, was shown a bed the tester of which was worked by Anne Boleyn, and presented by her to her husband, Henry VIII.

² Benger's Anne Boleyn.

him to point out whatever appeared amiss in her conduct and deportment. Latimer, in reply, seriously represented to her how much it behooved her not only to impress the duties of morality and piety on her attendants, but to enforce her precepts by example. Anne, far from being offended at his sincerity, appointed him for one of her chaplains, and afterwards obtained his promotion to the see of Worcester. To her credit it is also recorded that she directed a certain sum from her privy-purse to be distributed to every village in England, for the relief of its distressed inhabitants. With greater wisdom she planned the institution of a variety of manufactures, with a view of giving more permanent assistance to those who were destitute of a livelihood and without employment. For the last nine months of her life she distributed 14,000*l.* in alms; she also caused many promising youths to be educated and sent to college at her expense, with the intention of rendering their talents and learning serviceable in the church.¹ In all these things Anne performed the duties of a good woman and an enlightened queen; and had she attained to her royal elevation in an honest and conscientious manner, in all probability the blessing of God would have been with her, and prospered her undertakings. But however powerful her religious impressions might have been, it is impossible that a real change of heart had taken place while she continued to incite the king to harass and persecute his forsaken queen Katharine, by depriving her of the solace of her daughter's company, and exacting from the disinherited princess submissions from which conscience and nature alike revolted. There were moments when Anne felt the insecurity of her position in a political point of view; and well must she have known how little reliance was to be placed on the stability of the regard of the man whose caprice had placed the queenly diadem on her brow. At the best, she was only the queen of a party, for the majority of the nobles and people of England still regarded Katharine as the lawful possessor of the title and place which Henry had bestowed on her.

When the long-expected tidings of Katharine's death ar-

¹ Miss Benger's *Life of Anne Boleyn*.

rived, Anne, in the blindness of her exultation, exclaimed, "Now I am indeed a queen!" It is said that she was washing her hands in a costly basin when sir Richard Southwell brought the intelligence to her, on which she instantly gave him both the basin and its rich cover as a reward for his tidings. The same evening she met her parents with a countenance full of pleasure, and bade them rejoice with her, for the crown was now firmly fixed on her head.¹ On the day of her royal rival's funeral she not only disobeyed the king's order, which required black to be worn on that day, but violated good taste and good feeling alike by appearing in yellow, and making her ladies do the same.² The change in Henry's feelings towards Anne may, in all probability, be attributed to the disgust caused by the indelicacy of her triumph. She had been ill and out of spirits previously to this event, which was attributed to the sufferings incidental to her condition, for she was again likely to become a mother; but after the death of queen Katharine she recovered her vivacity, and assumed so haughty a carriage that she offended every one.

The season was now at hand when Anne was, in her turn, to experience some of the bitter pangs she had inflicted on her royal mistress. Her agonies were not the less poignant, because conscience must have told her that it was retributive justice which returned the poisoned chalice to her own lips, when she, in like manner, found herself rivalled and supplanted by one of her female attendants, the beautiful Jane Seymour. Jane must have been a person of consummate art, for she was on terms of great familiarity with the king before Anne entertained the slightest suspicion of their proceedings. Entering the room unexpectedly one day, the queen surprised Jane, seated on Henry's knee, receiving his

¹ Leti.

² Hall and some other writers pass over this disgraceful trait in Anne Boleyn by saying "she wore yellow for the mourning," as if it were usual to adopt that color for this purpose; whereas, in king Henry's wardrobe order, black cloth is directed to be delivered to the ladies appointed to assist at queen Katharine's obsequies. A modern historian goes farther than Hall in justification of Anne, by saying "she wore yellow, which was the color worn for royal mournings at the court of France." A reference to the splendid illuminated MS. life of Anne

caresses with every appearance of complacency.¹ Struck, as with a mortal blow, at this sight, Anne gave way to a transport of mingled grief and indignation. Henry, dreading his consort's agitation might prove fatal to his hopes of an heir, endeavored to soothe and reassure her, saying, "Be at peace, sweetheart, and all shall go well for thee." But the cruel shock Anne had sustained brought on the pangs of premature travail; and after some hours of protracted agony, during which her life was in imminent peril, she brought forth a dead son, January 29th.

When the king was informed of this misfortune, instead of expressing the slightest sympathy for the sufferings of his luckless consort, he burst into her apartment, and furiously upbraided her "with the loss of his boy."² Anne, with more spirit than prudence, passionately retorted, "That he had no one to blame but himself for this disappointment, which had been caused by her distress of mind about that wench, Jane Seymour."³ Henry sullenly turned away, muttering, as he quitted her apartment, that "she should have no more boys by him."⁴ These scenes, which occurred in January, 1536, may surely be regarded as the first act of the royal matrimonial tragedy which, four months later, was consummated on Tower hill.

So jealous was Henry VIII. of his conjugal proceedings being discussed by any class of his subjects, that even the idle words of certain gossips in the lying-in chamber of one of the humble matrons of Watlington were gravely investigated by a right worshipful quorum of justices at Reading, before whom it was deposed that the good woman, after commending the skill of Johane Hammulden the midwife,

of Bretagne, in the King's collection, British Museum, will prove that this is a mistake, for all the ladies, mourners and attendants of that queen, are represented muffled in sable stoles after her death. It is a case in point, for Anne of Bretagne was the mother of Anne's royal patroness, queen Claude. The queens of France have been said to wear *white* as widows' mourning, because it was etiquette for them to keep their beds some days after they were widows.

¹ Wyatt. Lingard.

² Wyatt's Memoirs of Anne Boleyn. Sanders. Lingard.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Wyatt. It is said that Anne had previously given great offence to the king, by concealing her situation from him till it became apparent.—Leti.

said "She was worthy of being midwife to the queen of England, provided it were queen Kateryn; but she was too good for queen Anne," of whom she spoke in such scurrilous terms that the ungrateful Johane Hammulden thought proper to inform against her. The good woman stoutly denied the charge, and endeavored to divert the storm from herself by accusing one of her neighbors of having declared "that it was never merry in England when there were three queens in it;" whereupon Mrs. Johane Hammulden had said "there will be fewer shortly."¹ Both the speech and oracular rejoinder being denied by the parties accused, and as no satisfactory evidence could be produced, the magistrates transmitted the depositions to the privy council. If three of the proudest peers in Henry's realm had been accused of holding such indiscreet communications on the delicate topic of *his* queens, it would probably have cost them their heads; but to lay an embargo under pains and penalties on the license of the tongues of females of low degree was a measure which even his despotism left unattempted. There is no record of any punishment being inflicted on either of the Watlington gossips. Their allusion to a third queen affords evidence that the passion of Henry VIII. for Jane Seymour was publicly known in the precincts of his royal palaces, even before the death of his consort, Katharine of Arragon.

Anne slowly regained her health after her dangerous accouchement and painful disappointment, but not her spirits. She knew the king's temper too well not to be aware that her influence was at an end forever, and that she must prepare to resign not only her place in his affections, but also in his state, to the new star by whom she had been eclipsed. When she found that she had no power to obtain the dismissal of her rival from the royal household, she became very melancholy, and withdrew herself from all the gayeties of the court, passing all her time in the most secluded spots of Greenwich park. It is also related that she would sit for hours in the quadrangle court of Greenwich palace, in

¹ Original Letters, sir H. Ellis; third series. The original is in the State-Paper office.

silence and abstraction, or seeking a joyless pastime in playing with her little dogs, and setting them to fight with each other. The king had entirely withdrawn himself from her company ever since her rash retort to his unfeeling reproach, and now they never met in private. She had not the consolation of her infant daughter's innocent smiles and endearments to beguile her lonely sorrow, for the princess Elizabeth was nursed in a separate establishment, and the sweet tie of maternity had been sacrificed to the heartless parade of stately ceremonials. She had alienated the regard and acquired the enmity of her uncle Norfolk. Her royal sister-in-law and early patroness, Mary queen of France, was no more, and Suffolk, Henry's principal favorite, was one of her greatest foes.

The inconsistency of Anne Boleyn's manners was doubtless the principal cause of her calamities. The lively coquettish maid of honor could not forget her old habits after her elevation to a throne, and the familiarity of her deportment to those with whom she had formerly been on terms of equality in the court of queen Katharine encouraged her officers of state to address her with undue freedom. Such was her unbounded thirst for admiration, that even the low-born musician Mark Smeaton dared to insinuate his passion to her. These things were, of course, reported to her disadvantage by the household foes by whom she was surrounded. The king's impatience to rid himself of the matrimonial fetters, which precluded him from sharing his throne with the object of his new passion, would not brook delays, and, in the absence of any proof of the queen's disloyalty to himself, he resolved to proceed against her on the evidence of the invidious gossips' tales that had been whispered to him by persons who knew that he was seeking an occasion to destroy her. Three gentlemen of the royal household, Brereton, Weston, and Norris, with Mark Smeaton the musician, were pointed out as her paramours; and as if this had not been enough, the natural and innocent affection that subsisted between Anne and her only brother, George viscount Rochford, was construed into a presumption of a crime of the most revolting nature. This dreadful

accusation proceeded from the hatred and jealousy of lady Rochford, who, being in all probability an ill-assorted companion for her accomplished husband, regarded his friendship and confidential intercourse with the queen, his sister, with those malignant feelings of displeasure which prompted her murderous denunciation of them both.

The secret plot against the queen must have been organized by the first week in April, 1536; for on the 4th of that month the parliament was dissolved,¹ as if for the purpose of depriving her of any chance of interference from that body in her behalf. The writs for the new parliament, which was to assemble on the 8th of June after her death, were issued April 27th, even before she was arrested.² Three days before that date a secret committee was appointed of the privy council to inquire into the charges against her. Among the commissioners were her uncle the duke of Norfolk, the duke of Suffolk, the lord chancellor, her father, several earls, and some of the judges.³ It has been supposed that her father did not attend. William Brereton was summoned before this committee on Thursday the 28th, and, after his examination, was committed to the Tower. Two days afterwards, the queen (who was totally unconscious of this portentous circumstance) found Mark Smeaton,⁴ the musician, standing in the round window of her presence-chamber in a melancholy attitude. She asked him, "Why he was so sad?"—"It is no matter," he replied. Then the queen had the folly to say, "You may not look to have me speak to you as if you were a nobleman, because you be an inferior person."—"No, no, madame," he replied; "a look sufficeth me."

There can be little doubt that Mark's dejection was caused by the fearful rumors which must have reached him of the arrest of Brereton, the proceedings of the queen's enemies in council, and the general aspect of affairs at court; and that he was loitering in the window for the purpose of giving

¹ Parliamentary History.

² Burnet.

³ Mackintosh. Lingard.

⁴ For his great musical skill he had been promoted to the office of groom of the chamber by the queen's influence.

his royal mistress a hint of the peril that threatened her. The absurd vanity which led her to attribute his troubled looks to a hopeless passion for herself, gave, perhaps, a different turn to the conversation, and diverted him from his purpose. The next day the wretched man was arrested, sent to the Tower, and loaded with irons.¹

If the queen remained in ignorance of what was going on in the palace, as most authors affirm, her powers of observation must have been very limited, and she could have had no faithful friend or counsellor immediately about her. The only reason we have to surmise that Anne was aware of the gathering storm is, that a few days before her arrest she held a long private conference with her chaplain, Matthew Parker, and gave him a solemn charge concerning the infant princess Elizabeth, it may be supposed regarding her religious education.² This fact is authenticated in a letter from Parker to one of Elizabeth's councillors, declining the archbishopric of Canterbury, in which he says, "Yet he would fain serve his sovereign lady in more respects than his allegiance, since he cannot forget what words her grace's mother said to him, not six days before her apprehension." ■

On Monday, May 1st,—an evil May-day for her,—Anne Boleyn appeared for the last time in the pride and pomp of royalty with her treacherous consort, at the jousts at Greenwich. Her brother, viscount Rochford, was the principal challenger, Henry Norris one of the defenders. In the midst of the pageant, which was unusually splendid, the king rose up abruptly, and quitted the royal balcony with a wrathful countenance, followed by six of his confidential attendants. Every one was amazed, but the queen appeared especially dismayed, and presently retired.⁴ The sports broke up, and lord Rochford and Henry Norris were arrested at the barrier on the charge of high treason; sir Francis Weston was taken into custody at the same time. The popular version of the cause of this public outbreak of Henry's displeasure is, that the queen, either by accident or design, dropped her handkerchief from the balcony at the

¹ Letter of Kingston; MS. Cott., Otho, x.

■ Burnet's Reformation, vol. ii. Records, p. 325.

■ Lingard.

■ Hall. Holinshed.

feet of Norris, who, being heated with the course, took it up, and, it is said, presumptuously wiped his face with it; then handed it to the queen on the point of his lance.¹ At this Henry changed color, started from his seat, and retired in a transport of jealous fury,² and gave the orders for the arrest of the queen and all the parties who had fallen under suspicion of sharing her favors.

It is very possible that the circumstances actually occurred as related above, and that Henry, who was anxiously awaiting an opportunity for putting his long-meditated project against the queen into execution, eagerly availed himself of the first pretext with which her imprudent disregard of the restraints of royal etiquette furnished him to strike the blow. Without speaking to the queen, the king rode back to Whitehall, attended by only six persons, among whom was his devoted prisoner Norris³ who had hitherto stood so high in his favor that he was the only person whom he ever permitted to follow him into his bedchamber: Norris had been, as we have mentioned, one of the three witnesses of Henry's secret marriage with Anne. On the way, Henry rode with Norris apart, and earnestly solicited him to obtain mercy by acknowledging his guilt. Norris stoutly maintained his innocence, and that of the queen, nor would he consent to be rendered an instrument in her ruin.⁴ When they reached Westminster, he was despatched to the Tower.⁵

The public arrest of her brother and his luckless friends struck a chill to the heart of the queen; but of the nature of their offence, and that she was herself to be involved in the horrible charges against them, she remained in perfect unconsciousness till the following day. She sat down to dinner at the usual hour, but the meal passed over uneasily, for she took the alarm when she found that the king's waiter came not with his majesty's wonted compliment of "Much good may it do you."⁶ Instead of this greeting, she noted

¹ It is more likely that the courtly Norris kissed the queen's handkerchief when he took it up, and that his action was mistaken or misrepresented.

² Sanders, repeated by most of our historians.

³ Lingard.

⁴ *Archæologia*, iii. 155.

⁵ Lingard.

⁶ Heywood.

a portentous silence among her ladies, and that her servants stood about with downcast looks, their eyes glazed with tears, which inspired her with dismay and strange apprehensions. Scarcely was the *surnap*¹ removed, when the duke of Norfolk, with Audley, Cromwell, and others of the lords of the council, entered. At first, Anne thought they came from the king to comfort her for her brother's arrest, but when she noticed the austerity of their countenances, and the ominous presence of sir William Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower, behind them, she started up in terror, and demanded "why they came?" They replied, with stern brevity, "that they came by the king's command to conduct her to the Tower, there to abide during his highness's pleasure."—"If it be his majesty's pleasure," rejoined the queen, regaining her firmness, "I am ready to obey;" and so, pursues our authority, "without change of habit, or anything necessary for her removal, she committed herself to them, and was by them conducted to her barge."² It is, however, certain, from the evidence of Kingston's letters, that she underwent a harsh examination before the council at Greenwich before her embarkation, unless the cruel treatment, which she complained of receiving from her uncle Norfolk on that occasion took place in the barge, where, it is said, she was scarcely seated ere he entered into the subject of her arrest, by telling her "that her paramours had confessed their guilt." She protested her innocence vehemently, and passionately implored to be permitted to see the king, that she might plead her own cause to him. To all her asseverations of innocence the duke of Norfolk replied with contemptuous ejaculations.

It was on the 2d of May that Anne was brought as a woful prisoner to her former royal residence,—the Tower. Before she passed beneath its fatal arch, she sank upon her knees, as she had previously done in the barge, and exclaimed, "O Lord! help me, as I am guiltless of that whereof I am accused!" Then perceiving the lieutenant of the Tower, she said, "Mr. Kingston, do I go into a dungeon?"

¹ The use of the *surnap* has been revived at modern dinners, where a smaller table-cloth, being placed over the large one, is withdrawn with the dishes, leaving the under one for the dessert.

² Heywood.

"No, madame," said he, "to your own lodging, where you lay at your coronation." The recollections associated with that event overpowered her, and, bursting into a passion of tears, she exclaimed, "It is too good for me. Jesus have mercy on me!" She knelt again, weeping apace, "and, in the same sorrow, fell into a great laughter,"¹—laughter more sad than tears. After the hysterical paroxysm had had its way, she looked wildly about her, and cried, "Wherefore am I here, Mr. Kingston?"

The clock had been just on the stroke of five when Anne entered the Tower. The lords, with the lieutenant, brought her to her chamber, where she again protested her innocence. Then, turning to the lords, she said, "I entreat you to beseech the king in my behalf, that he will be good lord unto me;" as soon as she had uttered these words they departed. "She desired me," says Kingston,² "to move the king's highness that she might have the *sacrament in her closet, that she might pray for mercy*," asseverating at the same time, in the strongest terms, her innocence of having wronged the king. "I am the king's true wedded wife," she added; and then said, "Mr. Kingston, do you know wherefore I am here?"—"Nay," replied he. Then she asked, "When saw you the king?"—"I saw him not since I saw him in the tilt-yard," said he. "Then, Mr. Kingston, I pray you to tell me where my lord Rochford is?" Kingston answered, "I saw him before dinner in the court."—"Oh! where is my sweet brother?" she exclaimed. The lieutenant evasively replied, "That he saw him last at York place" (Whitehall palace), which it seems was the case. "I hear say," continued she, "that I shall be accused with three men, and I can say no more than—nay. Oh, Norris! hast thou accused me? Thou art in the Tower, and thou and I shall die together: and Mark, thou art here too! Oh, my mother! thou wilt die for sorrow."³ Then, breaking off

¹ Kingston's letters to Cromwell; MS. Cotton., Otho, c. x. fol. 225.

² Ibid. This is one of the passages, little understood in modern times, which mark that Anne remained a Roman Catholic. She did not demand to *communicate*, as supposed, but to have the Host in her closet or oratory for the purpose of adoration.

³ The unhappy queen alluded to her humbly born, but affectionate step-

from that subject, she began to lament the dangerous state into which lady Worcester had been thrown by the shock of hearing of her arrest. Interrupting herself again, she exclaimed, "Mr. Kingston, shall I die without justice?" "The poorest subject the king hath has that," replied the cautious official. A laugh of bitter incredulity was her only comment.¹

The unfortunate queen was subjected to the insulting presence and cruel espionage of her great enemy, lady Boleyn, and Mrs. Cosyns, one of her ladies, who was equally disagreeable to her.² These two never left her, either by day or night, for they slept on the pallet at the foot of her bed, and reported even the delirious ravings of her hysterical paroxysms to those by whom her fate was to be decided.³ They perpetually tormented her with insolent observations, and annoyed her with questions, artfully devised, for the purpose of entangling her in her talk, or drawing from her own lips admissions that might be turned into murderous evidence of her guilt. She complained "that they would tell her nothing of my lord, her father," for whose fate she was evidently apprehensive. She expressed a wish to be served in her prison by the ladies of her privy-chamber whom she favored most, and concluded by defying her aunt.

mother, the countess of Wiltshire, to whom she appears to have been much attached. Her own mother had been dead four-and-twenty years.

¹ Kingston's letters to Cromwell, MS. Cotton., Otho, x. The consternation felt by lady Worcester at the queen's arrest was perhaps increased by the fact that she had borrowed a hundred pounds of her royal friend unknown to the earl her husband. There is a letter in the State-Paper office written by this lady to Cromwell some months after Anne's execution, in which she says, "I do perceive that you are especial good lord unto me touching the sum of one hundred pounds which I did borrow of queen Anne deceased, in which thing I doubt not but she would have been good to me: in that matter I most heartily thank you, . . . for I am very loath it should come to my husband's knowledge, which is and hath been utterly ignorant, both of my borrowing and using of the said hundred pounds. And if he should now have knowledge thereof, I am in doubt how he will take it." Thus it appears that Cromwell, when employed to collect all the debts due to the murdered queen for the benefit of the august widower, had shown some favor to her friend lady Worcester.

² Kingston's letters to Cromwell, MS. Cotton., Otho, c. x. Lady Boleyn was the wife of Anne's uncle, sir Edward Boleyn: Mrs. Cosyns, of William Cosyns, Anne's master of the horse.

³ Ibid.

Lady Boleyn retorted in these words:—"The desire and partiality you have had for such tale-bearers has brought you to this."¹

Mrs. Cosyns impertinently asked the queen, "Why Norris had told her almoner on the preceding Saturday that he could swear the queen was a good woman?"—"Marry," replied Anne, "I bade him do so, for I asked him, 'why he did not go on with his marriage?' and he made answer 'that he would tarry awhile.'—'Then,' said I, 'you look for dead men's shoes. If aught but good should come to the king (who was then afflicted with a dangerous ulcer), you would look to have me.' He denied it, and I told him, 'I could undo him if I would,' and thereupon we fell out." This conversation (if it be really true that Anne had the folly to repeat it to persons of whose deadly hatred she was so fully aware, and whom she knew were placed about her as spies) will impress every one with the idea that she must have been on very perilous terms with any man whom she allowed to hold such colloquies with her. No one, however, seems to have considered the possibility of the whole of this deposition being a false statement on the part of the spies who were employed to criminate her. It seems scarcely credible that a woman of Anne Boleyn's age and long experience in public life would thus commit herself by unnecessary avowals, tending to furnish evidence against herself of having imagined the death of the king her husband.

Anne betrayed a humane, but certainly imprudent care for the comforts of the unhappy gentlemen who were in durance for her sake, by inquiring of lady Kingston "whether anybody made their beds?"—"No, I warrant you," was lady Kingston's familiar reply. The queen said "that ballads would be made about her:" and as far as may be judged from the defaced passages in the MS., added, "that none could do that better than Wyatt."—"Yes," said lady Kingston, "master Wyatt; you have said true."

The next day, Kingston reported the queen's earnest desire to have the eucharist in her closet, and also to see her almoner. Devett is the name of him whom she desired, but

¹ Heywood.

Cranmer was appointed by Henry. Her mind was agitated by various passions that day. "One hour," says her jailer, "she is determined to die; and the next hour much contrary to that."¹ "Yesterday," continues he, "I sent for my wife, and also for mistress Cosyns, to know how she had done that day; and they said she had been very merry, and made a great dinner, and yet soon after called for her supper, having marvel 'where I was all day.' At my coming she said, 'Where have you been all day?' I made answer, and said, 'I had been with the prisoners.'—'So,' said she, 'I thought I heard Mr. treasurer.' I assured her he was not here. Then she began to talk, and said, 'I was cruelly handled at Greenwich with the king's council, with my lord of Norfolk; who said, 'Tut, tut, tut!' shaking his head three or four times. 'As for my lord treasurer,' she said, 'he was in Windsor forest all the time.'" This was her father.

Thus, in Kingston's letters to Cromwell are her minutest sayings detailed; but it is to be observed that he often speaks from the reports of her pitiless female tormentors. He states, that "The queen expressed some apprehension of what Weston might say in his examination, for that he had told her on Whit-Monday last, 'that Norris came more into her chamber for her sake than for Madge,' one of her maids of honor." By way of postscript, Kingston adds, "Since the making of this letter, the queen spake of Weston, that she had told him he did love her kinswoman, Mrs. Skelton,² and that he loved not his wife; and he answered her again that 'He loved one in her house better than them both.' She asked him, 'Who?' to which he replied, 'Yourself;' on which she defied him."³ When they told her Smeaton had been laid in irons, she said, "That was because he was a person of mean birth, and the others were all gentlemen." She assured Kingston that "Smeaton had never been but once in her chamber, and that was when the king was at Win-

¹ Kingston's letters to Cromwell; Cotton. MS., Otho, c. x.

² Mrs. Skelton, the lady to whom Weston was making love, was the first cousin of the queen, the daughter of her father's sister, Anna Boleyn of Blickling hall, who first married sir John Skelton, and afterwards sir Thomas Calthorpe, both Norfolk gentlemen.

³ Kingston's letters to Cromwell; MS., Otho, c. x.

chester, and she sent for him to play on the virginals; for there," said she, "my lodging was above the king's." She related, also, what had passed between her and Smeaton on the Saturday before his arrest.¹ Her passionate love for music, in which she herself greatly excelled, had undoubtedly led her to treat this person with a greater degree of familiarity than was becoming in a queen.²

There were times when Anne would not believe that Henry intended to harm her; and, after complaining that she was cruelly handled, she added, "But I think the king does it to prove me;" and then she laughed, and affected to be very merry,—merriment more sad than tears, reminding us of

"Moody madness, laughing wild
Amidst severest woe."

Reason must indeed have tottered when she predicted "that there would be no rain in England till she was released from her unmerited thralldom." To this wild speech Kingston familiarly rejoined, "I pray, then, it be shortly, because of the dry weather: you know what I mean."—"If she had her bishops, they would plead for her," she said.³ Cranmer, from whom she probably expected most, wrote in the following guarded strain to Henry on the subject:—

"If it be true what is openly reported of the queen's grace, if men had a right estimation of things, they should not esteem any part of your grace's honor to be touched thereby, but her honor only to be clearly disparaged. And I am in such a perplexity, that my mind is clean amazed; for I never had a better opinion in woman than I had of her, which maketh me think that she should not be culpable. Now I think that your grace best knoweth, that, next unto your grace, I was most bound unto her of all creatures living. Wherefore I most humbly beseech your grace to suffer me, in that which both God's law,

¹ Kingston's letters to Cromwell; MS., Otho, c. x.

² George Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions*, gives the following version of Smeaton's parentage:—

"My father a carpenter, and labored with his hand,
With the sweat of his face he purchased his living,
For small was his rent, and much less was his land:
My mother in cottage used daily spinning;
Lo! in what misery was my beginning."—*Singer's Cavendish*.

³ Kingston's letters to Cromwell; Cotton. MSS., Otho, c. x. f. 225.

nature, and her kindness bindeth me unto, that I may (with your grace's favor) wish and pray for her. And from what condition your grace, of your only mere goodness, took her, and set the crown upon her head, I repute him not your grace's faithful servant and subject, nor true to the realm, that would not desire the offence to be without mercy punished, to the example of all others. And as I loved her not a little, for the love I judged her to bear towards God and his holy gospel, so, if she be proved culpable, there is not one that loveth God and his gospel that will ever favor her, but must hate her above all other; and the more they love the gospel, the more they will hate her, for then there never was creature in our time that so much slandered the gospel. And God hath sent her this punishment for that she feignedly hath professed the gospel in her mouth, and not in her heart and deed; and though she hath offended so that she hath deserved never to be reconciled to your grace's favor, yet God Almighty hath manifoldly declared his goodness towards your grace, and never offended you."¹

The letter concludes with an exhortation to the king not to think less of the gospel on this account. The letter is dated from Lambeth, May 3d. Cranmer adds a postscript, stating, "That the lord chancellor and others of his majesty's house had sent for him to the Star-chamber, and there declared such things as the king wished him to be shown, which had made him lament that such faults could be proved on the queen as he had heard from their relation."

Anne entreated Kingston to convey a letter from her to Cromwell, but he declined so perilous a service. She was, at times, like a newly-caged eagle in her impatience and despair. "The king wist what he did," she said bitterly, "when he put such women as my lady Boleyn and Mrs. Cosyns about her." She had two other ladies in attendance on her in her doleful prison-house, of more compassionate dispositions we may presume, for they were not allowed to have any communication with her, except in the presence of Kingston² and his wife, who slept at her chamber-door. Her other ladies slept in an apartment farther off. Among the few faithful hearts whose attachment to Anne Boleyn survived the awful change in her fortunes, were those of Wyatt and his sister. Wyatt is supposed to have had a narrow escape from sharing the fate of the queen, her brother, and their fellow-victims. It is certain that he was at this period under a cloud, and in one of his sonnets he significantly alludes "to the danger which *once* threatened

¹ Burnet's Hist. Reformation.

² Singer, p. 219. Ellis.

him in the month of May," the month which proved so fatal to queen Anne. Very powerful was the sympathy between them; for, even when a guarded captive in the Tower, Anne spake with admiration of Wyatt's poetical talents.¹ It was probably by the aid of his sister that Anne, on the fourth day of her imprisonment, found means to forward the following letter, through Cromwell's agency, to the king:—

"Your grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, that what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send to me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favor), by such a one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by *him*,² than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, ■ you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command. But let not your grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought ever proceeded. And to speak a truth, never ■ prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bolen,—with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had so been pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received queenship, but that I always looked for such alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration was fit and sufficient (I knew) to draw that fancy to some other subject.

"You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire; if, then, you found me worthy of such honor, good your grace, let not any light fancy or bad counsel of my enemies withdraw your princely favor from me; neither let that stain—that unworthy stain—of a disloyal heart towards your good grace ever cast so foul a blot on me, and on the infant princess your daughter [Elizabeth].

"Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and as my judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shames. Then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicions and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that, whatever God and you may determine of, your grace may be freed from an open censure; and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace may be at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unfaithful wife, but to follow your affection already settled on that party ■ for whose sake I am

¹ Letter of sir W. Kingston; Cotton. MS., Otho, c. x.

■ This enemy has been supposed to be lady Rochford, but the relative *him* cannot apply to her. It is possible it was the duke of Suffolk, who always came ostentatiously forward to help to crush any victim Henry was sacrificing. He was one of her judges, and pronounced her guilty; and he witnessed her death, being on the scaffold with no friendly intention.

■ Jane Seymour.

now as I am, whose name I could, some good while since, have pointed unto,—your grace being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the joying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin herein, and likewise my enemies, the instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strait account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear; and in whose just judgment, I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me), mine innocency shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared.

“My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace’s displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, whom, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favor in your sight,—if ever the name of Anne Bulen have been pleasing in your ears,—then let me obtain this request; and so I will leave to trouble your grace any further, with mine earnest prayer to the Trinity to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions.

“From my doleful prison in the Tower, the 6th of May.

“ANN BULEN.”

The authenticity of this beautiful letter has been impugned for various reasons, but chiefly because the handwriting differs from the well-known autograph of Anne Boleyn; but the fact that it was found among Cromwell’s papers four years after her death proves it to be a contemporary document. The cautious but pathetic endorsement, “To the king, from the ladye in the Tower,” identifies it, no less than the peculiar nature of the contents, as the composition of the captive queen. The original, we may reasonably suppose, had been forwarded to the king by Mr. secretary Cromwell. The only real objection which occurs to us is, that the letter is signed “Ann Bulen,” instead of “*Anna the quene.*” It is, however, possible, in the excited state of feeling under which this passionate appeal to the fickle tyrant was written, that his unfortunate consort fondly thought, by using that once-beloved signature, to touch a tender chord in his heart. But the time of sentiment, if it ever existed with Henry, was long gone by; and such a letter from a wife whom he had never respected, and had now ceased to love, was more calculated to awaken wrath than to revive affection. Every word is a sting, envenomed by the sense of intolerable wrong. It is written

in the tone of a woman who has been falsely accused; and imagining herself strong in the consciousness of her integrity, unveils the guilty motives of her accuser, with a reckless disregard to consequences perfectly consistent with the character of Anne Boleyn. Her appeal in behalf of the unfortunate gentlemen who were involved in her calamity is generous, and looks like the courage of innocence. A guilty woman would scarcely have dared to allude to the suspected partners of her crime. It is strange that the allusion to the infant Elizabeth in this letter is made without any expression of maternal tenderness.

On the 10th of May an indictment for high treason was found by the grand jury of Westminster "against the lady Anne, queen of England; George Boleyn, viscount Rochford; Henry Norris, groom of the stole; sir Francis Weston and William Brereton, gentlemen of the privy-chamber; and Mark Smeaton, a performer on musical instruments,—a person specified as of low degree, promoted for his skill to be a groom of the chambers."¹ The four commoners were tried in Westminster hall, May 10th, by a commission of oyer and terminer, for the alleged offences against the honor and the life of their sovereign. A true bill had been found against them by the grand juries of two counties, Kent as well as Middlesex, because some of the offences specified in the indictment were said to have taken place at Greenwich, others at Hampton Court and elsewhere.² Smeaton endeavored to save his life by pleading guilty to the indictment. He had previously confessed, before the council, the crime with which he and the queen were charged. The three gentlemen, Norris, Weston, and Brereton, resolutely maintained their innocence and that of their royal mistress, though urged by every persuasive, even the promise of mercy, if they would confess. They persisted in their plea, and were all condemned to death.³ On what evidence they were found guilty no one can now say, for the records of the trial are not in existence; but in that reign of terror English liberty and English law were empty

¹ Birch MSS. Burnet. Lingard. Turner.

² Burnet. Birch. Lingard. Turner.

³ Ibid.

words. Almost every person whom Henry VIII. brought to trial for high treason was condemned as a matter of course; and at last he omitted the ceremony of trials at all, and slew his noble and royal victims by acts of attainder.

Every effort was used to obtain evidence against Anne from the condemned prisoners, but in vain. "No one," says sir Edward Baynton, in his letters to the treasurer, "will accuse her, but *alonely* Mark, of any actual thing." How Mark's confession was obtained becomes an important question as to the guilt or innocence of the queen. Constantine, whose testimony is anything but favorable to Anne Boleyn, says, "that Mark confessed, but it was reported that he had been grievously racked first." According to Grafton, he was beguiled into signing the deposition which criminated himself, the queen, and others by the subtlety of the admiral, sir William Fitzwilliam, who, perceiving his hesitation and terror, said, "Subscribe, Mark, and you will see what will come of it." The implied hope of preserving a dishonored existence prevailed: the wretched creature signed the fatal paper which proved the death-doom of himself as well as his royal mistress. He was hanged, that he might tell no tales. Norris was offered his life if he would confess, but he declared "that he would rather die a thousand deaths than accuse the queen of that of which he believed her in his conscience innocent." When this noble reply was reported to the king, he cried out, "Hang him up, then! hang him up!"¹

Queen Anne and her brother, lord Rochford, were brought to trial, May 16th, in a temporary building which had been hastily erected for that purpose within the great hall in the Tower. There were then fifty-three peers of England; but from this body a selected moiety of twenty-six were named by the king as "lords triers," under the direction of the duke of Norfolk, who was created lord high-steward for the occasion, and sat under the cloth of state. His son, the earl of Surrey, sat under him as deputy earl-marshal.² The duke's hostility to his unfortunate niece had already betrayed him into the cruelty of brow-beating and insulting

¹ Bishop Godwin's Annals.

² Nott's Life of Surrey. Mackintosh. Burnet.

her in her examination before the council at Greenwich. It has been erroneously stated by several writers that Anne's father, the earl of Wiltshire, was one of the "lords triers," but this was not the case. The duke of Suffolk, one of her determined enemies, was one of her judges; so also was Henry's natural son, the duke of Richmond, who had married her beautiful cousin the lady Mary Howard, the daughter of the duke of Norfolk. This youth, as well as Suffolk, as a matter of course, voted according to the king's pleasure. The earl of Northumberland, Anne's first lover, was named on the commission for her trial. He appeared in his place, but was taken suddenly ill, the effect, no doubt, of violent agitation, and quitted the court before the arraignment of lord Rochford, which preceded that of the queen.¹ He died a few months afterwards.

Lady Rochford outraged all decency by appearing as a witness against her husband. The only evidence adduced in proof of the crime with which he was charged was, that one day, when making some request to his sister the queen, he leaned over her bed, and was said by the by-standers to have kissed her.² Rochford defended himself with great spirit and eloquence, so that his judges were at first divided,³ and had the whole body of the peers been present, he might have had a chance of acquittal; but, as we have shown, the lords triers were a number selected by the crown for this service. The trial was conducted within strong walls, the jurors were picked men, and by their verdict the noble prisoner was found guilty. After he was removed, Anne queen of England was called into court by a gentleman usher. She appeared immediately in answer to the summons, attended by her ladies, and lady Kingston, and was led to the bar by the lieutenant and the constable of the Tower. The royal prisoner had neither counsel nor adviser of any kind, but she had rallied all the energies of her mind to meet the awful crisis: neither female terror nor hysterical agitation were perceptible in that hour. The lord of Milherve tells us, "that she presented herself at the bar with the true dignity of a queen, and courtesied to her

¹ Remarkable Trials, vol. i.

² Burnet.

³ Wyatt. Mackintosh.

judges, looking round upon them all without any sign of fear." Neither does it appear that there was anything like parade or attempt at theatrical effect in her manner, for her deportment was modest and cheerful. When the indictment was read, which charged her with such offences as never Christian queen had been arraigned for before, she held up her hand courageously, and pleaded "not guilty." She then seated herself in the chair which had been provided for her use while the evidence against her was stated.

Of what nature the evidence was no one can now form an opinion, for the records of the trial have been carefully destroyed. Burnet affirms that he took great pains in searching for documents calculated to throw some light on the proceedings, and the chief result of his labors was an entry made by sir John Spelman in his private note-book, supposed to have been written on the bench when he sat as one of the judges before whom Norris, Weston, Brereton, and Smeaton were tried for the alleged offences in which they had been, as it was said, participators with the queen. These are the words quoted by Burnet:—"As for the evidence of the matter, it was discovered by the lady Wingfield, who had been a servant to the queen, and becoming suddenly infirm before her death, did swear this matter to one of her . . ."¹ Here the page containing the important communication of the dying lady is torn off, and with it all the other notes the learned judge had made on these mysterious trials were destroyed; so that, as Burnet has observed, the main evidence brought against the queen and

¹ Burnet's Hist. Ref., vol. i. p. 197. The lady who is asserted to have made this deposition must have been Bridget the daughter of sir John Wiltshire, comptroller of Calais, and widow of sir Richard Wingfield, who, by his first marriage with Katherine Woodville, daughter of earl Rivers, and widow of Jasper Tudor, duke of Bedford, stood in close connection with the king. He was gentleman of the bedchamber, knight of the Garter, and chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and died during his embassy to the emperor in 1525. It must have been in that year that the letter of condolence from Anne to lady Wingfield, signed Anne Rocheford (see p. 600), was written, in which the fair favorite of the fickle Henry professes to love her better than any woman, except lady Boleyn her step-mother; whom, according to the custom of the times, she calls her mother.

her supposed paramours was the oath of a dead woman, and that, we may add, on hearsay evidence. Crispin's account of the origin of the charge is, "That a gentleman reproving his sister for the freedom of her behavior, she excused herself by alleging the example of the queen, who was accustomed," she said, "to admit sir Henry Norris, sir Francis Weston, master Brereton, Mark Smeaton the musician, and her brother lord Rochford into her chamber at improper hours," adding "that Smeaton could tell a great deal more."¹

The crimes of which the queen was arraigned were, that she had wronged the king her husband, at various times, with the four persons above named, and also with her brother lord Rochford; that she had said to each and every one of those persons that the king never had her heart; that she privately told each, separately, "that she loved him better than any person in the world," which things tended to the slander of her issue by the king. To this was added "a charge of conspiring against the king's life." In an abstract from the indictment printed in the notes of Sharon Turner's Henry VIII., the days on which the alleged offences were committed are specified. The first is with Norris, and is dated October 6, 1533, within a month after the birth of the princess Elizabeth, which statement brings its own refutation, for the queen had not then quitted her lying-in chamber.² "For the evidence," says Wyatt, "as I never could hear of any, small I believe it was. The accusers must have doubted whether their *proofs* would not prove their *reproofs*, when they durst not bring them to the light in an open place." Every right-thinking man must, indeed, doubt the truth of accusations which cannot be substantiated according to the usual forms of justice. The queen defended her own cause with ready wit and great eloquence. Wyatt says, "It was reported without

¹ Crispin lord of Milherve's Metrical History: Meteren's History of the Low Countries.

² Mr. Turner, through whose unwearied research this sole existing document connected with the trial of Anne Boleyn was discovered, and who has studied it very deeply, considers that the specifications it contains are very like the made-up statements in a fabricated accusation.

the doors that she had cleared herself in a most wise and noble speech." Another of the floating rumors that were in circulation among the people before the event of her trial was publicly known, was, that having a quick wit, and being a ready speaker, the queen did so answer all objections, that her acquittal was expected; ¹ "And," says bishop Godwin, "had the peers given their verdict according to the expectation of the assembly, she had been acquitted; but through the duke of Suffolk, one wholly given to the king's humor, they did pronounce her guilty." ² The decision of the peers is not required, like the verdict of a jury, to be unanimous, but is carried by a majority. If all had voted, no doubt but she would have been saved. After the verdict was declared, the queen was required to lay aside her crown and other insignia of royalty, which she did without offering an objection, save that she protested her innocence of having offended against the king. ³

This ceremony was preparatory to her sentence, which was pronounced by her uncle, the duke of Norfolk, as lord high-steward of England, and president of the court commissioned for her trial. She was condemned to be burnt or beheaded, at the king's pleasure. Anne Boleyn heard this dreadful doom without changing color or betraying the slightest symptom of terror; but when her stern kinsman and judge had ended, she clasped her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven, made her appeal to a higher tribunal in these words:—"Oh, Father! oh, Creator! Thou, who art the way, the life, and the truth, knowest whether I have deserved this death." Then turning to her earthly judges, she said, "My lords, I will not say your sentence is unjust, nor presume that my reasons can prevail against your convictions. I am willing to believe that you have sufficient reasons for what you have done; but then they must be other than those which have been produced in court, for I am clear of all the offences which you then laid to my charge. I have ever been a faithful wife to the king, though I do not say I have always shown him that humility

¹ Harleian MS. Holinshed.

² Godwin's Henry VIII.

■ Burnet. Sharon Turner.

which his goodness to me and the honor to which he raised me merited. I confess I have had jealous fancies and suspicions of him, which I had not discretion and wisdom enough to conceal at all times. But God knows, and is my witness, that I never sinned against him in any other way. Think not I say this in the hope to prolong my life. God hath taught me how to die, and he will strengthen my faith. Think not that I am so bewildered in my mind as not to lay the honor of my chastity to heart now in mine extremity, when I have maintained it all my life long, as much as ever queen did. I know these my last words will avail me nothing but for the justification of my chastity and honor. As for my brother, and those others who are unjustly condemned, I would willingly suffer many deaths to deliver them; but since I see it so pleases the king, I shall willingly accompany them in death, with this assurance, that I shall lead an endless life with them in peace." Then, with a composed air, she rose up, made a parting salutation to her judges, and left the court as she had entered it. Such is the graphic account that has been preserved of Anne Boleyn's looks, words, and demeanor on this trying occasion by a foreign contemporary,¹ who was one of the few spectators who were permitted to witness it.

The lord mayor, who was present at the arraignment of Anne Boleyn, said afterwards, that "*he* could not observe anything in the proceedings against her but that they were resolved to make an occasion to get rid of her." As the chief judge in the civic court of judicature, and previously as an alderman of the city of London, this magistrate had been accustomed to weigh evidences and pronounce judgments on criminal causes, therefore his opinion is of importance in this case. Camden tells us that the spectators deemed Anne innocent, and merely circumvented. This

¹ Crispin lord of Milherve; Meteren's Hist. of the Low Countries, vol. i. p. 20. He has left us a metrical version of this thrilling scene, which has been regarded by Meteren, the historian of the Low Countries, as a valuable and authentic historical document. He has used it as such, and his example has been followed by Burnet, Mackintosh, Tytler, and, to a certain degree, by Dr. Lingard, though he cautions his readers as to the possibility of the poet having adorned his touching record with heightened tints.

accords with the lord mayor's opinion. Smeaton was not confronted with her, and, as far as can be gathered of the grounds of her condemnation, it must have been on his confession only. It is said she objected "that one witness was not enough to convict a person of high treason," but was told "that in *her* case it *was* sufficient." In these days the queen would have had the liberty of cross-questioning the witnesses against her, either personally or by fearless and skilful advocates. Moreover, it would have been in her power to have summoned even her late attendant, mistress Jane Seymour, as one of her witnesses. The result of that lady's examination might have elicited some curious facts. After her trial, Anne was conveyed back to her chamber, the lady Boleyn her aunt, and lady Kingston, only attending her.

The same day, Kingston wrote in the following methodical style to Cromwell, on the subject of the dreadful preparations for the execution of the death-doomed queen and her brother :—

"SIR :—

"This day I was with the king's grace, and declared the petitions of my lord of Rochford, wherein I was answered. Sir, the said lord much desireth to speak with you, which toucheth his conscience much, *as he saith* ; wherein I pray you that I may know your pleasure, for because of my promise made unto my said lord to do the same. And also I shall desire you further to know the king's pleasure touching the queen, as well for her comfort as for the preparations of scaffolds, and other necessities concerning. The king's grace showed me that my lord of Canterbury should be her confessor, and he was here this day with the queen. And note in that manner, sir, the time is short, for the king supposeth the gentlemen to die to-morrow, and my lord Rochford, with the rest of the gentlemen, are yet without confession, which I look for ; but I have told my lord Rochford that he be in readiness to-morrow to suffer execution, and so he accepts it very well, and will do his best to be ready."

The same day on which this letter was written, the king signed the death-warrant of his once passionately loved consort, and sent Cranmer to receive her last confession. Anne appeared to derive comfort and hope from the primate's visit—hope, even of life ; for she told those about her, "that she understood she was to be banished, and she supposed she should be sent to Antwerp." Cranmer was aware of Henry's wish of dissolving the marriage with Anne Boleyn,

in order to dispossess the little princess Elizabeth of the place she had been given in the succession, and he had probably persuaded the unfortunate queen not to oppose his majesty's pleasure in that matter. The flattering idea of a reprieve from death must have been suggested to Anne, in order to induce her compliance with a measure so repugnant to her natural disposition and her present frame of mind. When she was brought as a guarded prisoner from Greenwich to the Tower, she had told the unfriendly spectators of her disgrace "that they could not prevent her from dying their queen," accompanying these proud words with a haughty gesticulation of her neck.¹ Yet we find her, only the day after her conference with the archbishop, submitting to resign this dearly prized and fatally purchased dignity without a struggle.

She received, May 17th, a summons to appear, "on the salvation of her soul, in the archbishop's court at Lambeth, to answer certain questions as to the validity of her marriage with the king." Henry received a copy of the same summons; but as he had no intention of being confronted with his unhappy consort, he appeared by his old proctor in divorce affairs, Dr. Sampson. The queen, having no choice in the matter, was compelled to attend in person, though a prisoner under sentence of death. She was conveyed privately from the Tower to Lambeth. The place where this strange scene in the closing act of Anne Boleyn's tragedy was performed was, we are told, a certain low chapel or crypt in Cranmer's house at Lambeth, where, as primate of England, he sat in judgment on the validity of her marriage with the king. The unfortunate queen went through the forms of appointing doctors Wotton and Barbour as her proctors, who, in her name, admitted the pre-contract with Percy, and every other objection that was urged by the king against the legality of the marriage. Wilkin and some others have supposed that Anne submitted to this degradation as the only means of avoiding the terrible sentence of burning.² Cranmer pronounced "that the marriage between Henry and Anne was null and void, and always had

¹ Cassal. Feyjoo.

² Wilkin's Concilia. Nichols's Lambeth.

been so." Cromwell was present in his capacity of vicar-general, and, Heylin says, the sentence was pronounced by him.

Thus did Henry take advantage of his former jealous tyranny in preventing the fulfilment of Percy's engagement with Anne, by using it as a pretext against the validity of her marriage with himself, and this, too, for the sake of illegitimizing his own child. With equal injustice and cruelty he denied his conjugal victim the miserable benefit which her degradation from the name of his wife and the rank of his queen appeared to offer her,—namely, an escape from the sentence which had been passed upon her for the alleged crime of adultery, to which, if she were not legally his wife, she could not in law be liable. But Henry's vindictive purpose against her was evident from the beginning, and nothing would satisfy him but her blood. If he had insisted on the invalidity of their union as early as May 13th, when Percy was required to answer whether a contract of marriage did not exist between him and the queen, Anne could not have been proceeded against on the charges in her indictment, and the lives of the five unfortunate men who were previously arraigned and sentenced on the same grounds would have been preserved as well as her own. In that case, she could only have been proceeded against as marchioness of Pembroke, and on a charge of conspiring against the life of the king; but as it does not appear that the slightest evidence tending to establish that very improbable crime was set forth, the blood of six victims would have been spared if the sentence on the marriage had passed only three days before it did. Percy, however, denied on oath, to the duke of Norfolk, the lord chancellor, and others, that any contract was between him and the queen,¹ though he had verbally confessed to cardinal Wolsey "that he was so bound in honor to Anne Boleyn that he could not in conscience marry another woman."² It is probable that Anne's haughty spirit, as well as her maternal feelings, had also prompted her to repel the idea of a divorce with scorn, till the axe was suspended over her.

¹ See his letter in Burnet.

² Cavendish.

Perhaps she now submitted in the fond hope of preserving not only her own life, but that of her beloved brother, and the three gallant and unfortunate gentlemen who had so courageously maintained her innocence through all the terrors and temptations with which they had been beset. If so, how bitter must have been the anguish which rent her heart when the knell of these devoted victims, swelling gloomily along the banks of the Thames, reached her ear as she returned to her prison after the unavailing sacrifice of her own and her daughter's rights had been accomplished at Lambeth! That very morning her brother and the other gentlemen were led to execution,¹ a scaffold having been erected for that purpose on Tower hill. Rochford exhorted his companions "to die courageously," and entreated those who came to see him suffer "to live according to the gospel, not in preaching, but in practice," saying, "he would rather have one good liver according to the gospel than ten babblers."² He warned his old companions of the vanity of relying on court favor and the smiles of fortune, which had rendered him forgetful of better things. As a sinner, he bewailed his unworthiness, and acknowledged the justice of his punishment in the sight of God; but the king, he said, "he had never offended, yet he prayed for him that he might have a long and happy life." He forgave all his enemies, and prayed "that he also might be forgiven by all whom he had injured."³ Then kneeling down, he calmly submitted his neck to the axe.

By some writers it has been regarded as a proof of the queen's guilt, that her brother neither attempted to exonerate himself nor her from the horrible offence with which they had been branded; but an innocent man might, with equal delicacy and dignity, have been silent on such a subject before such an audience. The accusation, if false, was properly treated with the contempt its grossness merited. There is, however, a reason for lord Rochford's silence which

¹ According to Cavendish, Rochford petitioned earnestly for mercy after his condemnation.

² Memorial of John Constantyne, in Appendix to Mackintosh's Henry VIII.

³ Meteren. Excerpta Historica.

has never been adduced by historians. He had made most earnest supplication for his life, and even condescended to entreat the intercession of his unworthy wife with the king to prolong his existence; and as Henry was no less deceitful than cruel, it is possible that he might have tempted Rochford with false hopes to admit the justice of his sentence. General professions of unworthiness and lamentations for sin on the scaffold were customary with persons about to suffer the sentence of the law; even the spotless and saint-like lady Jane Gray expresses herself in a similar strain. Therefore, as sir Henry Ellis observes, "no conclusions, as to the guilt of the parties accused, can reasonably be drawn from such acknowledgments." Norris, Weston, and Brereton, taking their cue from Rochford's¹ form of confession, made general acknowledgments of sinfulness, and requested the bystanders to judge the best of them. Sir Francis Weston was a very beautiful young man, and so wealthy that his wife and mother offered to purchase his life of the king at the ransom of 100,000 crowns. Henry rejected both the piteous supplication and the bribe.

Mark Smeaton, being of ignoble birth, was hanged. He said, "Masters, I pray you all to pray for me, for I have deserved the death." This expression is considered ambiguous, for either he meant that he had committed the crime for

¹ George Boleyn, viscount Rochford, was governor of Dover and the Cinque-ports, and was employed on several embassies to France. "Like earl Rivers," observes Walpole, "he rose by the exaltation of his sister, like him was innocently sacrificed on her account, and like him showed that the lustre of her situation did not make him neglect to add accomplishments of his own." He was an elegant poet. It is said by Anthony à Wood that George Boleyn, on the evening before his execution, composed and sang that celebrated lyric, "Farewell, my lute," which is well known to the connoisseurs in our early English poetry. He certainly did not compose it then, because it had been previously printed, with other poems of his, among those written by his friend sir Thomas Wyatt. Probably George Boleyn whiled away his heavy prison hours with his instrument, and the refrain of this lyric was peculiarly applicable to his situation:—

"Farewell, my lute, this is the last
Labor that thou and I shall waste,
For ended is that we began;
Now is the song both sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done."

which he was to die, or that he merited his punishment for having borne false witness against his royal mistress. It was, however, reported, even at the time, that Mark Smeaton's confession was extorted by the rack,¹ and that he was not confronted with the queen lest he should retract it. Anne evidently expected that he would make the *amende* on the scaffold, for when she was informed of the particulars of the execution and his last words, she indignantly exclaimed, "Has he not, then, cleared me from the public shame he hath done me? Alas! I fear his soul will suffer from the false witness he hath borne. My brother and the rest are now, I doubt not, before the face of the greater King, and I shall follow to-morrow."²

The renewed agony of hope, which had been cruelly and vainly excited in the bosom of the queen by the mockery of declaring that her marriage with the sovereign was null and void, appears soon to have passed away. She had drunk of the last drop of bitterness that mingled malice and injustice could infuse into her cup of misery, and when she received the awful intimation that she must prepare herself for death, she met the fiat like one who was weary of a troublesome pilgrimage, and anxious to be released from its sufferings. Such are the sentiments pathetically expressed in the following stanzas, which she is said to have composed after her condemnation, when her poetical talents were employed in singing her own dirge:—

"Oh, Death! rock me asleep,
Bring on my quiet rest,
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
Out of my careful breast.
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let its sound my death tell,—
For I must die,
There is no remedy,
For now I die!

"My pains who can express?
Alas! they are so strong,
My dolour will not suffer strength
My life for to prolong!

¹ Constantyne's Memorial, in Mackintosh's History of England.

² Meteren.

Alone in prison strange,
 I wail my destiny;
 Woe worth this cruel hap, that I
 Should taste this misery!

“Farewell my pleasures past,
 Welcome my present pain,
 I feel my torments so increase
 That life cannot remain.
 Sound now the passing bell,
 Rung is my doleful knell,
 For its sound my death doth tell:
 Death doth draw nigh,
 Sound the knell dolefully,
 For now I die!”¹

There is an utter abandonment to grief and desolation in these lines, which, in their rhythm and cadence, show musical cultivation in the composer. Of a more prosaic nature, yet containing literal truth as to the events to which they allude, are the verses she wrote after her return from her trial:—

“Defiled is my name full sore,
 Through cruel spite and false report,
 That I may say for evermore,
 Farewell to joy, adieu comfort!

“For wrongfully ye judge of me,
 Unto my fame a mortal wound;
 Say what ye list, it may not be,
 Ye seek for that shall not be found.”

Anne was earnest in preparing herself for death with many and fervent devotional exercises, and whatever may have been said in disparagement of her by Catholic historians, it is certain that she did not die a Protestant. She passed many hours in private conference with her confessor, and received the sacraments according to the doctrine of transubstantiation.² The penance she imposed upon herself for her injurious treatment of her royal step-daughter, the remembrance of which lay heavily upon her mind when

¹ See Evans's Collection of English Poetry, where this and another short poem are attributed to her. This dirge was popular in the reign of Elizabeth, as the commencing line is quoted as a familiar stave by Shakspeare.

² Kingston's letters, Cott. Otho, c. cx.; likewise edited by sir Henry Ellis, in his first series of Historical Letters.

standing upon the awful verge of eternity, is most interestingly recorded by Speed, who quotes it from the relation of a nobleman:—"The day before she suffered death, being attended by six ladies in the Tower, she took the lady Kingston into her presence-chamber, and there, locking the door upon them, willed her to sit down in the chair of state. Lady Kingston answered 'that it was her duty to stand, and not to sit at all in her presence, much less upon the seat of state of her the queen.'—"Ah! madame,' replied Anne, 'that title is gone: I am a condemned person, and by law have no estate left me in this life, but for clearing of my conscience. I pray you sit down.'—"Well,' said lady Kingston, 'I have often played the fool in my youth, and, to fulfil your command, I will do it once more in mine age;' and thereupon sat down under the cloth of estate on the throne. Then the queen most humbly fell on her knees before her, and, holding up her hands with tearful eyes, charged her, 'as in the presence of God and his angels, and as she would answer to her before them when all should appear to judgment, that she would so fall down before the lady Mary's grace, her daughter-in-law, and, in like manner, ask her forgiveness for the wrongs she had done her; for, till that was accomplished,' she said, 'her conscience could not be quiet.'" This fact is also recorded in Kingston's letters to Cromwell, but not so circumstantially as in the account quoted by Speed, from which we learn that Anne Boleyn continued to occupy her own royal apartments in the Tower (with the presence-chamber and canopied chair of state), commonly called the queen's lodgings, and that she had the free range of them even after the warrant for her execution was signed, although tradition points out more than one dismal tower of the royal fortress as the place of her imprisonment.¹

¹ In one of the apartments in that venerable part of the Tower occupied by Edmund Swifte, Esq., the keeper of her majesty's jewels, I was shown by that gentleman the rude intaglio of a rose and the letter H., with A. Boulton deeply graven on the wall with a nail, or some other pointed instrument. Mr. Swifte argued, from this circumstance, that the captive queen had been confined in the Martin tower, which was then used as a prison lodging; but, as it is certain that she occupied the royal apartments, it is not unlikely that her name, with this device, was traced by Norris, or one of the other unfortunate gentlemen who

The queen was ordered for execution on the 19th of May, and it was decreed by Henry that she should be beheaded on the green within the Tower. It was a case without precedent in the annals of England, for never before had female blood been shed on the scaffold; even in the Norman reigns of terror, woman's life had been held sacred, and the most merciless of the Plantagenet sovereigns had been too manly, under any provocation or pretence, to butcher ladies. But the age of chivalry was over, and not one spark of its ennobling spirit lingered in the breast of the sensual tyrant who gave the first example of sending queens and princesses to the block, like sheep to the shambles. Perhaps there were moments when the lovely and once passionately beloved Anne Boleyn doubted the possibility of his consigning her to the sword of the executioner; Henry was certainly aware that his doing so would be deemed an outrage on public decency by his ordering all strangers to be expelled from the Tower. There is an expression in Kingston's letter which implies that a rescue was apprehended; at any rate, the experiment was yet to be tried how Englishmen would brook the spectacle of seeing their beautiful queen mangled by a foreign headsman, that the sovereign might be at liberty to bestow her place on her handmaid. As it was the king's pleasure that his conjugal victim should be decollated with a sword, after the French manner of execution, the headsman of Calais was brought over to England for the purpose, a man who was considered remarkably expert at his horrible calling. The unfortunate queen was duly apprised of this circumstance, with the other preparations for the last act of the tragedy that was to terminate her brilliant but fatal career. She had had mournful experience of the vanity and vexation of all the distinctions that had flattered her: beauty, wealth, genius, pleasure, power, royalty, had all been hers, and whither had they led her?

On Friday, the 19th of May, the last sad morning of her life, Anne rose two hours after midnight, and resumed her

paid so dearly for having felt the power of her charms. When the apartments in the Martin tower were under repair some years ago, Mr. Swifte, by a fortunate chance, preserved this interesting relic from being obliterated by the masons.

devotions with her almoner. Her previous desire of having the consecrated elements remain *in her closet* (which in such case is always for the purposes of adoration), and the fact that she termed the sacrament "the good Lord," proves plainly that she did not die a Protestant. When she was about to receive the sacrament she sent for sir William Kingston, that he might be a witness of her last solemn protestation of her innocence of the crimes for which she was sentenced to die before she became partaker of the holy rite.¹ It is difficult to imagine any person wantonly provoking the wrath of God by incurring the crime of perjury at such a moment. She had evidently no hope of prolonging her life, and appeared not only resigned to die, but impatient of the unexpected delay of an hour or two before the closing scene was to take place. This delay was caused by the misgivings of Henry, for Kingston had advised Cromwell not to fix the hour for the execution so that it could be exactly known when it was to take place, lest it should draw an influx of spectators from the city.²

It does not appear that Anne condescended to implore the mercy of the king. In her letter of the 6th of May she had appealed to his justice, and reminded him that "he must hereafter expect to be called to a strict account for his treatment of her, if he took away her life on false and slanderous pretences;" but there is no record that she caused a single supplication to be addressed to him in her behalf. She knew his pitiless nature too well even to make the attempt to touch his feelings after the horrible imputations with which he had branded her, and this lofty spirit looks like the pride of innocence, and the bitterness of a deeply-

¹ Kingston's letters to Cromwell. Ellis's Letters.

² These are his words: Sir:—These should be to advertise you that I have received your letter, wherein you would have strangers conveyed out of the Tower; and so they be, by the means of Richard Gresham, and William Lake, and Wythspall. But the number of strangers past not thirty, and not many of these armed; and the ambassador of the emperor had a servant there honestly put out. Sir, if the hour be not certain, so as it be known in London, I think there will be but few; and I think a reasonable number were best, for I suppose she will declare herself to be a good woman, for all men but the king, at the hour of her death."

wounded mind. While Kingston was writing his last report to Cromwell of her preparations for the awful change that awaited her, she sent for him, and said, "Mr. Kingston, I hear I shall not die afore noon, and I am very sorry therefor, for I thought to be dead by this time, and past my pain."—"I told her," says Kingston, "that the pain should be little, it was so subtle." And then she said, "I have heard say the executioner is very good, and I have a little neck," and put her hands about it, laughing heartily. "I have seen men and also women executed, and they have been in great sorrow," continues the lieutenant of the Tower, "but, to my knowledge, this lady hath much joy and pleasure in death. Sir, her almoner is continually with her, and hath been since two o'clock after midnight." There must have been one powerful tie to bind the hapless queen to a world from which she appeared eager to be released. She was a mother, and was leaving her infant daughter to the domination of the treacherous beauty who was to take her place in Henry's state, as she had already done in his fickle fancy, and Anne Boleyn had no reason to expect that Jane Seymour would prove a kinder step-dame to Elizabeth, than she had been to the princess Mary,—an agonizing thought in the hour of death. It is not known whether Anne requested to see her little one, who was quite old enough to know her and to return her caresses, for Elizabeth was at the attractive age of two years and eight months; but if the unfortunate queen preferred such a petition, it was fruitless, and she was led to the scaffold without being permitted to bestow a parting embrace on her child. Perhaps she felt that such an interview would unfit her for acting her part in the last trying scene that awaited her with the lofty composure which its publicity required.

That great historian, lord Bacon, assures us that Anne protested her innocence with undaunted greatness of mind at the time of her death. He tells us, "that by a messenger, faithful and generous as she supposed, who was one of the king's privy-chamber, she, just before she went to execution, sent this message to the king:—'Commend me to his majesty, and tell him he hath been ever constant in his

career of advancing me. From a private gentlewoman he made me a marchioness, from a marchioness a queen; and now he hath left no higher degree of honor, he gives my innocence the crown of martyrdom.' But the messenger durst not carry this to the king, then absorbed in a new passion, yet tradition has truly transmitted it to posterity."¹ This sarcastic message is noted as a memorandum on the letter which Anne wrote to Henry from the Tower, probably by Cromwell or his secretary, and it has frequently been quoted by historians; but lord Bacon is the only person who places it in its apparently true chronology,—the day of her death, when hope was gone, and the overcharged heart of the victim dared to give vent to its last bitterness in those memorable words.

The scaffold prepared for the decapitation of the unfortunate queen was erected on the green before the church of St. Peter-ad-Vincula. The hour appointed by her ruthless consort for her execution having been kept a profound mystery, only a few privileged spectators were assembled to witness the dreadful, yet strangely exciting pageant. A few minutes before twelve o'clock the portals through which she was to pass for the last time were thrown open, and the royal victim appeared, led by the lieutenant of the Tower, who acted as her lord chamberlain at this last fatal ceremonial. Anne was dressed in a robe of black damask, with a deep white cape falling over it on her neck. Instead of the pointed black velvet hood edged with pearls, which is familiar to us in her portraits, she wore a small hat with ornamented coifs under it. The high resolve with which she had nerved herself to go through the awful scene that awaited her as became a queen had doubtless recalled the lustre to her eyes, and flushed her faded cheek with hues of feverish brightness, for she came forth in fearful beauty. "Never," says an eye-witness of the tragedy, "had the

¹ Lord Bacon's account of these celebrated words of Anne Boleyn is well worthy the attention of the reader, considering how intimately connected his grandfather, sir Anthony Cooke, was with the court of England, being tutor to Edward VI.; his aunt was lady Cecil, and his mother lady Bacon, both in the service of Queen Mary: he therefore knew when they were uttered, as all these persons must have heard these facts from witnesses.

queen looked so beautiful before.”¹ She was attended by the four maids of honor who had waited upon her in prison.² Having been assisted by sir William Kingston to ascend the steps of the scaffold, she there saw assembled the lord mayor and some of the civic dignitaries, and her great enemy the duke of Suffolk, with Henry’s natural son, the duke of Richmond, who had, in defiance of all decency and humanity, come thither to disturb her last moments with their unfriendly espionage, and to feast their eyes upon her blood.

There, also, was the ungrateful blacksmith-secretary of state, Cromwell; who, though he had been chiefly indebted to the patronage of Anne Boleyn for his present greatness, had shown no disposition to succor her in her adversity. The fact was, he meant to make alliance offensive and defensive with the family of Henry’s bride-elect, Jane Seymour. The climbing *parvenu* was one of the parties most active in completing the ruin of queen Anne³ and affixing the stigma of illegitimacy on her daughter. Anne must have been perfectly aware of his motives, but she accorded him and the other *reptilia* of the privy council the mercy of her silence when she met them on the scaffold. She came there, as she with true dignity observed, “to die, and not to accuse her enemies.” When she had looked round her, she turned to Kingston, and entreated him “not to hasten the signal for her death till she had spoken that which was on her mind to say;” to which he consented, and she then spoke:—“Good Christian people, I am come hither to die according to law, for by the law I am judged to die, and therefore I will speak nothing against it.”⁴ I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak anything of that

¹ Letter of a Portuguese contemporary, published by sir H. Nicolas in *Excerpta Historica*.

² *Excerpta Historica*. Lingard. Meteren.

³ In Kingston’s last letter to Cromwell relating to Anne Boleyn, it may be observed that no sort of title is vouchsafed to the fallen queen, not so much as that of the lady Anne, which in common courtesy would have been rendered to her as the daughter of the earl of Wiltshire, but she is designated by the unceremonious pronoun *she* throughout. Yet there is something in Kingston’s letters which betrays more interest and kindly feeling towards the royal prisoner than he ventures openly to show to the person he is addressing, and which gives us the idea that she might have fallen into the hands of a harder jailer.

⁴ Hall. Wyatt.

whereof I am accused, as I know full well that aught that I could say in my defence doth not appertain unto you,¹ and that I could draw no hope of life from the same. But I come here only to die, and thus to yield myself humbly unto the will of my lord the king. I pray God to save the king, and send him long to reign over you, for a gentler or more merciful prince was there never. To me he was ever a good and gentle sovereign lord. If any person will meddle with my cause, I require them to judge the best. Thus I take my leave of the world and of you, and I heartily desire you all to pray for me.”² She then, with her own hands, removed her hat and collar, which might impede the action of the sword, and taking the coifs from her head, delivered them to one of her ladies. Then covering her hair with a little linen cap (for it seems as if her ladies were too much overpowered with grief and terror to assist her, and that she was the only person who retained her composure), she said, “Alas, poor head! in a very brief space thou wilt roll in the dust on the scaffold; and as in life thou didst not merit to wear the crown of a queen, so in death thou deservest not better doom than this.”³

■ *Excerpta Historica.*

■ Her speech as related in the account of her execution in Nichols differs in some respects from this, and is much shorter and more naturally expressed; it is as follows:—“Masters, I here humbly submit me to the law, as the law hath judged me; and as for my offences (I here accuse no man), God knoweth them. I remit them to God, beseeching him to have mercy on my soul, and I beseech Jesu save my sovereign and master the king, the most godliest, noblest, and gentlest prince that is, and make him long to reign over you.” These words she spake with ■ smiling countenance. That Anne as a Christian could forgive and pray for her husband we can readily believe, but that she praised him for qualities so entirely contradicted by his conduct, is scarcely credible. Struggling as the unfortunate queen was with hysterical emotion, and the conflicts of suppressed feelings, her utterance must have been choked and imperfect, and the probabilities are that her speech was reported by her friend, Mr. secretary Cromwell, or some other person equally interested in the cause of truth and justice, in such terms as would not only be most agreeable to the king, but best suited to calm the public mind; for if the simple and honest class, who seldom look below the outward semblance of things, could be persuaded that the queen herself was satisfied with her sentence, they would see no reason why they should be otherwise.

■ From the letter of a Portuguese gentleman, who was an eye-witness of the execution.—*Excerpta Hist.*

All present were then in tears save the base court sycophants who came to flatter the evil passions of the sovereign. Anne took leave of her weeping ladies in these pathetic words:—"And ye, my damsels, who, whilst I lived, ever showed yourselves so diligent in my service, and who are now to be present at my last hour and mortal agony, as in good fortune ye were faithful to me, so even at this my miserable death ye do not forsake me. And as I cannot reward you for your true service to me, I pray you take comfort for my loss; howbeit, forget me not, and be always faithful to the king's grace, and to her whom, with happier fortune, ye may have as your queen and mistress. And esteem your honor far beyond your life; and, in your prayers to the Lord Jesu, forget not to pray for my soul."¹ ✓ Among these true-hearted adherents of the fallen queen was the companion of her childhood, Mrs. Mary Wyatt, sir Thomas Wyatt's sister, who, faithful through every reverse, attended her on the scaffold.² To this tried friend Anne Boleyn gave, as a parting gift, her last possession,—a little book of devotions, bound in gold, and enamelled black, which she had held in her hand from the time she left her apartment in the Tower till she commenced her preparations for the block. Mary always wore this precious relic in her bosom.³ Some mysterious last words, supposed to

¹ *Excerpta Historica.*

■ Life of Wyatt, in Strawberry hill MSS.

■ In Singer's learned notes to the memorials left by sir Thomas Wyatt of Anne Boleyn, there is a minute description of a little book, which was carefully preserved in the Wyatt family as having once belonged to Anne Boleyn, and which is, we doubt not, the identical volume presented by that unfortunate queen to the poet's sister. It was of diminutive size, containing 104 leaves of vellum, one inch and seven-eighths long, by one and five-eighths broad; it contained a metrical version of parts of thirteen Psalms, bound in pure gold, richly chased, with a ring to append it to the neck-chain or girdle. It was seen, in 1721, by Mr. Vertue, in the possession of Mr. George Wyatt, of Charterhouse square. Such little volumes were presented by Anne to each of her ladies in the last year of her fatal royalty. Margaret Wyatt, who married sir Henry Lee, has been mentioned in a former impression of this volume as the faithful friend of Anne Boleyn, and it is possible that both the Wyatt ladies were in attendance; but the memorials of the Wyatt family, in the Strawberry hill MSS., more particularly mention Mary (who died single) as the possessor of the volume given on the scaffold.

be a message to sir Thomas Wyatt, the queen was observed to whisper very earnestly to Mrs. Mary Wyatt before she knelt down.

It has been said that Anne refused to allow her eyes to be covered, and that, whenever the executioner approached her, his purpose was disarmed by his encountering their brilliant glances; till, taking off his shoes, he beckoned to one of the assistants to advance on one side as he softly approached on the other, and when the queen, deceived by this subterfuge, turned her eyes in the direction whence she heard the steps, he struck her head off with one blow of the Calais sword.¹ The account given by the Portuguese spectator of this mournful scene is as follows:—"And being minded to say no more, she knelt down upon both knees, and one of her ladies covered her eyes with a bandage; and then they withdrew themselves some little space, and knelt down over against the scaffold, bewailing bitterly and shedding many tears. And thus, and without more to say or do, was her head struck off; she making no confession of her fault, but saying, 'O Lord God, have pity on my soul!'"² This being the record of an eye-witness, we think it is deserving of credit, and it agrees with the dignified composure of Anne's behavior on the scaffold. Gratian says she died with great resolution, and so sedately as to cover her feet with her garments, in like manner as the Roman poet records of the royal Polyxena, when about to be sacrificed at the tomb of Achilles. According to another authority, her last words were, "*In manus tuas.*"³ "The bloody blow came down from his trembling hand who gave it," says Wyatt, "when those about her could not but seem to themselves to have received it upon their own necks, she not so much as shrinking at it." Spelman has noted that Anne Boleyn's eyes and lips were observed to move when

¹ The tragic fate of Anne Boleyn is thus briefly recorded by a contemporary:—"The xix of May, qweene Ann Boleyn was behedyd in the Towre of London, by the hands of the hangman of Calais, withe the swerde of Calais."—*Chronicle of Calais in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII.*, edited by John Gough Nichols, Esq., F.S.A., p. 97; published by the Camden Society.

² *Excerpta Historica*; sir H. Nicolas.

■ Leti.

her head was held up by the executioner.¹ It is also said, that before those beautiful eyes sunk in the dimness of death, they seemed for an instant mournfully to regard her bleeding body as it fell on the scaffold.

It does not appear that the last moments of Anne were disturbed by the presence of lady Boleyn and Mrs. Cosyns. The gentler females who, like ministering angels, had followed their royal mistress to her doleful prison and dishonoring scaffold, half fainting and drowned in tears as they were, surrounded her mangled remains, now a spectacle appalling to woman's eyes; yet they would not abandon them to the ruffian hands of the executioner and his assistants, but, with unavailing tenderness, washed away the blood from the lovely face and glossy hair, that scarcely three years before had been proudly decorated with the crown of St. Edward, and now, but for these unbought offices of faithful love, would have been lying neglected in the dust. Our Portuguese authority informs us "that one weeping lady took the severed head, the others the bleeding body of the unfortunate queen, and having reverentially covered them with a sheet, placed them in a chest which there stood ready, and carried them to the church, which is within the Tower; where," continues he, "they say she lieth buried with the others," meaning her fellow-victims who had two days before preceded her to the scaffold. There is, however, some reason to doubt whether the mangled remains of this hapless queen repose in the place generally pointed out in St. Peter's church within the Tower as the spot where she was interred. It is true that her warm and almost palpitating form was there conveyed in no better coffin than an old elm-chest that had been used for keeping arrows,² and there, in less than half an hour after the executioner had performed his office, thrust into a grave that had been prepared for her by the side of her murdered brother. And there she was interred without other obsequies than the whispered prayers and choking sobs of those true-hearted ladies who had attended her on the scaffold,

¹ Burnet's Hist. Reformation. Remarkable Trials.

² Sir John Spelman's Notes in Burnet.

and were the sole mourners who followed her to the grave. It is to be lamented that history has only preserved one name out of this gentle sisterhood, that of Mary Wyatt, when all were worthy to have been inscribed in golden characters in every page sacred to female tenderness and charity.

In Anne Boleyn's native county, Norfolk, a curious tradition has been handed down from father to son, for upwards of three centuries, which affirms that her remains were secretly removed from the Tower church under cover of darkness, and privately conveyed to Salle church, the ancient burial-place of the Boleyns,¹ and there interred at midnight, with the holy rites that were denied to her by her royal husband at her first unhallowed funeral. A plain black marble slab, without any inscription, is still shown in Salle church as a monumental memorial of this queen, and is generally supposed, by all classes of persons, in that neighborhood, to cover her remains. The mysterious sentence with which Wyatt closes his eloquent memorial of the death of this unfortunate queen affords a singular confirmation of the local tradition of her removal and reinterment:—"God," says he, "provided for her corpse *sacred burial*, even in a place as it were consecrate to innocence."² This expression would lead us to infer that Wyatt was in the secret, if not one of the parties who assisted in the exhumation of Anne Boleyn's remains, if the romantic tradition we have repeated be indeed based on facts. After all, there is nothing to violate probability in the tale, romantic though it be. King Henry, on the day of his queen's execution, tarried no longer in the vicinity of his metropolis than till the report of the signal gun, booming faintly

¹ The stately tower of Salle church is supposed to be the loftiest in Norfolk, and it is certainly one of the most magnificent in the east of England. The profound solitude of the neighborhood where this majestic fane rises in lonely grandeur, remote from the haunts of village life, must have been favorable for the stolen obsequies of this unfortunate queen, if the tradition were founded on fact. Her father was the lord of the soil, and all his Norfolk ancestry were buried in that church. It is situated between Norwich and Reepham, on a gentle eminence.

² Singer's edition of Cavendish's Wolsey, vol. ii. p. 215.

through the forest glade, reached his ear, and announced the joyful tidings that he had been made a widower. He then rode off at fiery speed to his bridal orgies at Wolf hall. With him went the confidential myrmidons of his council, caring little, in their haste to offer their homage to the queen of the morrow, whether the mangled form of the queen of yesterday was securely guarded in the dishonored grave into which it had been thrust with indecent haste that noon. There was neither singing nor saying for her, —no *chapelle ardente*, nor midnight requiem, as for other queens; and, in the absence of these solemnities, it was easy for her father, for Wyatt, or even for his sister, to bribe the porter and sextons of the church to connive at the removal of the royal victim's remains. That old elm chest could excite no suspicion when carried through the dark narrow streets and the Aldgate portal of the city to the eastern road: it probably passed as a coffer of stores for the country, no one imagining that such a receptacle enclosed the earthly relics of their crowned and anointed queen.

It is remarkable that in the ancient church of Horndon-on-the-Hill, in Essex, a nameless black marble monument is also pointed out by village antiquaries as the veritable monument of this queen.¹ The existence of a similar tradition of the kind in two different counties, but in both instances in the neighborhood of sir Thomas Boleyn's estates,

¹ I am indebted to my amiable and highly-gifted friend, lady Petre, for this information, and also for the following description of the monument, which is within a narrow window-seat:—The black marble or touchstone that covers it rises about a foot between the seat and the window, and is of a rough description: it has rather the appearance of a shrine that has been broken open. It may have contained her head or her heart, for it is too short to contain a body, and indeed seems to be of more ancient date than the sixteenth century. The oldest people in the neighborhood all declare that they have heard the tradition in their youth, from a previous generation of aged persons, who all affirmed it to be Anne Boleyn's monument. Horndon-on-the-Hill is about a mile from Thorndon hall, the splendid mansion of lord Petre, and sixteen miles from New-hall, once the seat of sir Thomas Boleyn, and afterwards a favorite country palace of Henry VIII., who tried to change its name to Beaulieu; but the force of custom was too strong even for the royal will in that neighborhood, and Beaulieu is forgotten in the original name.

can only be accounted for on the supposition that rumors of the murdered queen's removal from the Tower chapel were at one time in circulation among the tenants and dependants of her paternal house, and were by them orally transmitted to their descendants as matter of fact. Historical traditions are, however, seldom devoid of some kind of foundation; and whatever be their discrepancies, they frequently afford a shadowy evidence of real but unrecorded events, which, if steadily investigated, would lend a clue whereby things of great interest might be traced out. A great epic poet¹ of our own times has finely said:—

“Tradition! oh, tradition! thou of the seraph tongue,
The ark that links two ages, the ancient and the young.”

The execution of the viscount Rochford rendered his two sisters the co-heiresses of their father, the earl of Wiltshire. The attainder of Anne Boleyn, together with Cranmer's sentence on the nullity of her marriage with the king, had, by the law of the land, deprived her and her issue of any claim on the inheritance of her father. Yet, on the death of the earl of Wiltshire, king Henry, in defiance of his own acts, did, with equal rapacity and injustice, seize Hever castle and other portions of the Boleyn patrimony in right of his divorced and murdered wife Anne, the elder daughter, reserving for her daughter Elizabeth all that Mary Boleyn and her heirs could otherwise have claimed.

Greenwich palace was Anne Boleyn's favorite abode of all the royal residences. The park is planted and laid out in the same style as her native Blickling, and with the same kind of trees. It is natural to suppose that the noble intersected arcades of chestnuts, which form the principal charm of the royal park, were planted under the direction of this queen, in memory of those richer and more luxuriant groves beneath whose blossomed branches she sported in careless childhood with her sister Mary, her brother Rochford, and their playmate Wyatt. Happy would it have been for Anne Boleyn if parental ambition had never aimed at her fulfilling a higher destiny than becoming the wife of the accom-

¹ Adam Mickiewicz.

plished and true-hearted Wyatt,—that devoted friend, whose love, surviving the grave, lives still in the valuable biographical memorials which he preserved of her life.¹ Sir Thomas Wyatt died four years after the execution of Anne Boleyn; Percy only survived her a few months.

The motives for Anne's destruction were so glaringly unveiled by the indecorous and inhuman haste with which the king's marriage with Jane Seymour was celebrated, that a strong presumption of her innocence has naturally been the result with unprejudiced readers. André Thévet, a Franciscan, affirms "that he was assured by several English gentlemen that Henry VIII., on his death-bed, expressed peculiar remorse for the wrong he had done Anne Boleyn by putting her to death on a false accusation."² The Franciscans, as a body, had suffered so much for their steadfast support of the cause of queen Katharine, in opposition to the rival interests of queen Anne, that a testimony in favor of the latter from one of that order ought to be regarded as impartial history. Superficial readers have imagined that the guilt of Anne Boleyn has been established by the discovery of documents mentioned in the report of the Record Commission as the contents of the "*Baga de Secretis*." This bag, which was always known to be in existence, contains merely the indictments, precepts, and condemnation of that unfortunate queen, and not a tittle of the evidence produced in substantiation of the revolting crimes with which she was charged. It has been suspected by many persons that the depositions of the witnesses were destroyed by the order of Elizabeth; but surely, if she had destroyed the evidence, she would never have allowed the indictment, which branded her unhappy mother as a monster of impurity, to be preserved. It is more according to probability that Henry and his accomplices in this judicial murder, being well aware that no

¹ There is a beautiful Italian MS. on the subject of this unfortunate queen in the collection of sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., of Middle Hill, written just after the death of queen Elizabeth. It professes to be the history of Anne Boleyn, but can only be regarded as the earliest historical romance on her eventful career. It seems to have been the foundation of the popular Italian opera of *Anna Bolena*.

² Universal Cosmography; book xvi. c. 5.

evidence of Anne's guilt was produced that would bear an impartial legal investigation, took effectual measures to prevent its ever appearing in her justification.

Anne Boleyn must have been in her thirty-sixth year at the time of her execution, for Cavendish tells us that her brother, lord Rochford, was twenty-seven when he was appointed of the king's privy-chamber.¹ This was in 1527. The queen was probably about a year younger, calculating her age to have been fourteen when she went to France as maid of honor to the bride of Louis XII., and thirty-two at the time of her acknowledged marriage with the king. She had been maid of honor to four queens,—namely, Mary and Claude, queens of France, Margaret queen of Navarre, and Katharine of Arragon, the first consort of Henry VIII., whom, in an evil hour for both, she supplanted in the affections of the king, and succeeded in her royal dignity as queen of England. She only survived the broken-hearted Katharine four months and a few days.

¹ Singer's Cavendish, vol. ii.

Date Due

230'48	OCT 19 '61		
My 11 '48	MR 4 '66		
	MR 18 '66		
AUG 2 '48 JUL 29 '49			
JAN 24 '51			
FEB 20 '51			
MAR 7 - '51			
OCT 15 '52			
NOV 6			
DEC 5 - '52			
DEC 19 '52			
JAN 23 '53			
FEB 19 '53			
MAR 3 '53			
MAR 10 '54			
MAR 24 '54			
APR - 7 '54			
MAY 6 '56			
APR 25 '60			

MARYGROVE COLLEGE LIBRARY
Lives of the queens of England,
923.1 St8



3 1927 00127380 1

2

923.1

St8

v.2

Strickland, Agnes.

Lives of the Queens of
England.

DATE

ISSUED TO

MAY 6

50

D. Kempe L311

923.1

St8

v.2

